DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

June 2, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

A Reporter in Search of God

WHAT SOLDIERS BELIEVE

DALEY—BOSTON UNIVERSITY'S CAMPUS QUEEN

"KOWFADAKUV!"
By Lucius Beebe

Big Business Must Help Our Co[illegible]
By Alfred P. Sloan

MARY A BECK
10 BELL AV
PITTSBURGH 5
PA 17JA57
h857g7
C R2y

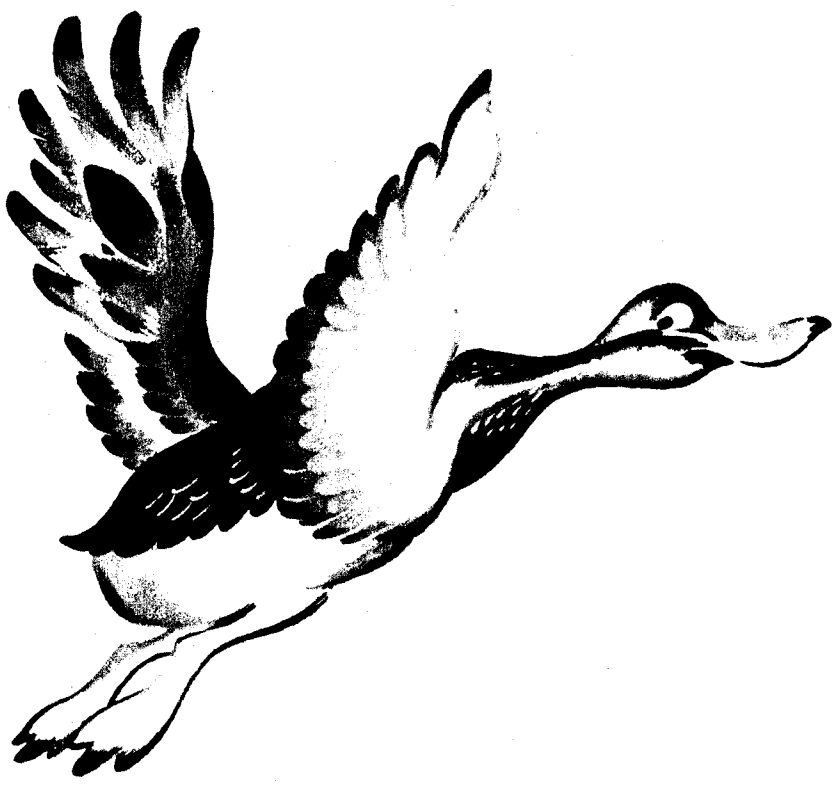
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

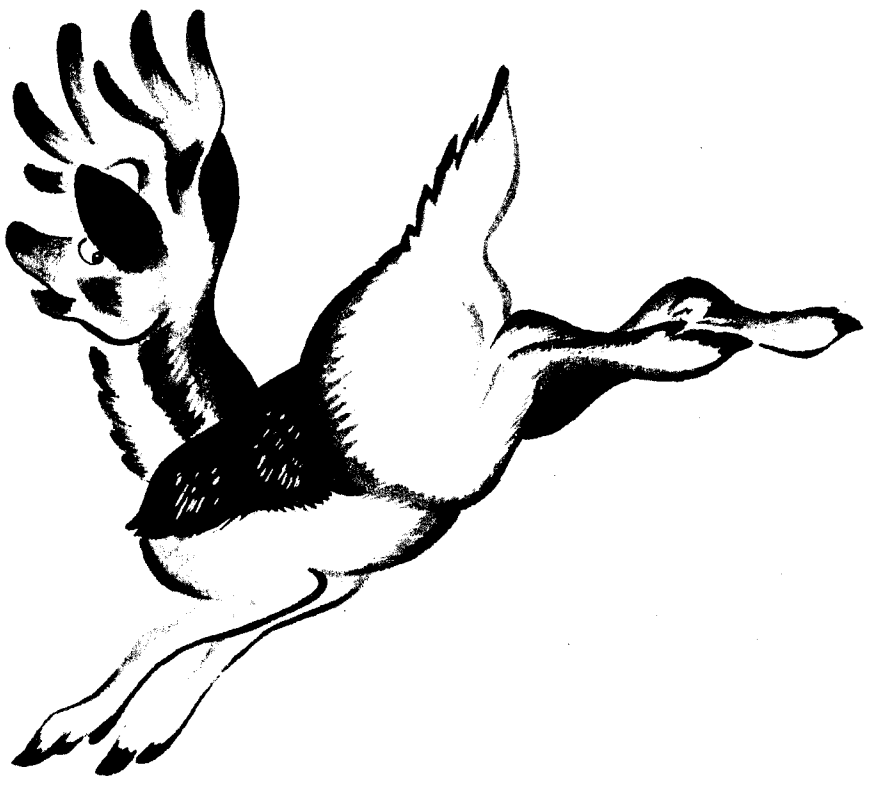
No song and dance
about medical claims...

Old Gold's specialty is to give you a TREAT instead of a TREATMENT!

SEE THE OLD GOLD DANCING PACKAGE ON THOSE GREAT TV SHOWS: "STOP THE MUSIC" THURSDAY NIGHTS, ABC-TV NETWORK, "THE ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR" TUESDAY NIGHTS, NBC-TV NETWORK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





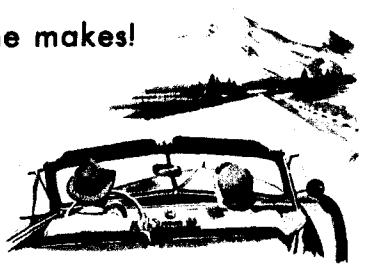
There's a big difference between a

duck.....and a.....buck

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK

Enjoy the difference "Ethyl" gasoline makes!



Thrill to its extra power!

Feel it melt away the miles on the open road!

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LANA TURNER
EZIO PINZA
in "MR. IMPERIUM"
MARJORIE MAIN
BARRY SULLIVAN
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen play by
EDWIN H. KNOPF and DON HARTMAN

Directed by.....DON HARTMAN
Produced from his play by....E. H. KNOPF

It's a starburst of Riviera nights, a sunburst of Palm Spring days, punctuated with song-bursts from the man with the million-dollar voice and personality to match. We are reporting, as you must surmise, the showmanship of M-G-M that puts Lana Turner's charms in the arms of Ezio Pinza. And then skyrockets the stars across two continents in a Technicolor music-romance called "Mr. Imperium".

Touring Europe as a singer with an American dance band, Lana meets the fascinating and mysterious Mr. Imperium on the shores of the sunny Riviera. They flirt, they fight, they fall into each other's arms—but the consummation of the courtship is interrupted by the dark clouds of crisis on the continent.

Some years later, the two meet again in America by elaborate pre-arrangement. In the intimacy and secrecy of a desert resort their youthful infatuation grows tempestuously. And at this point the combustible personalities of Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza fuse together like two flames.

Luxuriously gowned, Lana is the epitome of glamor, with a new softness and femininity enhancing her exciting personality. Ezio Pinza, as you know, is the man whose thrilling voice and magnetism swept him from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera into the wondrous musical "South Pacific" and now sets the screen to quivering in "Mr. Imperium".

There's no two ways about it—the former star of "South Pacific" is terrific!—whether singing folk-songs from a donkey cart winding down a seaside trail, giving voice to cowboy ballads, or singing his songs of love to beautiful Lana.

It's a gay picture and humorous too, with Marjorie Main as the unwitting Cupid of the secret meeting in Palm Springs, and Debbie Reynolds as a star-gazing teen-ager who's more than slightly suspicious of her incognito guests. Barry Sullivan and Sir Cedric Hardwicke contribute luster to the cast.

P. S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · LONNIE COLEMAN
JOHN CONNER · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON
JAMES M. KAHN · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY
JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
DIANE DOWNS, BIANCA TONETTI, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (*Los Angeles*): THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (*Chicago*): BILL FAY
EUROPE (*Paris*): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST (*Tokyo*): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON, HOWARD BRODIE

June 2, 1951

ARTICLES

Big Business Must Help Our Colleges.....ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR. 13
What Soldiers Believe.....HOWARD WHITMAN 18
(A REPORTER IN SEARCH OF GOD)
Madame Chiang's New Role in the Orient.....JOHN DENSON 20
That Man Mantle.....TOM MEANY 24
Top Dog..... 26
Golden Holden.....FRANK S. NUGENT 30
"Kowfadakuv!".....LUCIUS BEEBE 32
"Hey, Abdul, Call Me a Camel".....BILL STAPLETON 42

FICTION

Violets for a Lady.....CHARLES B. CHILD 16
The Love Man.....JOHN D. WEAVER 22
(PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS)
John Dingle Takes the Wheel.....B. M. ATKINSON, JR. 28
Brightwork.....JAMES ROBBINS MILLER 34
Are You Tired, Mr. Millikan?.....ELI WALDRON 36
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
I Know Why Russia Don't Like Us.....H. B. FOX 10
Editorials..... 74
Cover.....JAMES SNYDER

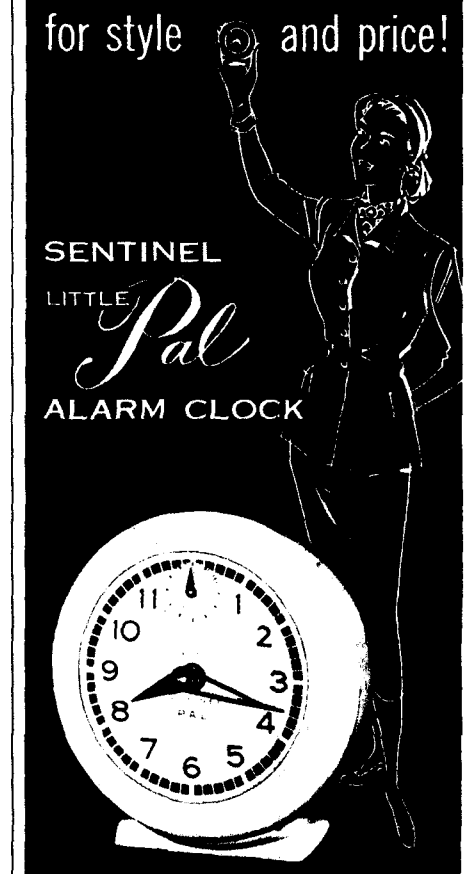
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 22.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

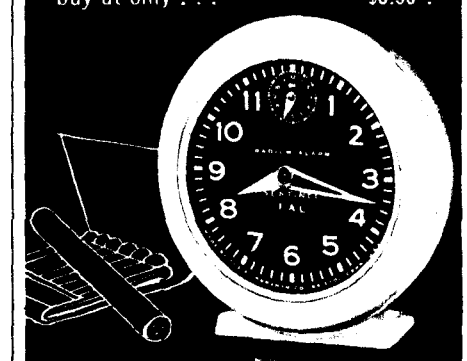
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Compare it
for style and price!



Handsomely designed — by Henry Dreyfuss; really small but easy to read. Sturdy ivory-enameled metal case; felt padded base; single key to wind. Balance electronically inspected and radar timed for tested accuracy. On all counts you'll agree — Sentinel Little Pal is your best buy at only . . . $3.95*.



SENTINEL LITTLE Pal RADIUM

Deep brown dial, full radium numerals and hands. $4.50*.

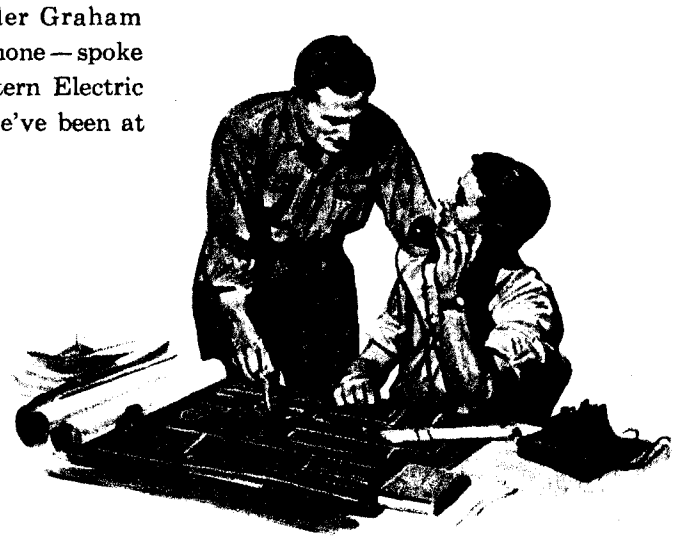
For the best in reliable, smart looking and economical timepieces, ask for the . . .

SENTINEL
LINE OF Clocks and Watches

The E. Ingraham Company, Bristol, Connecticut
*Plus tax. Specifications and prices subject to change.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, Alexander Graham Bell's greatest invention — the telephone — spoke its first words. One year later, Western Electric made its first Bell telephone — and we've been at it ever since.



VALUABLE ALWAYS, dependable telephone service is a national asset that is priceless in tense times like these. It is our job as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System to help provide that kind of service.

AS THE ARMED FORCES request it, we also put our specialized Bell telephone experience to work making electronic and communications equipment. Today we are rapidly increasing production of the things they need from us to help defend freedom.

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Model 17T2

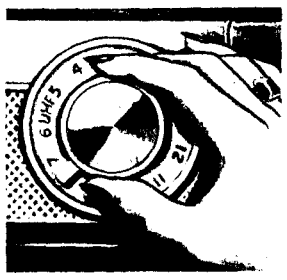
Real as Life!

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

BIG league baseball now...and over 100 million dollars worth of other big-time entertainment all year long...all yours on the new 17-inch G-E. You'll see big-as-life pictures that are sharp, clear, easy on your eyes. You'll enjoy dependable G-E performance...even in fringe areas. And by buying now, you'll get a big G-E with a 17-inch rectangular black tube for less than you would have paid for a small 10-inch G-E only 2 years ago. Handsome cabinet is veneered in genuine mahogany. See it today. **$289.95*** *Inc. Fed. Tax*

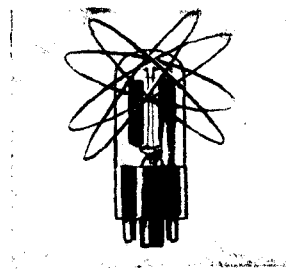
General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.

TO ENJOY BASEBALL AT ITS BEST—GO TO THE BALLPARK REGULARLY



SINGLE CONTROL TUNING makes tuning child's play. One single control gives you best picture, best sound automatically.

FINE TONE PERFORMANCE. Large G-E Dynapower speaker is especially designed to bring you the full, rich beauty of FM sound.



G-E ELECTRONIC TUBES for dependable service, long life. Give you the power and performance you need for clear, sharp pictures.

*Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

Miss Mary Daley, the sixth Campus Queen to appear on our cover during this academic year, is a twenty-one-year-old senior at Boston University's College of Practical Arts and Letters. From New Marlboro, Massachusetts, Mary is majoring in interior decoration, loves to swim and is considered better than average at tennis and golf.

Week's Mail

H.S.T. vs. Congress

EDITOR: More appropriate and timely than Jonathan Daniels' article, What Truman Would Do to Congress (April 14th), would be an article, What Congress *Should* Do to Truman. Your foreword, evidently, adequately expresses the sentiments of Collier's. Undoubtedly you have a public service to perform in presenting material of this sort.

Mr. Truman is not fitted by background, education or intellect and least of all by past or present associations to express an opinion on so weighty and important a subject. In fact, his presumption to question the judgment of the estimable gentlemen who formed our Constitution is exceeded only by his colossal gall in assuming that he is qualified to express an opinion in the first instance, and secondly that the American public wishes to hear more of his ill-conceived ideas, even though expressed through the voice of a man of Mr. Daniels' standing and also through the medium of so popular a publication as Collier's.

K. L. BENNETT, North Creek, N. Y.

. . . After reading What Truman Would Do to Congress all I can say is, "Those boys who drew up our Constitution surely knew what they were doing!" What makes Truman (or any future President) think *he* is the only one who knows more about running the country than a group of congressmen do?

HELEN SOUTHWORTH, Hubbard, Ohio

. . . Collier's publication of Mr. Daniels' article should do more than invite discussion. It should awaken the American people to demand the appointment of a man like Judge Medina to study our constitutional laws to advise Congress and the American people on current needs to make our government more representative of the wishes of the American people. New legislation should be enacted to make our government like the British parliamentary system, which would permit the people to have new elections when they lose confidence in their President and his appointees.

RUTH S. MATTHEWS, New York, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Daniels states: "No politician could hang his future on the powers of an expiring President. Few rewards and no punishments were left to the man in the White House in trying to hold the party in line behind him."

This country is sure in a bad way when a President can, by rewards and threats, overcome the better judgment of the Congress.

The ability of a President to overcome the better judgment of Congress by rewards and threats is, of course, dependent upon patronage. Patronage might well be taken away from both the executive and legislative branches of the government and vested in a personnel commission.

WALTER S. STEVENSON, San Francisco, Cal.

'T Aint Funny, He Says

EDITOR: If H. B. Fox's letter (Circleville—Un-Bomb-Worthy Spot, April 14th), is supposed to be funny, we fail to see the humor in it. Instead of the lovable old hayseed he is supposed to represent, I think he's a selfish leech. He is content to sit back and enjoy America's comforts without contributing a thing—not even sympathy.

I notice Circleville has electricity. That means many of America's modern inventions are available to him if he's got enough ambition to use them. And this seems very doubtful when he admits he'd rather get wet than fix the roof. I'm trying to say that no one, or no thing, can survive without giving and taking—not even Circleville.

JAMES TIMMONS, JR., Cedarville, N. J.

Somebody Loves an Umpire

EDITOR: Many thanks to Collier's for Umpire Bill Klem's Own Story (March 31st—April 21st). It has proved to this one baseball fan, at least, that umpires are human beings, after all—with more guts than most of the rest of us.

CLEO A. JOHNSON, Humptulips, Wash.

. . . Let me add my name to what must be a long list of those who wish to congratulate you on the Bill Klem story. It was a service to the public.

EDWARD CURRAN, Delhi, N. Y.

. . . If ever a man was entitled to the Medal of Honor, it is Bill Klem. But being a civilian and having fought only for right, fair play and decency, he will not get it.

C. S. WILLIAMS, Ada, Okla.

Seasonal Choice

EDITOR: Your April 14th issue certainly is an outstanding one. If it were not the eve of trout-fishing season I would not know which article or story I preferred.

As it is, I vote for the excellent Fish the Fast Waters, by Raymond R. Camp. You can bet I sent for that pamphlet.

THOMAS THANE, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

The Exciting Yma

EDITOR: The exciting and beautiful Yma Sumac (Most Exciting Voice in the World, April 14th) is no Quechua Indian. An Inca is not a Quechua. I have nothing against the Quechuas, but if Yma is an Inca—and she is—she isn't a Quechua.

The Incas were the rulers, the Quechuas the slaves. A sort of "aristocratic despotism," with the state, as administered by the

(Continued on page 55)

Every week, send me

Collier's

☐ **for a YEAR (52 issues) $5.00**
SAVES YOU $2.80
from single copy price

☐ **for 2 YEARS (104 issues) $8.00**
SAVES YOU $7.60

☐ REMITTANCE ENCLOSED

☐ PLEASE BILL ME 653

NAME_____

_____

_____

Send your order to
COLLIER'S, Springfield, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cool good looks in a suit tailored by Joseph and Feiss . . .
Fabric by Pacific Mills, Worsted Division

Take top billing in Mohara

a worsted and mohair suit to star in all summer long—$45

YOUR CUE for well-groomed summer comfort—a Mohara suit of Pacific's superb tropical fabric! Keeps your temperature down when the thermometer's up!

For Mohara is *naturally* air-cooled, with thousands of "windows" to let your body breathe. And every ounce is *the real thing* . . . a blend of fine all-wool worsted for stamina; with springy mohair to fight off wrinkles and dirt. Add these virtues to superior tailoring by Joseph and Feiss—and get set for smash-hit personal appearances all summer long!

Mohara Suits for summer comfort, in double or single breasted styles, dark or light colors, are available at leading men's stores. For further information, write to Joseph and Feiss Co., Cleveland 1, Ohio, or Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Dept. O6, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

FABRIC BY PACIFIC MILLS
Pacific
MOHARA
TAILORED BY JOSEPH & FEISS

It's a **PACIFIC** *fabric* BY PACIFIC MILLS...WEAVERS OF FINE WORSTEDS, WOOLENS, COTTONS AND RAYONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Digest Story Tells How to

STOP BODY ODOR STOP BAD BREATH

both with one amazing tablet!

Wonderful Green Tablet Contains Nature's Deodorant, CHLOROPHYLL! Safely Eliminates Offensive Odors At Their Source, Inside Your Body —For A Full Day!

An article in Reader's Digest reports an amazing "green medicine" that can safely stop bad breath and body odor, *both at same time!* It's chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. Chlorophyll is available now at drug counters, in tiny tablets, called **"ENNDS".** One or two tablets every morning can end your worry about offensive odors, *for a full day!*

Sweetens Breath Almost Instantly— Tobacco, Onion, Alcohol Odors Vanish!

"ENNDS" do far more than just cover up odors temporarily. They actually *eliminate* most unpleasant odors at source, inside your body! Quickly, safely stop mouth odors and halitosis. (For extra breath protection, dissolve another tablet on tongue after eating, smoking or drinking.)

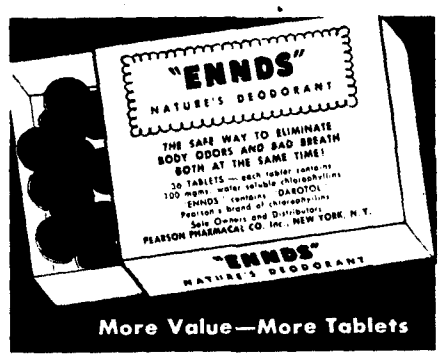
IMPORTANT! Research proving the safety and effectiveness of chlorophyll, in eliminating body and breath odors, was done with **"ENNDS"** tablets—each tablet containing a full dosage of 100 mgms. of "Darotol" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins). Other tablets, which contain smaller amounts of chlorophyll, are now being sold but any inference that they will produce the same results as **"ENNDS"** is false and misleading.

In about an hour, body odors are gone, too—deodorized—even odors caused by perspiration and "difficult days"!

You're fresh as a daisy, from head to toe. That's why **"ENNDS"** are a real blessing! That's why over 25,000,000 have already been sold!

Pleasant-Tasting Tablet Proved Safe

Remember: the active ingredient in **"ENNDS"** is chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. This "green medicine" is harmless as any green vegetable, according to Reader's Digest story. Doesn't stop perspiration — simply deodorizes it. So you can safely take these wonder tablets every day!


"ENNDS"
NATURE'S DEODORANT
THE SAFE WAY TO ELIMINATE BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!
30 TABLETS — each tablet contains 100 mgms. water soluble chlorophyllins
ENNDS contains DAROTOL
Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins
Sole Owners and Distributors
PEARSON PHARMACAL CO. Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.
"ENNDS"
NATURE'S DEODORANT

More Value—More Tablets

Protects All Day—Or Money Back!

Yes, they keep working all day long. Guaranteed to eliminate body and breath odors *for full day*—or money back! So don't risk embarrassment. Stop bad breath and body odor, *both at the same time*, this easy way. Get **"ENNDS"** at drug counters. Cost only a few pennies a day.

"ENNDS" CAN SAFELY STOP UNDERARM · FOOT · BREATH ODORS FROM ALL THESE CAUSES:

Perspiration · Tobacco · Onions
Halitosis · Garlic
Alcohol · "Difficult Days" · Nervousness

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

Trial size 12 tablets 49¢ Pocket size 36 tablets $1.25 Economy size 100 tablets $2.75

Also available in Canada

"ENNDS"

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We've just made a nice mess of Jow For Twa Har, a Chinese dish of fried shrimps and ham, plus 10 other components. The kitchen is a bit messy in consequence and we may smell a trifle tangy, but it looks pretty good. Anyway, we're going to try a batch of Nilagang Manok At Baboy—a chicken and

pork stew in high favor in the Philippines. If we survive that, we shall certainly have a go at Chawan-Mushi, a Japanese delight. All this culinary spree comes of receiving The Oriental Cookbook, complete with chopsticks, from the Chicago Oriental Council. Alice Miller Mitchell, director of the council, compiled the book. We've decided, too, to knock together a large bowl of Sook Choo Na-Mool the moment the war in Korea ends. It's a Korean bean salad which, we're told, is what a huge majority of North Koreans think they're fighting for. And now to that Jow For Twa Har. Stand back, children. This stuff might go off.

★ ★ ★

In Redondo Beach, California, a lady decided to take a bath. She was expecting a call from a girl friend and hung a sign on the unlatched screen door: "Come in. Am in the tub. Make yourself comfortable." She felt everything would be all right, of course, because she left her faithful dog in the living room—just in case. Alas, while she was in the bathtub the house was robbed. The dog? Thief took him, too.

★ ★ ★

For a moment, let's step outside the United States—to Athens, Greece, in fact, a *real* long step. It's a letter from Mr. George Stathis. He regrets that he cannot agree with what Collier's had to say about co-ordinators and consultants in a recent issue. Says he: "The co-ordinators and consultants America sent to Greece have done their job so well that they have succeeded in introducing the whole system of co-ordinating and consulting to these erstwhile simple people. Athens is now populated almost exclusively with commissions and committees co-ordinating and consulting like crazy. We are looking more and more like Washington." Mr. Stathis concludes with a significant sigh: "I hope you will understand."

★ ★ ★

Back home again, we find Vermont in a defiant mood. The New England Watch and Ward Society, which has been standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord lo these many, many years, omitted Vermont from its recently organized New England Crime Commission. Vermont is of two indignant minds about this snubbing—doesn't know whether she's so pure she isn't worth bothering with or whether the evil in her midst is too trifling even for the Watch and Ward. Doesn't know whether to be insulted or complimented.

★ ★ ★

We phoned our man in South Dakota asking him to explain why that state is the only one of the 48 without an automobile drivers' license law. Almost had one, he reported. Recently, the Lower House of the legislature decreed that drivers should be licensed, but the Senate said no. "Guess they figured we had to keep the population down somehow," said our man. "We're not a rich state, you know. Jobs none too plentiful."

★ ★ ★

We'd deeply appreciate it if you who so generously send us newspaper clippings would identify the newspaper. For example, Mrs. Remy Merryweather, of Wilmington, Delaware, sends a bit in which a gentleman, not identified, is asked why he never married. "Oh, pshaw," was his reply, "I never got married because there were always too many people around."

★ ★ ★

In Louisiana, a governor may not succeed himself, a fact which has the acclaim of a sizable number of people unpatriotic enough to dislike their current governor, the Honorable Earl Long (Huey's little brother). Mr. Long will, however, continue to be their governor, barring the unforeseen, until next January. Then, not wishing to deprive anybody of his experienced presence, he will run for lieutenant governor. His Excellency, one would judge, is a devout adherent to the belief that a sure formula for a comfortable old age is to start at the top and work down.

★ ★ ★

You may rejoice with us that there are sensible medical men like Dr. Paul Williams, of Dallas, Texas. Dr. Williams says that it's medically and scientifically okay to slump a bit when you sit down and to bend over when you walk—particularly if you want to avoid a crick in

JACK BETTS

your back. We were never one of those who could strut while seated, anyway, and our careful investigation reveals that blokes with ramrod backs frequently are very hard to get along with. Thank you, Dr. Williams. We are now sitting alertly on our shoulder blades, with typewriter on our knees.

★ ★ ★

As we gather it from Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, president of the California

(Continued on page 54)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

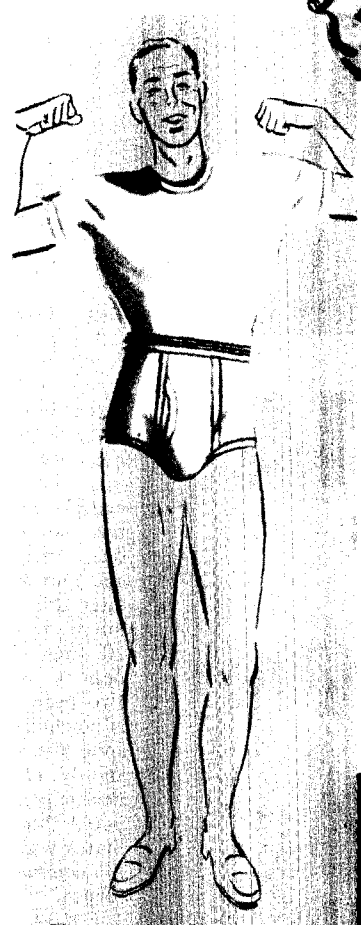
for comfort... for wear

you just can't beat

HANSLEY

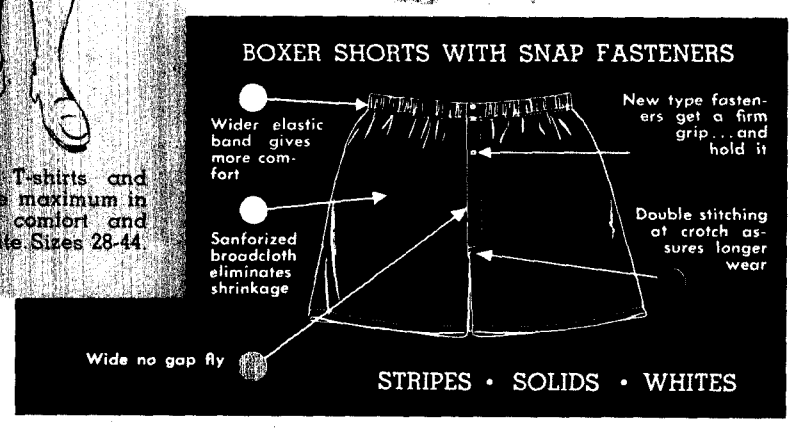
shirts and shorts

guaranteed . . . for a man's approval, that's HANSLEY shirts and shorts . . . for comfort, wear, color and washability they can't be beat. Plain Boxer or with snap fasteners, and yoke front styles of Sanforized broadcloth . . . snug fitting knit briefs of fine combed cotton . . . T-shirts and undershirts constructed for long wear . . . they're all yours for greater comfort with the HANSLEY LABEL.



Close knit T-shirts and briefs for the maximum in snug-fitting comfort and freedom. White. Sizes 28-44.

Regular style, yoke front shorts. Sanforized broadcloth in white, solids, stripes. Sizes 28-44.


BOXER SHORTS WITH SNAP FASTENERS
Wider elastic band gives more comfort
Sanforized broadcloth eliminates shrinkage
Wide no gap fly
New type fasteners get a firm grip . . . and hold it
Double stitching at crotch assures longer wear
STRIPES • SOLIDS • WHITES

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

HANSLEY mills • incorporated • PARIS, KENTUCKY

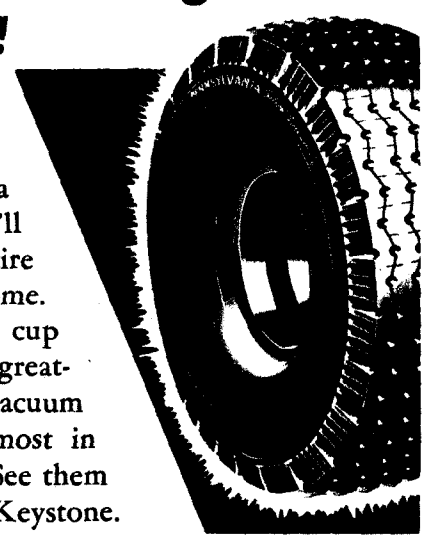
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PENNSYLVANIA

VACUUM CUP TIRES

...the most in mileage for your money!

When you make your long range plans for the future, include a set of safe, high mileage Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires. That way, you'll be sure of dependable, carefree tire performance for a long time to come. Featuring exclusive vacuum cup tread design for faster stops... greater traction, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires give you the most in mileage for your money. See them today at the sign of the Keystone.



PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES OHIO

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

I Know Why Russia Don't Like Us

Dear Editar:

For a good while now I've been readin in copies of newspapers that turn up one way or another out here on my Johnson grass farm on the San Gabriel River at Circleville, haven't borrowed any out of my neighbor's mail box lately because he's been complainin, although if the lid to his box blows open and a paper blows out, I naturally pick it up for him and aim to return em all in one lot later this month, no use bein in a hurry, no use makin him mad 15 or 20 times when you can get by with doin it just once a month, anyway, I've been readin about how Russia is teachin her school children to despise the United States and is constantly preachin hate of us in its newspapers. Sometimes it gets so bad you'd think Russia and the United States was two political parties runnin separate candidates for the Presidency.

I have puzzled over this a long time, and while there may be some manufactured propagandistic reasons why Russia's leaders agitate against us, I think I have discovered one of the other reasons the country hates us.

They owe us money.

As I understand it, the United States loaned Russia $10,000,000,000 worth of goods, includin 672 ships, when we was both fightin Hitler, and the U.S. is now askin that the money be repaid and the ships returned. Not askin for all of it, only about 30 cents on the dollar, plus the ships, but Russia won't budge. Just denounces us.

Now I don't know about nations, but if they are anything like individuals, the best way on earth to get one mad at you is to lend him money and then expect it back.

It's a funny thing, but if you want some fellow mad at you, let him get in debt to you. Makes him swell up faster'n clover will a half-starved steer, provided he can't or won't pay it back. If he pays it back, you got a good chance to keep his good will, but if he don't, he'll stay mad from then on. You'd think he'd be sort of sheepish, or put out, or would lean over backward to keep on your good side as long as he owed you, but it don't work that way.

Let a man get to owin a grocery store a pretty good bill and instead of appreciatin it and doin his best to pay it and swingin all his cash business that way, he'll get mad and take his business somewhere else. A man that pays his house rent is generally on pretty good terms with his landlord, but let him get behind and he starts gettin mad at him. You'd think it would be the other way around, it was the landlord's job to get mad, but if you do you ain't no student of human nature.

I ain't willin to claim that the Russian leaders are human, but I'm willin to bet Russia will stay mad at us as long as she owes us $10,000,000,000. It's either that or pay up, and she don't seem about to do that. Like with an individual, it's cheaper to stay mad.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVE UP TO $1.75 ON THE BETTY CROCKER COOK BOOK

Now on sale at all bookstores at the regular prices

Standard sewed binding	Loose-leaf binding
$3.50	$4.75

Read how this exciting money-saving offer gives you a lower price on America's fastest-selling cook book!...

If you already have a Betty Crocker Cook Book, remember it makes the perfect gift for a new homemaker.

This is the cook book critics are praising to the skies!

- "A cook book that has everything." —**Chicago Sun-Times**
- "A basic, practical and beautiful 'must' for your kitchen . . . it is superb!" —**San Francisco Call Bulletin**
- "Wonderful news to millions of American women." —**Detroit Times**
- "Good reading, good eating and a joy for the eye." —**Kansas City Star**
- "Delectable, mouthwatering foods." —**Worcester Evening Gazette**
- "A really efficient cook book." —**Cleveland News**

IT CONTAINS:

- 2,161 carefully tested and thoroughly reliable recipes of every type.
- 36 full-page color illustrations.
- 1,335 black-and-white illustrations.
- Numerous drawings, sketches, helpful hints and shortcuts.
- New simplified methods and illustrations on "how-to-do-it."
- Fine paper, easy-to-read print, decorative and washable cover, alphabetized chapter index.
- Stories about the origin of recipes, food history, and messages from Betty Crocker to inspire the homemaker.

"Betty Crocker" and "*Kitchen-tested*" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

Coupons from all these General Mills products save you money on Betty Crocker's PICTURE COOK BOOK

FAMOUS CEREALS

"The treats to eat in corn, oats and wheat."

KIX · CHEERIOS · WHEATIES

BETTY CROCKER CEREAL TRAY

THE 12-IN-1 MIX

BISQUICK

BETTY CROCKER PIECRUST MIX

CRUSTQUICK

BETTY CROCKER CAKE MIXES

PARTYCAKE · DEVILSFOOD · GINGERCAKE AND COOKY MIX

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING FLOUR

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR

AMERICA'S CHIFFON CAKE FLOUR

SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR

POPULAR GENERAL MILLS APPLIANCES

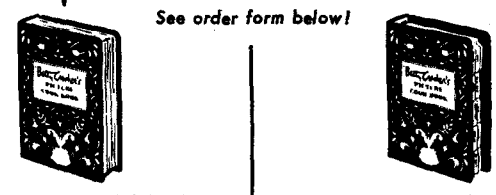
AUTOMATIC TOASTER · STEAM IRONING ATTACHMENT · TRU-HEAT IRON

MONEY SAVING OFFER!

(AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH GENERAL MILLS)

on Betty Crocker's PICTURE COOK BOOK

See order form below!



Standard sewed binding	Loose-leaf binding
[Regular retail price now $3.50]	[Regular retail price now $4.75]
YOURS FOR ONLY	YOURS FOR ONLY
$2.25 with 5 Betty Crocker Coupons	$3.00 with 5 Betty Crocker Coupons

FILL OUT ORDER FORM BELOW. To save money on purchase price, send either the new Betty Crocker Coupons or the old Gold Medal Silverware Coupons, that come with the General Mills products shown at left.

General Mills, Box 391, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me my copy of Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book, as specified below: **CHECK ONE!**

☐ Standard sewed binding	☐ Loose-leaf binding
I enclose 5 Betty Crocker Coupons and $2.25	I enclose 5 Betty Crocker Coupons and $3.00

PRINT NAME HERE

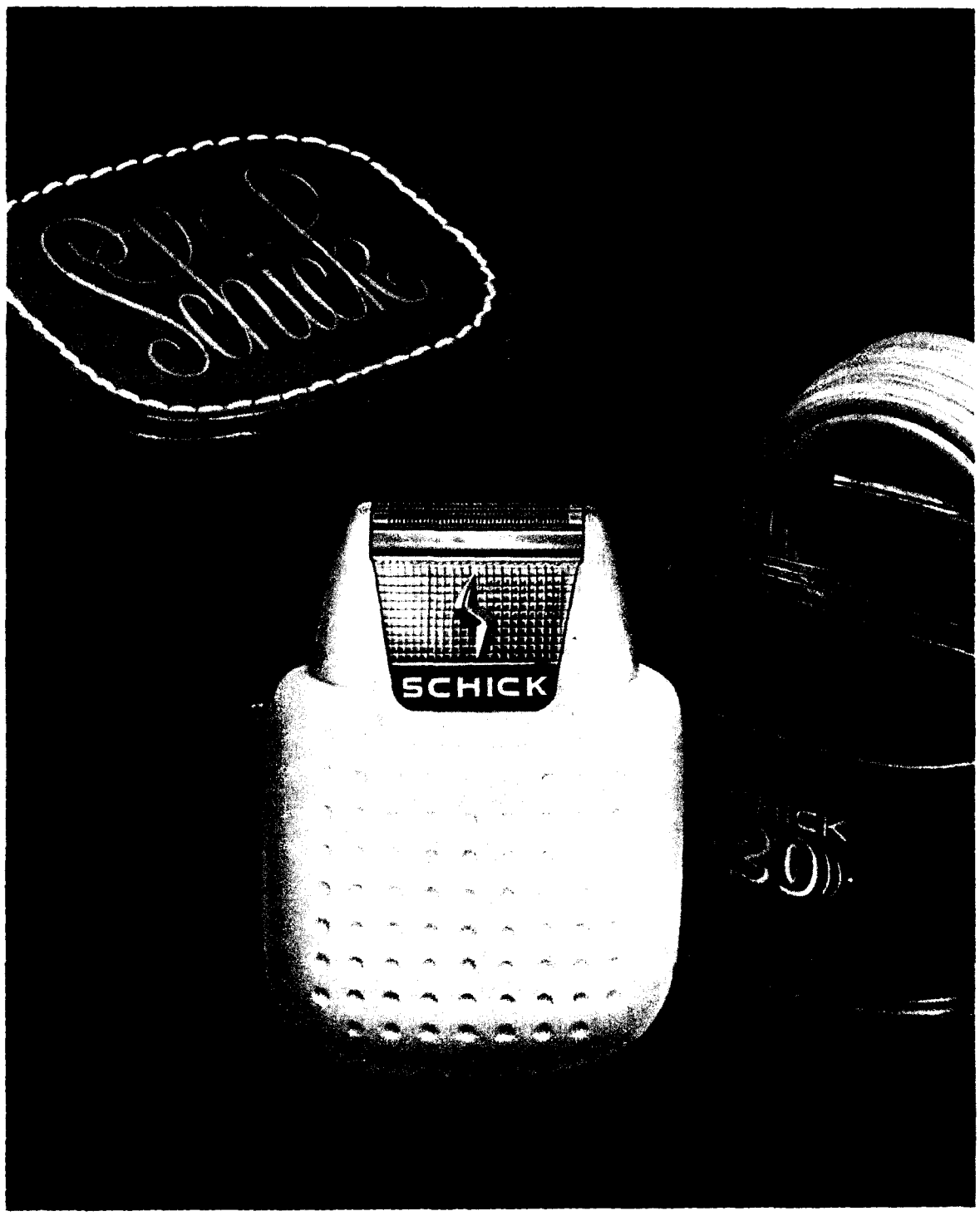
PRINT ADDRESS HERE

CITY ZONE STATE

(Offer good only in United States and possessions)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want to please any man who shaves?



For Father's Day for Graduation, for his Birthday or for servicemen any day— give the Schick "20"— the biggest hit in the history of shaving!

With all the gift-giving to men going on, your problem is solved as simply as this:

If he shaves, pick Schick—the electric shaver used by more men, wanted by more men, than any other—for faster, closer, easier shaving.

And pick the Schick "20," the finest shaving instrument of all time—the shaver that started the biggest switch in shaving habits since beards went out of style.

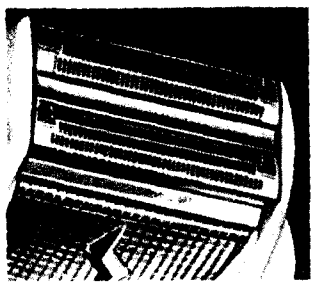
For here is an entirely new shape, beautifully balanced, precision-made from head to cord.

Here are two features you get only with Schick—Hi-Velocity Heads plus that real power-packed rotary motor. So here is the faster, closer, easier shaving craved by any man without a Schick!

And—to make this "finest" gift even finer—you get the rich Caddie Case, designed especially for the Schick "20."

Don't just sit there undecided. Hurry round to a nearby dealer who's ready to gift-wrap a Schick "20" for you. Complete with Caddie Case, only $24.50. Also, see the Schick Super at $22.50. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

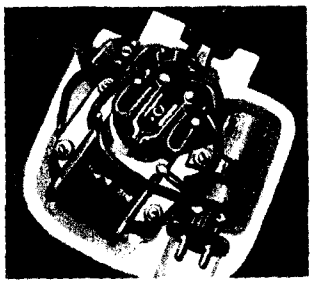
THESE HI-VELOCITY HEADS • THIS REAL ROTARY MOTOR



Make the Schick "20" "The Finest Shaving Instrument of All Time"

New high-speed, precision-made shearing heads, of exclusive Schick design. Sharpened and honed. Comb edges guide whiskers into slots. Interceptor bars pick up short stubble. All for fast, close, skinline shaving.

Schick's real rotary motor. Precision-built. Smooth. Quiet. A powerhouse. The most powerful motor Schick ever built. AC or DC. Stop-Start Button snaps it on or off.



Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crisis on the Campus

Alfred P. Sloan's stimulating proposal that private enterprise aid America's educational institutions reflects a long-time concern over the financial problems confronting our colleges. The Sloan Foundation, which he set up, has contributed generously to a number of colleges and universities—including the University of Chicago, Stephens College in Missouri, and Mr. Sloan's own alma mater, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For many years, he also has assisted personally in all of MIT's fund-raising activities.

Since 1918, Mr. Sloan has been an executive of the General Motors Corporation. He became president of the company in 1923, and chairman of the board—a position he still holds—14 years later.

At Mr. Sloan's request, payment for this article is being sent to another of his philanthropies, the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research.

BIG BUSINESS *Must Help Our* COLLEGES

Caught between rising costs, low endowment return and shrinking dollar value, one out of four schools is in the red. Taxes limit the number of big gifts, but here's one solution

By ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.
Chairman of the Board, General Motors Corporation

IN THE old days, our private colleges and universities derived substantial support from philanthropic-minded men and women who, having accumulated fortunes, generously endowed these institutions with the funds which enabled them to become the highly effective centers of learning they are today. But the old days have gone forever. I represent perhaps the last generation with the opportunity to create a substantial competence for such philanthropic purposes.

Yet never have our schools of higher learning so needed financial help as they do now. In the last 10 years, education costs have quadrupled. More than one fourth of all our colleges, universities and technological institutions are operating in the red, and getting in deeper all the time. Like everyone else, they are caught in an economic dilemma between rising costs, lower returns on endowments and declining financial support, as the old sources of revenue dry up.

What is to become of these institutions financially? They can no longer count on sizable individual contributions as before. The ambitious, energetic and successful young man who might once have been able to amass enough money to afford to give generously to his alma mater can now, at best, only hope for a reasonable standard of living for himself. The tax collector takes everything beyond that.

It is vital—if we are to perpetuate our free society—that we find a way to keep our colleges, universities and technological institutions virile, progressive and—above all else—free. To stay that way they must have adequate financial support.

But there are only a limited number of sources to which higher education can look for the really substantial help it needs. The one that comes first to mind is the federal government. This I believe to be entirely wrong. We have become too accustomed to seeking from Washington many things that we should provide for ourselves. If our educational institutions accept government financing, then, eventually, they must accept political control, whether they like it or not.

There remain, so far as I can see, two substantial sources of private financial aid. One is the private foundation—a corporate reservoir for funds accumulated by individuals in the past. These funds are dedicated to the public good. However, like the educational institution, the private foundation finds itself in an economic dilemma—and for the same reasons: the declining return on its investments and the lower purchasing power of much of its endowment.

Moreover, the very circumstances which in the future will prevent the accumulation of private fortunes will, in turn, prevent private foundations from becoming a source of expanding revenue for higher education.

There remains, then, one other source of substantial financial help for our educational institutions: corporate enterprise, by which I mean not only corporations owned by a few individuals, but those owned by vast numbers of stockholders.

Two Kinds of "Support" Compared

The question promptly arises: Why, if our educational institutions are likely to lose their freedom through government support, are they not equally likely to lose it through corporate support?

I believe there are substantial differences between the two. Politicians prosper to the extent that they are able to maintain and expand their power through control of votes—secured, all too frequently, by expenditure of the taxpayers' money. That is the politicians' business. By that they live. Management prospers by its ability to expand and develop a given enterprise. By that standard it is judged. Because of such an incentive it must continually seek ways and means to improve its efficiency. There is another important difference, perhaps even more significant. Government support is centralized and hence may easily become dominating. Corporate support cannot be centralized. Relationships resulting from corporate support of higher education are certain to be distributed among many educational institutions.

The idea of corporations as such providing financial aid to our colleges and universities may raise questions of policy both for corporate management and for others who believe that such gifts should be made by individual stockholders rather than by the corporation acting in their behalf. Nevertheless I am convinced that this idea is both economically and socially sound. It is already in operation on a limited scale. I believe it should be expanded to a much broader sphere.

Why should not corporations do their proper part in furnishing financial support for our colleges, universities and technological institutions?

And why should this not be done in an organized, rather than haphazard, fashion?

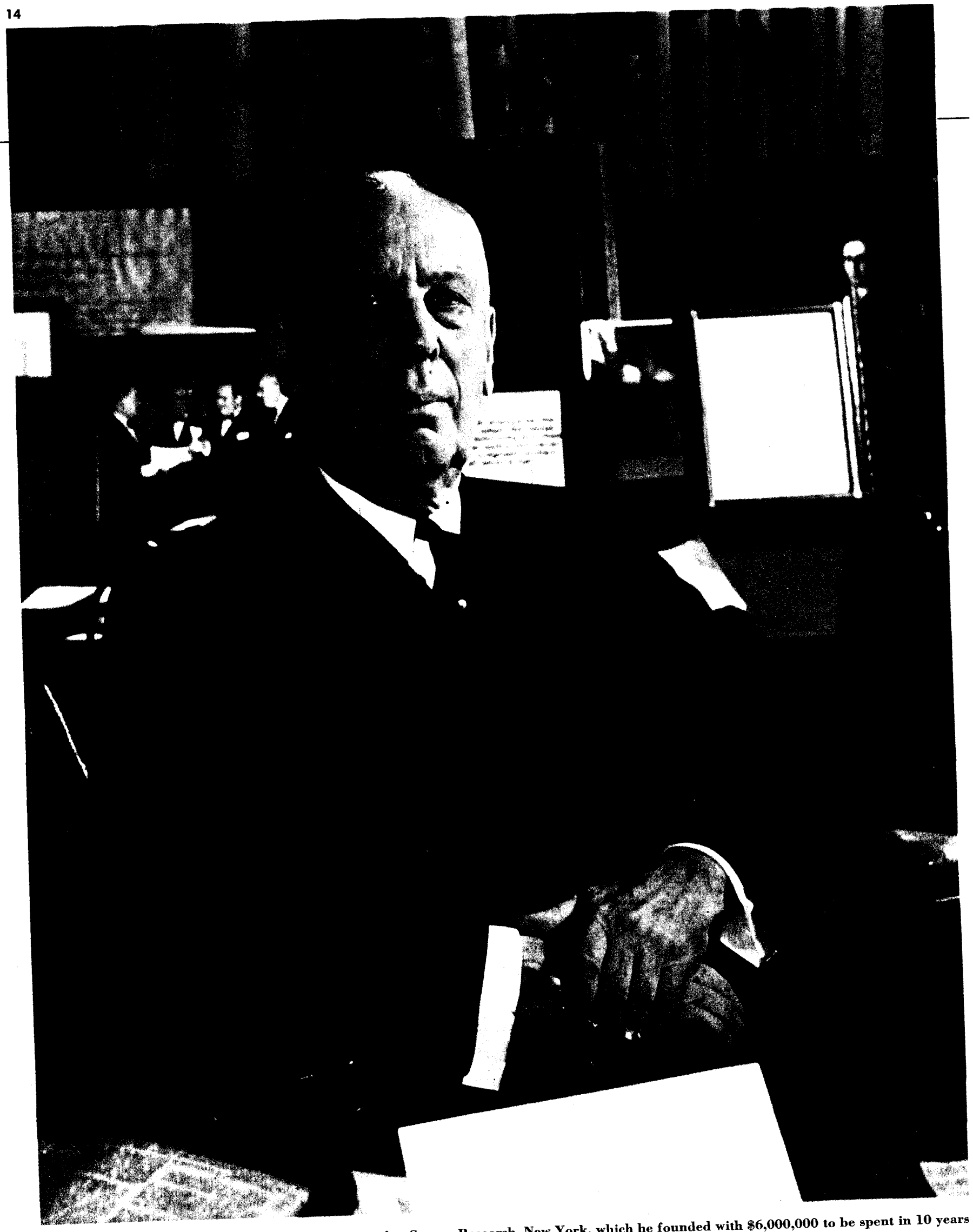
Moreover, why should not such support be recognized as a proper use of the funds of corporate enterprise, comparable to their use for its other activities?

We must remember that to a major extent our institutions of higher learning provide the basic knowledge which productive enterprise applies to its material advantage, and, in so doing, supports and advances our standard of living.

After all, what raised us to our present world economic predominance? And what will continue to keep us on top and insure our security? Nothing more nor less than our mastery of science and invention and our ability to put the productivity of our know-how on the industrial assembly line.

To insure a continuous flow of this skill and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., in the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York, which he founded with $6,000,000 to be spent in 10 years

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Industry should help support colleges, the author asserts, because it must have their basic research in order to continue raising American standards of living

know-how we must, in turn, insure an expanding reservoir of what I call "fundamental knowledge." I might compare this to the ore in the ground. To accomplish any constructive purpose, ore must be extracted and refined. But first it must be discovered. Just so with fundamental knowledge. Its discovery starts in the academic area as pure research. Then it passes through the stage of applied research into engineering and ultimately reaches the assembly line and the consumer.

The Most Favorable Environment

The logical place to develop this fundamental knowledge on a broad scale is at our educational and technical institutions. They have the scientific talent. They operate in a climate conducive to fundamental thinking. Time is not a significant factor.

We speak of these institutions as educational and, primarily, that is what they are. But most of them perform enormously important related functions. They use their resources to carry on endless varieties of pure research; but they also use their scientific talent to conduct all kinds of specialized research and to promote investigations and studies into all phases of our life.

Here is the mine out of which our fundamental knowledge naturally evolves. Although our great industrial enterprises spend hundreds of millions of dollars for research, only to a comparatively small extent and in a limited number of cases are their objectives directed at fundamental knowledge. The greater part of their funds is used to apply the fruits of pure research to the specific commercial needs of the particular enterprise. In other words, corporate enterprise is more concerned with the exploitation than with the mining of fundamental knowledge.

It seems to me that, in its own interest, corporate enterprise should support the sources from which fundamental knowledge flows. As I see it, fundamental knowledge divides itself into two categories —although with a wide area of no man's land between. One is the area of the natural sciences, the investigation of our physical laws. Our great technological institutions confine themselves chiefly to this area.

The second is the area of the social sciences and the humanities. This embraces relationships within the social structure itself as well as the relationship of that structure to our economy.

From the purely selfish point of view, it is easier to justify corporate support of educational institutions when that support is limited to the first area of activity.

For example, if General Motors were to make a grant to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for fundamental research in metallurgy, in which General Motors is vitally concerned, it might well be considered a General Motors activity which it had delegated for convenience to an outside agency.

To justify corporate support of liberal-arts institutions which are more concerned with the social sciences and the humanities is perhaps more difficult. But I feel strongly that such subjects are highly important even if they are not directly related to the field of production, and I believe that this second area of fundamental knowledge will have a far more significant bearing in shaping the pattern of our future society than in the past.

Any relationship between a corporation and an educational institution should be based on individual merit. Obviously no enterprise should be expected to provide financial support unless it felt such action to be economically or socially justified. Enterprises of an engineering and technical type would, it seems to me, find a direct and profitable relation between their operations and the development by a particular technological school of the fundamental knowledge on which success of their operations depends. Enterprises of an entirely different sort might not see any direct benefit to themselves, regardless of how great the benefit might be if considered from the broader view.

Naturally the first type of corporations might be expected to provide the most fruitful source of financial aid, at least at first. In the case of the other kinds of corporations, they would have to recognize the long-range public interests. Most American corporate enterprises are directed by efficient and intelligent directors. But some are more generously inclined and perhaps more public-minded than others. Such considerations would obviously be a factor, among many others, in determining the policy of any individual business in providing financial aid to higher education.

It is important that the corporate financial support should not come only from big enterprises. Similarly the beneficiaries of corporate support should not be limited to the big colleges or universities. A small company with a problem related to the physical sciences might well make a grant to a university or technological school which had the talent and resources to make such an investigation.

This question of financial support is just as significant and perhaps more consequential a problem with our smaller and less well-known institutions. Many of them carry on highly constructive work. In the aggregate, they play an important part in our educational system. They must not be overlooked.

How, actually, might corporate support for higher education work? Under existing law, corporations can give 5 per cent of their yearly profits for such educational activities, provided they are carried on by accredited institutions. In view of existing high taxes, such a tax deduction could serve substantially to cut the cost to stockholders of such projects even where the contributions are not recognized as a business expense.

Either the corporation or the educational institution could initiate the proposal for financial support. If it appeared to be justified in the view of the corporation's board of directors, then a relationship between the two would be established. It might take the form of a specific grant for a specific type of research in which the corporation was directly involved; or a grant for what I might call "operations," such as fellowships, scholarships and the like; or a grant for "capital goods," such as buildings, laboratories or equipment; or a grant for general operating or overhead purposes.

Attitude Toward State Institutions

While any relationship between corporations and educational institutions would be quite likely to favor the privately supported institutions, state institutions should not be entirely eliminated as potential receivers of corporate support.

There must be a recognition of the time factor. A grant, here and there, made for a specific piece of research for a limited time, would not permit the college or university involved to attract to its staff talent of a high scientific caliber, and it would feel a lack of security for a long-term future.

To provide for a more continuing and a better organized relationship between the corporations and our institutions of learning, it might be a good idea for the contributing corporation to form a foundation specifically devoted to that aim. Into such a foundation the corporation would put funds, from time to time, which were not specifically earmarked. The amount contributed would depend upon company profits as they vary from year to year, and would be based upon the judgment of the board of directors. Thus funds not needed immediately would accumulate and be put aside to be used at other times, thus affording a more orderly and sustained relationship over perhaps several years.

I do not believe that corporate support of higher education should necessarily follow the existing endowment pattern. In my opinion such grants might better be liquidated within a reasonable number of years—say five or ten. A moderate grant spent over a short term may achieve a highly constructive purpose. The same grant, or even a much larger one, treated as an endowment—of which only the income, not the capital, can be used—can accomplish very little under existing low-interest rates.

To cite a personal illustration: Some years ago I became interested in the problem of cancer research. I saw an opportunity to do a constructive piece of work in an area which I felt at the time had been gravely neglected. I therefore set up what is now known as the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. The trustees of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, Inc., granted $3,000,000 for a laboratory building with the essential equipment. An added $2,000,000, later raised to $3,000,000, was granted the institute to be spent at the rate of $300,000 per year.

How Cancer Project Has Progressed

Thus, the entire grant of $6,000,000 was to be liquidated within the 10-year period. With this basic guarantee the institute has been able to develop an outstanding organization and obtain other grants to support it. It is now operating on an annual budget not far from $2,000,000, and is making, I believe, an important contribution in this field to medical research.

However, had the institute received $6,000,000 in the form of an endowment, there would have been no laboratory building, no adequate equipment and only a limited organization. The income from such an endowment would not have been much more than enough to pay the heat, lighting, general maintenance and upkeep even if somebody else had been found to provide the necessary building and equipment. From my point of view it would not have been worth starting the project at all because it would have been on such a limited scale as to prejudice the objectives I had in mind.

Somebody will ask: Very well, but what is going to happen when the 10 years are up and the money has been spent? Who is to carry on? That, of course, is not for me to answer, because I may not be here. But let me say that if by that time the institute has justified itself, if it proves worthy of further support, then that further support, I am certain, will be forthcoming. If it is not worthy, if it has not justified itself, then it should be liquidated.

A recent survey of 45 institutions of higher education, representing one half the total endowment in the United States, revealed that the rate of income on this endowment is now little more than half that of 20 years ago. The disastrous effect is seen in figures released by the United States Office of Education. These show that not so long ago earnings from endowment provided as much as 25 per cent of the income our private institutions of learning enjoyed before the war. In the last two years such earnings have provided only 10 per cent of their income. And it must be remembered that today's dollar buys only one half as much as the prewar dollar.

One of the tragic results is that tuition has had to be increased something like 50 per cent on the average. Educators are concerned over the social consequences of this increase in the cost of education and the prospect that it will increase even more. Already this threatens the equality of opportunity that has always been a part of life in America. Is the chief requirement for acquiring a higher education going to *(Continued on page 67)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIOLETS for a LADY

Marie was a lovely woman, fragile and childlike. She made Inspector Chafik wish to forget about murders. But he couldn't—until he knew why her key was in the dead man's pocket

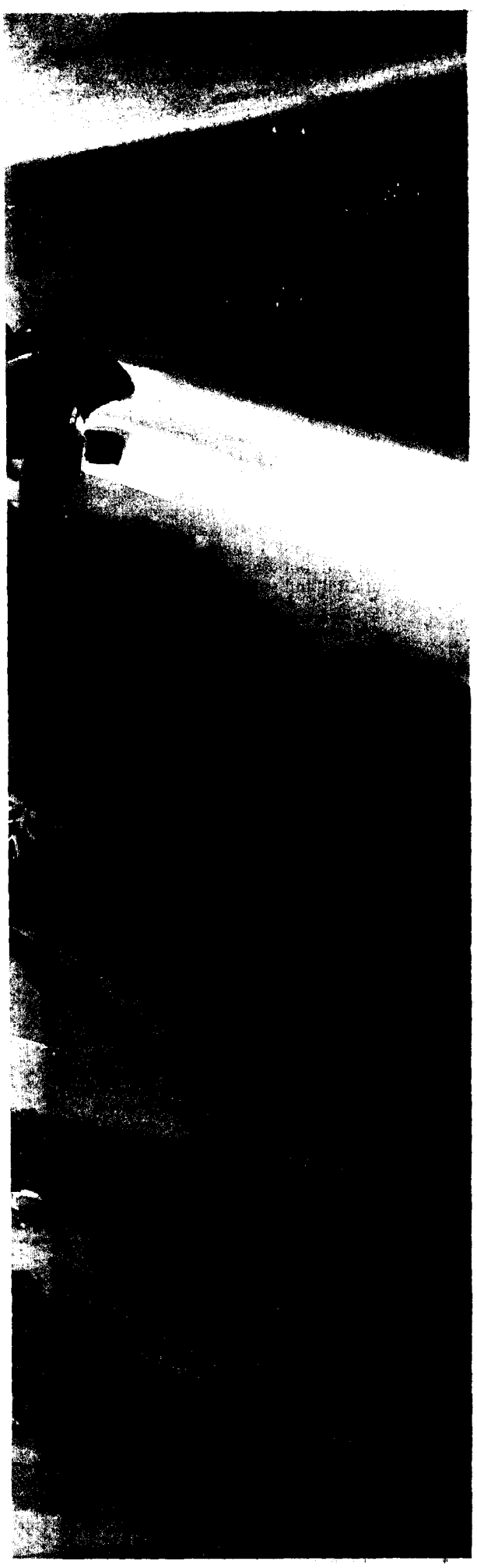
By CHARLES B. CHILD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Inspector looked at the corpse with disfavor. It lay, broken and ugly, in the courtyard of an abandoned house in a back street of Baghdad. Spattered blood indicated that the victim had not died easily. The Inspector, who was a neat little man, walked carefully to avoid soiling his pipe-clayed shoes.

"One wonders," he said, "why death does not dispose of its refuse tidily."

He had the melancholy of an old, tired people. The roots of his race were lost under the ruins of Babylon or some earlier city. He was small-boned, swarthy, had high cheekbones, rather full lips and a fine nose. His small mustache was carefully groomed, as were his slender hands. He was a senior officer of the Criminal Investigation Division of the Baghdad police, and authority gave him stature. Inspector Chafik flicked at the swarming flies and asked the sergeant of the homicide detail to report.



The man began his recital: "Sir, the name of the deceased is Yacub Haba. He—"

Chafik interrupted irritably: "I, too, read our records. Haba, Yacub. Iraqi. Age: fifty. Profession: a commission agent. Travels frequently in all parts of the Middle East. Suspected smuggler and lackey of foreign powers—"

He stopped, folded his hands, and briefly closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he said humbly to the sergeant, "Abdullah, grant me pardon. I heard my voice. It grated. I must guard against myself, I am overwrought."

He took a cigarette from a gold case and offered it to his assistant, bowing and touching his *sidarah* in a half salute and half salaam. Then he lighted a cigarette for himself and gave his attention to the corpse again.

"A detestable individual," Chafik said. "No witnesses, Abdullah?"

"None, sir. Furthermore, the citizens in this neighborhood are secretive."

"I have noticed," Inspector Chafik said, "that creatures who live under stones, in dark, damp places, are timid."

He looked around the courtyard at the crumbling walls, the noisome rooms, the rubble and the dirt, and went on talking, as though to himself. "Several men beat Haba. He fell. He crawled—notice the smears of bloody hands—he was lifted and beaten again. It is not a common method of murder. I imagine they tried to make him talk."

"They searched him, sir. His possessions were scattered. I have them here."

Sergeant Abdullah showed his superior a wallet, fat with dinar bills, some cigars, a valuable watch, and the usual odds and ends from a man's pockets. Also, there was a bunch of keys and one separate key which the Inspector examined.

It was an ordinary door key. A number was stamped on it in English and in Arabic characters.

Chafik said, "You have noted this, Abdullah?"

"Yes, sir. A hotel-room key, sir."

"Why should Haba have carried it? He had a home in Baghdad."

The sergeant shrugged. "Possibly a souvenir of a hotel abroad."

"Then he would not have kept it in his pocket." The Inspector looked at the number on the key. "One hundred and one," he said. "Our hotels are small, there are only a few in Baghdad with many rooms. Let us try the Oasis first."

He stepped around the corpse and left the courtyard. His irritation returned. He was harassed by bigger problems than the killing of an unsavory character. Chafik was busy with security measures. The vast oil fields of Iraq, hitherto on peacetime production, were undergoing reorganization and the country to the north was curious. Many agents were in Iraq and had to be ferreted out; the police force was efficient, but small, and the criminal and political investigation divisions were combined. So the Inspector hoped for a quick end to this murder case.

AT THE Oasis Hotel, a new building on dusty Al-Rashid Street, he put the key on the desk and asked the clerk if it belonged to the hotel.

The man said, "Yes, it is our key. The lady reported its loss a few days ago—"

"A lady?"

"Marie Grozny, Inspector. A foreigner. She leaves tonight on the Taurus Express. Shall I announce you?"

"I will announce myself."

Chafik and Abdullah took the elevator to the third floor. As they went down the corridor, looking at the numbers, Chafik thought a moment and then recited from memory the information about the woman in the police files: "Grozny, Marie. Age: twenty-three. Hungarian refugee. Resident of Ankara, Turkey. Purpose of visit to Baghdad: unknown. No traceable connection with subversive organizations—"

The sergeant said, "Sir, I saw her. She is a jewel."

The clatter of a machine gun came from the road. Bullets ripped through the empty car. Three men ran along the embankment

"Jewels and women should be seen through dark glasses. Their dazzle frequently obscures flaws."

The little man stopped at a door, listened, then quietly put the key into the lock and opened the door.

It was a nice room, well furnished. The big windows overlooked the garden, which stepped down in green terraces to the Tigris River. A woman hurriedly drew a bathrobe around her as she faced the opened door.

Marie Grozny was as slender as a child, fragile and flowerlike. Her pale-gold hair made a nimbus for her small face; her mouth was soft and full, her eyes deep blue. Suddenly Chafik was aware of the beauty of the day and the season of the year.

"Lady, a thousand pardons—" he began.

Marie Grozny said in English, with a pretty accent, "You have make the mistake. The room, you see, is occupy."

The Inspector answered in the same language, "Charmingly occupied. But I have not made a mistake. I am the police, madame."

"Police!" She made it a loathsome word.

Chafik flushed. "Madame, I am not a leper. Neither do I have horns or a tail."

MARIE GROZNY studied the little man and then said in a calmer voice, "It is not nice what you do, to come like this to my room. What is it you wish?"

"Information. You lost a key. I found it in the pocket of a dead man's coat."

Her blue eyes darkened, became almost black. "What man? What man is dead?"

"Yacub Haba. He—"

He stopped, amazed by the woman's reaction.

"You kill him!" she shouted angrily. "Kill! Kill! All police do is kill!"

Chafik lifted his hands imploringly and said, "I beg you control yourself. I did not kill Yacub Haba. He was the victim of persons unknown. You have strange ideas about the police," he added.

She turned her back. The sun pouring through the window outlined her slender figure and Chafik found his mind wandering.

Disciplining his eyes, he asked, "This man, this Yacub Haba, he meant something to you?"

She lifted her chin proudly. "He was my lover!"

"Madame!"

"You have found the key of my room because I have give it him. He has visit me, often."

Inspector Chafik recalled the fat, ugly man, the pock-marked face, the police record, and was incredulous.

"It is why I am in Baghdad," Marie was saying.

"Where did you meet?"

"In Ankara. In the café where I have work."

Hungarian girls frequently became entertainers in the cafés and night clubs of the Middle East, but Chafik could not fit Marie Grozny into the part.

"When did you escape from Hungary?" he asked.

She answered readily, "I have leave one year now."

"Only a year? Then you have experienced repression, police rule. But you do not have to fear us here. I assure you that on this side of the Iron Curtain, we—"

Too late, the Inspector was aware of an almost adolescent desire to win favor, and he thought: Be careful. He offered her a cigarette and the touch of her hand as she steadied the match was distracting.

"You are the strange man," Marie said, and her brows puckered. "Human, quite human," she added with frank surprise.

"I have all the weaknesses." Chafik smiled and then asked casually, "Did Haba speak of enemies?"

"Haba has tell me nothing of his affairs."

The Inspector abandoned routine questions and said ingratiatingly, "I reprimand myself for suspecting you. Obviously you never knew what a rogue Haba was. He was a thief, a man who would sell his country, and his soul if he had one—"

She shouted, "You lie! You lie! He has the great courage! He is the fine man! He—"

Chafik interrupted, "Madame! Please!" And he added tactfully, "I forgot your friendship for him."

Marie Grozny sighed with relief, he thought, and then she said in her colorless voice, "It is difficult for me to hear you speak so of a man who I have love. I know nothing, only that I have love him. That makes me the bad woman?" she asked, flushing.

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What SOLDIERS

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Like people everywhere, our men and women in uniform grope for the nature of God and His purposes. But the search is intensified among those who have known the horrors of war

Lt. Marjorie Wightman. She feels closest to God when in New Mexico's mesa country

Lt. Col. William F. Kernan: "It must be God. Men were killed . . . all around me . . ."

Gen. Jonathan Wainwright says, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions . . ."

Pfc Evalyn Gurganus listens to clergymen because they "know more about God . . ."

Lt. Col. Augusta Short, Army nurse: "We do all we can"; then it's in the hands of God

Pfc Cletis Barlow, wounded in Korea, says that "if your time comes it just comes . . ."

Sgt. H. Calloway: "When the old man swings that scythe there's no use ducking . . ."

Sgt. Ethel Kulhanek, who has a private pilot's license: "The sky's my cathedral . . ."

Pfc James Seybold, hit near Inchon: "God has His idea of what He wants to do with us"

Pfc Reinhart Stepan, who lost legs, fingers in Korea: "People ask for too much"

MEN go out to war; some come back, and some don't. Some have the strangest escapes, going through hell's fire and coming out unscratched. Others "get it." Sometimes they get it in thick fighting, and sometimes they get it way behind the front, when a jeep turns over, or in a freak explosion of ammunition. Soldiers can't help asking *why*. Who, or what, determines all this? Is it fate—does a bullet have your name on it? Is it just dumb luck? Or is it God?

On his hospital bed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Corporal Ray Mooney told me what happened to him in Korea. He was leading a squad south of Hamhung on November 29th, hoping to entrap some Reds; instead, his squad was trapped. Red fire poured in on it for six hours, during which Corporal Mooney, a bright-eyed lad of twenty-two from Rodeo, New Mexico, was hit four times —in the chest, the right calf, the left leg and left foot.

The only wound which might have killed him was the chest wound. And it probably would have, but for one of those mysterious, tantalizing things which happen in war. No, the bullet didn't hit a Bible in Mooney's pocket, or a locket with a picture of his mother. It hit another bullet!

Mooney, just before he was hit, had been firing his machine gun and it jammed on a long round. He pulled out the round, a .30 caliber cartridge just a trifle longer than it should have been, and slipped it into the right chest pocket of his jacket. That's what the Red bullet hit. It crashed into the cartridge, was slowed down, deflected sideways, and slid, causing a relatively slight wound.

Mooney propped himself up on his bed in Brooke Army Medical Center. "I believe God had something to do with it. I swear I do," he said. "I'll never know till the day I die why I slipped that cartridge in my right pocket. I had two hand grenades in my left pocket. What if they'd been hit!"

I asked the young corporal if he ever prayed when he was at the front. "No, I didn't turn to God. I just turned to my machine gun," he answered. "I never was much on church. The only time I prayed to God was afterward—after that cartridge saved me —y'know, just a little thanks. But I sure did go to church when I got home to Rodeo—to pay my respects. From now on, any time I pass one, I don't think there's a bit of harm in stopping by."

As with so many of the other air evacuees from Korea I met at Brooke, hot lead had stirred a whole new birth of wonder in Corporal Mooney. The very air of war does that. Life suddenly seems to dangle from invisible strings. The day and night seem alive with an unseen power, and puzzled people reach out to feel it and to plumb its mysteries.

Not only the wounded. At "Fort Sam," as the big San Antonio Army base is called, I found this groping-out among the green young lads just checking in at the reception center, as well as among seasoned generals, among WACs and nurses, among battle-scarred veterans of World War II, and, at nearby Randolph Air Force Base, among B-29 pilots and starry-eyed cadets who will soon fly jets and B-36s.

Fort Sam itself is a symbol of this search for meaning. It is deep in the heart of Texas. From the old fieldstone watchtower in Fort Sam's quadrangle you can see a good deal of God's country. You can see planes with wounded on their way in, and busses with selectees on their way out. And at your feet, in the quadrangle, while these earnest affairs of men are in progress, young deer graze peacefully and Fort Sam's famous peacocks strut and preen as though nothing really mattered.

Fort Sam is the successor to the Alamo. That famous old mission stands just a gunshot away. From within its besieged walls, Lieutenant Colonel William Barret Travis, the commandant, wrote on February 24, 1836, *"The Lord is on our side."* But was the Lord on their side? Ten days later the Alamo had fallen. Travis, Davy Crockett and their gallant band were killed to the last man and their bodies burned into dust by Santa Anna.

Where was God at the Alamo? I thought perhaps that in my stay at Fort Sam I could find out. I think I finally did, but not until I had found out a good many other things about God and soldiers . . .

A Common Fatalistic Viewpoint

Private First Class Cletis Barlow got hit 40 miles north of Pyongyang. He was driving an ammo truck when a bullet smashed into his right hip. The truck somersaulted over a 30-foot embankment and the next moment of consciousness Barlow knew, he was in a cast from his neck to his knees, with his legs paralyzed. I found him in the paraplegic ward at Brooke. How did he account for what happened?

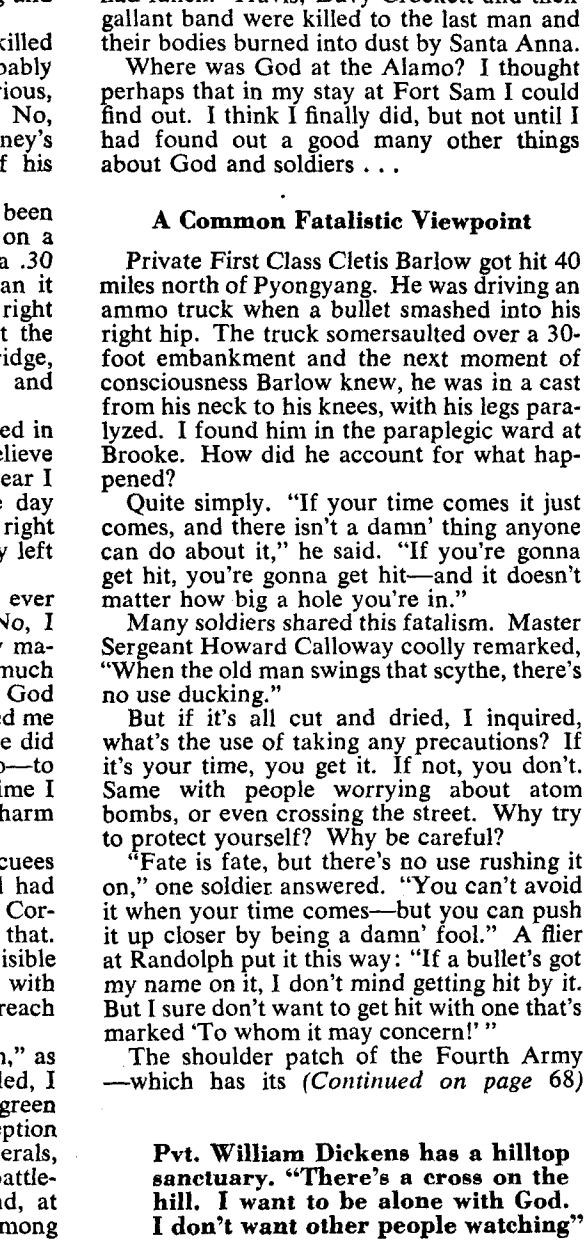
Quite simply. "If your time comes it just comes, and there isn't a damn' thing anyone can do about it," he said. "If you're gonna get hit, you're gonna get hit—and it doesn't matter how big a hole you're in."

Many soldiers shared this fatalism. Master Sergeant Howard Calloway coolly remarked, "When the old man swings that scythe, there's no use ducking."

But if it's all cut and dried, I inquired, what's the use of taking any precautions? If it's your time, you get it. If not, you don't. Same with people worrying about atom bombs, or even crossing the street. Why try to protect yourself? Why be careful?

"Fate is fate, but there's no use rushing it on," one soldier answered. "You can't avoid it when your time comes—but you can push it up closer by being a damn' fool." A flier at Randolph put it this way: "If a bullet's got my name on it, I don't mind getting hit by it. But I sure don't want to get hit with one that's marked 'To whom it may concern!' "

The shoulder patch of the Fourth Army —which has its *(Continued on page 68)*



Pvt. William Dickens has a hilltop sanctuary. "There's a cross on the hill. I want to be alone with God. I don't want other people watching"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELIEVE

REPRODUCED BY AWZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADAME CHIANG'S New Role in the Orient

By JOHN DENSON

From the Formosan stronghold, a valiant woman presses her passionate fight for the reconquest of China. The Nationalists must retake the mainland, she holds, because it was they who lost it

Formosa

I HAD not expected to see her looking so young. Surely, I thought, the terrible years of defeat, of China's conquest by the Communists, would leave creases in her handsome face and thread gray through the midnight black of her hair. But, at fifty-three, Madame Chiang Kai-shek seemed an alert thirty-five. She sat straight, almost defiantly erect, near the edge of her chair behind the small, natural-wood desk. She spoke of her own determination to help the Nationalist government win back what it had lost—its prestige and all the mainland of China. Only one thing would stop her, she made quite plain to me, and that one thing was death.

"I am among my people where I belong and where I've always wanted to be," she said. "I pray with all my heart to return with them to the mainland."

Nearly eight years had passed since I had seen Madame Chiang—who, as wife of the generalissimo and president of Nationalist China, and in her own right as well, is certainly one of the two or three best-known women in the world. Like a great many Americans, I remembered her most clearly as the eloquent lady of the East who, in 1943, stood in the Capitol at Washington and inspired the huzzas of both branches of Congress. It was there, with flame in her eyes, that she called for victory over our enemies of World War II. The congressmen had overlooked her rather brash criticism of U.S.-British strategy to cheer her fighting words.

I remembered, too, all the whispers about this long-powerful woman and her kin. Her critics have been many and bitter. They feared her because of her ambitions, because she was the wife of the generalissimo and so could counsel him, and because she was a member, perhaps the most important member, of the famous Soong family, whose rise in China was closely associated with the fortunes of Chiang Kai-shek.

For a quarter century, the Soongs have been China's most controversial clan. Of this dynasty,

Nursery visit. While mothers work, children are cared for by Women's Anti-Aggression League, which Madame Chiang founded

Gen. MacArthur met with Chiang Kai-shek while still in the Far East. Madame Chiang, MacArthur are at Chiang's right, interpreter at his left

Wounded soldier, hurt in mainland fighting, gets books from Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her secretary, Bill Sun, right

Sewing puttees is one of the tasks performed by members of Women's League, in preparation for the day when the Nationalists will fight again

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evacuating soldiers, forced to give up the Chu San Islands to the Communists, were welcomed to Formosa and fed by members of Anti-Aggression League, headed by Madame Chiang

only the Madame, the former Mei-ling Soong, remains in Nationalist public life. T. V. Soong, her brother, and her sister Ai-ling's husband, Dr. H. H. Kung, both of whom had been near the top of the Nationalist government, are in retirement. Another sister, Ching-ling, widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, deserted the Nationalists. She sits in Peiping and does the bidding of the Communists. Thus sister is now pitted against sister in the great struggle for control of China.

It had been whispered that Madame Chiang would never return to her husband's side. This rumor arose when the Madame (everyone calls her that) remained in the United States for a long stay while mainland China fell, piece by piece, until only a few islands in the South China Sea were left as doubtful sanctuary for the Nationalist government, for what remained of its army and for those Chinese who had the opportunity to flee from the Communists.

But here she was, across the desk from me, at the end of her first long, hard year on Formosa, the island seat of her husband's government and the center of Chinese resistance against the Reds. "There had even been talk that my husband and I were going to be divorced," the Madame said. "How foolish, how very foolish. We are making our plans now to celebrate our twenty-fourth wedding anniversary in December." The Madame puffed a gold-tipped cigarette for a moment, as though reviewing her plans for the celebration.

Aside from lipstick, Madame Chiang appears to use very little make-up. She dresses simply but with rich effect. On this dripping and dreary day, she wore the traditional Chinese-style gown in a kind of off-black. It was form-fitting, high-necked and ankle-length, with the skirt split part way to the knee on either side. The somber gown was brightened by small, gold-encircled jade scatter pins arranged and spaced in a triangle like a low-hanging necklace, and she wore matched earrings. Other than this, her modest jewelry consisted only of her quiet, tasteful rings. In a word, she was as chic as ever.

The Madame, still youthfully slim, looked tiny, indeed, in her office which covers little more than half of a Quonset hut on the grounds of the Women's Anti-Aggression League which she founded. But in the hurry of activities there, she left no doubt that she was accustomed to command. A general came in for a quick conference and was sent on his way. Pearl Chen, the Madame's plump, smart secretary, put a letter in front of her and it was signed with a flourish.

Madame Chiang turned back to me, and I asked her to review what she had been doing since her return from the United States to Formosa and her husband. The mention of her stay in the States clouded her face.

"That was the most miserable year I've ever spent," she said, "away from my husband and my people in those black days. I felt, though, that I had to stay in America to do what I could for China; that it was my duty. I wanted to tell my American friends what was happening in the Orient. I thought then *(Continued on page* 38)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY OMEA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

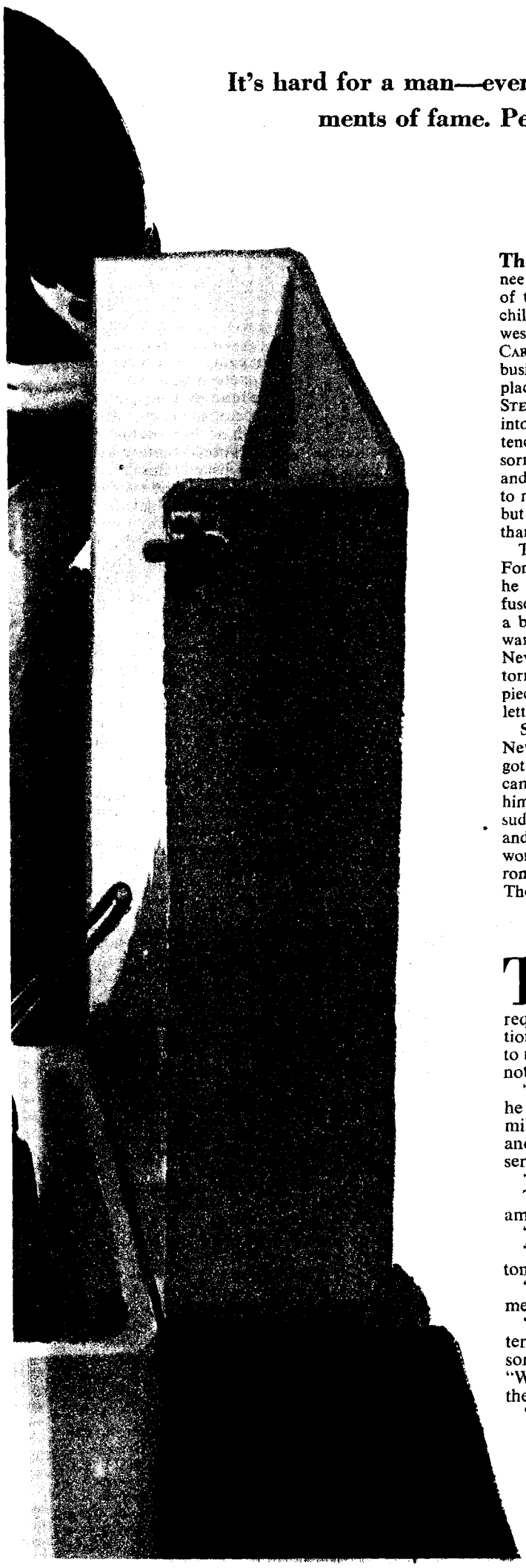
They sat on the couch, their feet propped on magazines on the coffee table. Thornton, who rarely took a drink, sipped his highball with an apprehension which soon vanished

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Love Man

By JOHN D. WEAVER

It's hard for a man—even a sensible man like Thornton—to resist the blandishments of fame. People kept telling him he was old, and he had to prove he wasn't



The Story: THORNTON SAYRE had once been a matinee idol, but he had renounced the glamorous world of the theater when his wife, KAY SHELDON, died in childbirth, and he had settled down in the sleepy Midwestern town of Rockport to raise his daughter, CAROL. He entered into partnership, in the real-estate business, with Kay's brother, JEFF; maintained a rather placid relationship with the widow across the street, STELLA BAKER; and, in general, seemed content to drift into a comfortable and stodgy middle age. This tendency to vegetate was a source of considerable sorrow to Carol, who had reached the age of eighteen and longed for excitement, and to Stella, who wanted to marry him. Thornton wanted to marry Stella, too, but she suspected his motive was more convenience than romance.

Then, suddenly, Thornton's quiet life was disrupted. For days, he seemed upset, and finally announced that he had to go to New York on business which he refused to explain. When he had gone, Carol discovered a batch of passionate love letters that had been forwarded from the office of Thornton's old agents in New York, BOWLES & LEVITT. The letters had been torn up, but Carol and her boy friend, DICK CARNEY, pieced enough of the scraps together to learn that the letters were all of recent vintage.

Stella and Carol decided to make a flying visit to New York to find out what sort of mess Thornton had got himself into. And in New York the awful truth came out. Thornton's past had risen to confound him. His old movies, made twenty years before, had suddenly become enormously popular on television, and poor Thornton was besieged by middle-aged women and people who wanted to exploit his revived romantic appeal. They even had a name for him—The Love Man.

II

THORNTON refused to take part in any radio or television programs, although his agents, Bowles & Levitt, had been overwhelmed with requests for guest appearances and for transcriptions of potential radio and television packages, not to mention the movie offers, which Thornton would not even discuss.

"I just want to clean up this mess and go home," he told Stella one night when she was fixing his hot milk. He had asked her to buy an electric hot plate and a saucepan, because the hot milk from room service was always lukewarm.

"It'll blow over, dear," Stella said.

Thornton glanced up from a fresh batch of amorous fan mail. "What do you mean?"

"These things always do. Like flagpole sitters."

"I'm afraid I don't see the connection,'" Thornton said, somewhat sharply. "Why flagpole sitters?"

"I didn't mean it the way it sounded. I just meant—"

"It doesn't matter." He had gone back to the letters, studying them as though they were part of some lesson he was having trouble learning. "What's the name of that singer Carol listens to all the time?"

"Which one?"

"He whines."

"Oh. Perry Como."

He nodded, then went on reading the letters.

"What in the world made you think of him?" Stella said.

"The fuss people make over him. Not people so much—just women. I was wondering why."

"He's sexy."

"I remember Valentino. Same thing."

"Oh, he was *very* sexy."

"There must be more to it than that."

"When a woman's lonely, dissatisfied . . . That's a safe and harmless way of taking a lover."

He thanked her for the hot milk, but didn't drink it, just sat staring at it as though it, too, were part of the problem he was studying. "I don't really need it. It's just a habit."

"I know. There's nothing wrong with your stomach."

"I never thought of myself as being—well, you know, sexy."

He began to sip the hot milk, and Stella came very close to understanding why he drank it. It was part of the protecting wall he had thrown around himself. She didn't know why he felt the need of such a wall, but she did know it could be penetrated, and eventually would have to be destroyed.

WHEN Thornton asked Sam Levitt if someone in the agency would mind taking Carol sightseeing, Sam gave the assignment to one of the young men in the talent department, Bill Ainslee, whose work at Bowles & Levitt consisted of charming talent away from rival agencies, holding clients' hands through the crisis of a new opening or a new divorce, and wangling house seats to hit plays for Hollywood visitors. He drove a large yellow convertible and his manners and clothes seemed to Carol terribly New York. When he turned to tip the doorman an expense-account dollar, Carol hurriedly slipped off Dick's Delt pin and dropped it in her purse.

"Well, what do you want to see?" Bill said.

"All of it."

"It's a big town."

"I don't care. I want to see everything—Broadway, the Bowery, Wall Street, Brooklyn Bridge. Everything."

They covered Fifth Avenue, Central Park and Riverside Drive, then crawled through the incredible traffic of the theater district to Sardi's, where Carol ate veal scaloppine, drank red wine and met two actresses. After lunch they drove through the narrow, crooked streets of Greenwich Village and Bill pointed out the little house where Edna St. Vincent Millay had once lived.

"I can't hold it all in my head," Carol said. "It's too much."

"We'll do it again sometime," Bill said, and smiled down at her, so sure of himself he made her feel squirmy. "What happened to your pin?"

"What pin?"

"You were wearing it when you got off the elevator."

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT

In 1950, Mickey was a gree

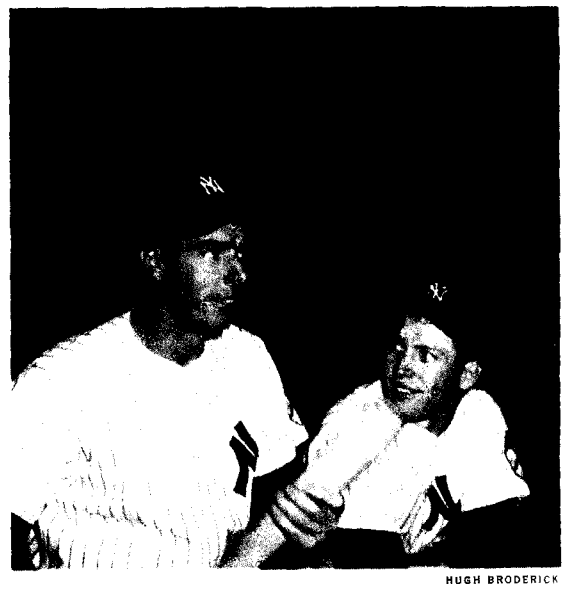
TOM GREENWADE is a hunter by instinct, avocation and profession. It is his pleasure to flush quail and other small game in the hills of his native Ozarks and his business to beat the bushes for young ballplayers wherever they may be found. He believes that he found one of the very best virtually on his own doorstep, which didn't come as a complete surprise to Tom, since he once came home from a day in the woods to find Harry S. Truman in his own kitchen.

Greenwade is a Nimrod of such repute around his home in Willard, Missouri, that it seemed only natural that Mr. Truman, in his pre-Presidential days, should pop over from Independence to seek Tom's assistance in arranging a hunting trip. But in some circles, potential big-leaguers are considered harder to come by than future Presidents, and Greenwade would sooner talk of bagging outfielder Mickey Charles Mantle, the nineteen-year-old Yankee property, than of going a-hunting with Harry.

It seems safe to say that no rookie ever started a season in the big time with so little public notice and such enthusiastic professional fanfare as Mantle. Joe DiMaggio had established himself as a star in the Pacific Coast League before he ever wore a Yankee uniform, and the bugles that blew for Clint Hartung when he came out of the Army to join the Giants were sounded by nonprofessionals. It was the ballplayers themselves who beat the drums for young Mickey—the World Champion Yankees and the members of such teams as they played in their extensive spring barnstorming tour.

Mantle came to the Yanks' Phoenix training camp this spring as a shortstop from the Joplin, Missouri, club of the Class C Western Association. He was not even on the Yankee roster, but was attached to their American Association farm at Kansas City. By opening day, he was in right field in Yankee Stadium, playing alongside DiMaggio, before more paid admissions than he had seen in his entire first season in organized ball, 1949.

If the jump Mantle made was a prodigious one, the pressure he was under was equally great. He had no more than 20 games to his credit in the outfield when he opened the season with the Yankees.



HUGH BRODERICK

A converted shortstop, Mickey Mantle (r.) got constant outfield coaching from the great Joe DiMaggio when he began the season as a Yank

HY PESKIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN MANTLE

By TOM MEANY

kid in Class C baseball. In 1951, he opened the season five leagues higher, as a Yankee

As Casey Stengel, who has won pennants with the Yanks two years hand running, expressed it: "The kid is jumping five classifications at once and is going into a strange position. If he can make it, he's a wonder."

Mantle ran into a slump in the first series against the Athletics, being blanked in two straight games, although it took an acrobatic catch by Emil Valo near the Stadium's left-field bull pen to deprive Mickey of his first major-league homer.

When the Yanks opened in Boston, Stengel benched Mantle, explaining that the wide territory in right field in Boston, plus the sun and the wind made it a tough field to cover.

"I don't want to put any additional pressure on the boy," said Casey. "He never wore sunglasses until a couple of weeks ago. In my opinion, he's a big-leaguer right now but he has the handicap of having to learn a new position."

Wherever he plays this year, there seems no doubt that Mantle is destined for eventual stardom in Yankee Stadium. He is that rarest of batters, a switch hitter with power to either field, and great speed. His bunting and drag-hitting should improve with experience, and his fleetness should enable him to pick up 40 hits a year through those mediums alone.

Before the 1951 training season, almost nobody expected to see Mantle start for the Yankees. Even when he was knocking down fences in Arizona and California in the spring, it was assumed he would be sent to Kansas City for a year's schooling. That was the way general manager George Weiss figured it, and Manager Stengel agreed with him. But Mantle's .402 batting average in spring training, against pitchers ranging from collegians to big-leaguers, simply couldn't be denied.

On a Batting Spree at Ebbets Field

In the final exhibition game of the spring, against the Dodgers at Ebbets Field, young Mickey made three singles and a home run, the latter clearing the 38-foot scoreboard at a point 344 feet from the plate. The Sunday night before the season was due to open, he signed a Yankee contract, sitting in a drawing room with Weiss and co-owners Dan Topping and Del Webb on the train taking the champs to Washington. (It called for about $7,500 for the season.) The game with the Senators was rained out, but in the opening series against the Red Sox, Mickey batted .333 and knocked in runs with each of his hits.

The story of Mantle the ballplayer goes back a long way—a couple of generations, in fact. It goes back to his late grandfather, Charley Mantle, who was a left-handed pitcher for an Oklahoma lead-and-zinc mining company and an incurable baseball fan. His son, Elvin, inherited the baseball mania, pitched for the same company team, and passed the bug along to his son.

When Elvin Mantle looked on his first-born he was determined that the child should be a professional ballplayer, a status neither he nor his dad ever had achieved. With that thought in mind, the infant was christened Mickey Charles Mantle—the Mickey after catcher Mickey Cochrane, then in his heyday with Connie Mack's Athletics.

As soon as young Mickey was able to wield a bat, his father and his grandfather took turns pitching to him, the grandfather left-handed, the father right-handed. Mickey was taught to bat right-handed against his grandfather, left-handed against his dad, which is the origin of the youngster's success at the almost forgotten art of switch hitting.

Pondering this family tutoring not long ago, Yankee Manager Stengel wryly observed, "If that's how the kid learned to hit curve-ball pitching, mebbe I ought to talk to George Weiss about signing the old man as a coach."

Mantle is a bigger boy than he looks. His 175 pounds are solidly distributed and he stands five feet 10 inches tall, although he seems shorter because of his broad shoulders. Mickey's arms are well muscled but not knotted, and he has the forearms of a heavyweight boxer. During spring training, the other Yanks would kid him about the way his back muscles rippled when he leaned over to tie his shoes.

Mantle has been declared physically ineligible for the Army because of chronic osteomyelitis, a bone inflammation of the left foot that resulted from an accidental kick when he was playing football in the backfield of the Commerce, Oklahoma, High School. The case is arrested at present and it doesn't affect Mickey's speed, although doubleheaders sometimes tire him. He was put in 4F in his original draft examination and then re-examined again this spring by physicians at the Miami, Oklahoma, Selective Service board and again classified 4F.

Mickey was born in Spavinaw, Oklahoma, on October 20, 1931. While he was still an infant, the family moved some 45 miles northeast to Commerce. It was here, hard by one of the "chat" piles—pebbly refuse mounds common to that lead-and-zinc mining country—that his grandfather and father gave him his first baseball lessons.

Until he became Yankee property, all of young Mantle's life revolved around the northeast corner of Oklahoma, the southeast corner of Kansas and the southwest corner of Missouri. It was at Commerce High that he played baseball and football under coach John Lingo and it was at Baxter Springs, Kansas, that Mickey was playing when Scout Greenwade signed him.

"I first heard of Mickey when he was in his third year at Commerce High in 1948," recalled Greenwade. "A fellow named Kenny Jacobson, who was in the Commerce Fire Department and who served as a sort of emergency umpire in the Ban Johnson League, a loop about one step ahead of American Legion baseball, told me about him.

"I went over to see him play at Alba, Missouri, but I wasn't particularly impressed. The boy was only sixteen then and hadn't his full growth. They used to call him 'Little Mickey Mantle' in those days. I couldn't have signed him anyway, because he was still in school, but Kenny kept giving me reports on the boy. Finally, in his last year, I saw him with Baxter Springs in the Ban Johnson League.

"Mickey got his high-school diploma on a Friday night and Sunday I saw him play a game in Coffeyville, Kansas, Walter Johnson's home town. Just as the game ended in the ninth, there was a terrific rainstorm. Mickey, his dad and myself ducked into my car behind the grandstand and that's where he was signed."

Signed Up for a Modest Bonus

Mantle was then taken to a Yankee tryout camp at Branson, Missouri, where he worked out for a few days before being sent to Independence in the Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri League. Mickey was no fabulous bonus baby. He received, roughly, $1,100 for signing, a far cry from the $100,000 the Pirates paid Paul Pettit.

"I disremember what the exact amount was," grinned Greenwade, "but I know we figured out what Mickey's salary would be for the remainder of the season with Independence and it came to around $400. To avoid the bonus rule then in effect, a boy signed to a Class D contract couldn't receive more than $1,500 for bonus and salary in his first year, and we were mighty careful to keep it under that. A dollar or two more would have put him in the bonus class."

Cappy Stewart, business manager of Independence, still has the canceled check, suitably framed. Because, like Greenwade, Stewart had been quick to appreciate the historical implications of Mantle's first contract.

Playing the balance of the 1949 season at short for Independence, Mantle *(Continued on page 72)*

Yank officials hopefully point out Babe Ruth wore No. 3, Gehrig 4, DiMaggio 5—and Mantle 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Champion: as athlete and showman, he leads a busy dog's life

Essential part of top dog's show life is grooming. Here, at New Haven, on special stand, manager Levine trims away stray cowlicks

TOP DOG

ANY dog who is suffering from the delusion that the professional life of the show world is a bowl of beef broth is as dead wrong as a kitten in a kennel. The house dog on a satin sofa should know that real champions lead dogs' lives—hectic, busy and complicated.

When Champion Bang Away of Sirrah Crest, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Harris, of Santa Ana, California, won the Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden on February 13, 1951, the handsome, powerful, two-year-old boxer became one of America's top dogs. His victory over 2,522 other dogs at the show not only climaxed Bang Away's short career, it helped commit him to the rigors of showmanship.

Bang Away, with his manager and handler, J. Nate Levine, went on the road almost immediately after their brilliant New York coup. Within two weeks, the champion showed at Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut, at Boston and at Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri. By the beginning of April, he had 44 best of breed and about two dozen best of show victories to his credit. If the record was not unprecedented it was magnificent, reflecting with unusual clarity the time and energy top dogs of any breed devote to their careers.

In his two years, Bang Away has worked almost every other week, spending much of the rest of his time traveling and being groomed, photographed and hounded by admirers. The only time the Champ can relax while on the road is at night in a strange hotel room with his manager. Outside of an occasional week or two of free time, Bang Away might just as well be Arthur Godfrey for all the rest he gets. Despite it all, though, he remains an astounding creature of effervescent charm and personality, with the mien of an aristocrat and the *savoir-faire* of a man about town.

In addition to superb ancestry, Bang Away has near-perfect backers. His owner, Dr. Rafael Harris, and his manager, J. Nate Levine, were named Dog Breeder and Dog Handler of the Year, respectively, by the Gaines Dog Research Center last February.

The Champ's appearance this week at the Morris and Essex show in Madison, New Jersey, involves a topflight performance in competition with 3,000 or so outstanding purebreds, including a great many other champions. It's the biggest outdoor dog event in the country. What true champion could ask for anything more? THE END

High point in Bang Away's life is during judging. He performs no tricks, but his vital elegance and perfect grace wow the galleries

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aware as a matinee idol of his beauty treatment, Bang Away watches with genuine interest as Levine cleans his hind foot

Before entering show ring, the 110-pound boxer occasionally allows fans to see him at his bench, but Levine frowns on such pre-show excitement

At Hartford, Conn., on second birthday, Bang Away virtually smiled. He was judged best of breed, working group and show

Morning after any show the Champion has his egg, milk and cereal, gets into Levine's station wagon, hits road to prove elsewhere he's top dog

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Dingle

At five, John Dingle had the makings of a

FRIEND, reflect on the great tribulations that John Garret's gambling caused his family. It all began the day he bought three ten-cent chances on an automobile to be given away at the ball park on Underprivileged Children's Night.

That evening when he went home he distributed the tickets among his three sons: Tom, aged nine; Edward, aged seven; and John Dingle, five. He gave a glowing description of the automobile and made the winning of it sound very simple.

"Just fifty thousand tickets being sold on it," he said. "Now which one of you is going to win it?"

"I am!" John Dingle cackled, dancing around the living room. "I'm gonna win it!"

"No, you ain't!" Edward sneered. "Me and Tom are gonna put our tickets together. We'll have two of 'em. You ain't got but one!"

John Dingle stared at him, then at Mr. Garret. The injustice of it all overwhelmed him. "That ain't fair!" he howled. "Daddy, they're gonna win my car. Don't let 'em do it. They're cheating!"

"Don't you worry, John Dingle," Mr. Garret said, glaring at Edward. "Selfish boys never win anything. You're going to win that car. You're a cinch!"

"We ain't selfish!" Tom said. "He busted our wagon. He busted our bicycles. He busts everything. He ain't gonna tear up our car. He's a—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Takes the Wheel

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

tyrant. Once he'd enslaved his family, it took the police to lead them out of bondage

"Oh, stop it!" Mrs. Garret snapped. "I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life. John Garret, why do you have to do things like this? The minute you step in this house, the whole place erupts. Now, you tell John Dingle right now there's not going to be any automobile!"

Mr. Garret laughed and roughed up John Dingle's hair. "John Dingle doesn't want any car. What would he do with a car and a scooter both?"

John Dingle looked at his ticket and sniffed. "I don't want an old scooter. I want a car."

"Well, you ain't gonna get it!" Edward said. "We're gonna win it!"

Before Mr. Garret could stop him, John Dingle had thrown himself at Edward. They crashed screeching to the floor.

"Get up from there!" Mr. Garret shouted. "Get up right now! Turn him loose, Edward!" He grabbed Edward by the feet and began pulling.

"He's chewing up my tickets!" Edward screamed. "He's chewing 'em up!" Mrs. Garret pounced on John Dingle and forced open his jaws. Tom snatched the tickets. Mr. Garret shoved Edward on the sofa with one hand and held John Dingle at bay with the other. "What's the matter with you idiots? You lost your minds completely?"

"What's the matter with them!" Mrs. Garret said. "You, the fairy godfather, turning their scooters into limousines. John Garret, you started this whole mess; now finish it. Go ahead. Wave your magic wand!"

"All right," Mr. Garret sighed, "all right." He looked at the boys. "Now you all know that Daddy was just kidding. I bought the tickets just to help out the little children whose daddies don't have any cars at all. We'll just go to see a real good ball game and forget all about the car. Now let's don't hear any more about it!"

"Hah!" Mrs. Garret snorted.

At least Mr. Garret was right about the ball game. It was a real good contest and the young Garrets got so excited that whole minutes went by without them mentioning the car. After the game, though, when the shiny green prize was driven out and parked near first base, total war broke out again.

Tom peered around Mrs. Garret. "Ain't she a beauty, Edward?" he said. "We won't even let John Dingle smell the exhaust pipe. We'll—"

Mrs. Garret stuffed his mouth full of popcorn. John Dingle beamed. "Ain't they mean, selfish boys, Mama? Tormenting a po' little fellow like me!"

"You shut up too!" Mr. Garret said. "You've caused more trouble than both of 'em."

John Dingle looked up at his mother. "I ain't gonna let him ride either."

Mr. Garret shook his head. "John Dingle, for the fiftieth time, nobody wants to ride in your car. Look! Look down there. See those two ushers bringing that wire drum out. All those white things are other people's stubs. You still think you're going to win it?"

John Dingle fished into his pocket and brought out his ticket. "Say mine, Mama! Say it again. What comes after the four?"

Mrs. Garret glared at Mr. Garret. "Four seven two three four," she said without looking at the ticket. She'd remember the number as long as she lived.

The ushers set the wire drum down near the car. A big fat fellow named Mr. Gill came out to the microphone and made a little speech about the worthy cause that the car represented. After he had thanked everybody for their backing, he called a little girl out to do the drawing.

She fished around among the stubs, finally drew one out and handed it to Mr. Gill. He studied it very dramatically. Mr. Garret felt like he was sitting between two wet cocker spaniels the way Edward and John Dingle were shivering.

"The lucky number," Mr. Gill bellowed, "is three five six eight nine! Who has number three five six eight nine?"

"Is that mine, Mama?" *(Continued on page 56)*

The car swerved again and then began the long journey down the hill toward the busy intersection. The screeching was horrible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For years, Holden was cast repeatedly as "the nice-looking young man next door." Now he's getting more variety. Here make-up man prepares him for role in current film, Force of Arms

Naturally, when Bill bought his sons a model plane, he cut his finger on the propeller (note bandage). Boys are Peter, 8 (l.) and Scott, 5. Holden is bearded for part in Force of Arms

GOLDEN

By FRANK S. NUGENT

IF JOE DiMAGGIO picked up his newspaper this morning and read that the nation's sports writers had dubbed him the most promising rookie of the year . . .

If someone told Lily Pons she really ought to think seriously of a career in music . . .

If the New York Stock Exchange offered to extend a membership to an up-and-coming youngster called Baruch . . .

Well, that is approximately what happened to actor William Holden not long ago when a recent poll of movie exhibitors made him their second choice to become a "star of tomorrow." Holden's comment couldn't have been more tactful on the surface or more bitter beneath it. "After 27 pictures and 13 years in the business, I'm delighted," he said, "that anyone still thinks I have a future."

Holden was born under the sign of Aries. As any two-bit astrologer knows, Aries is the Ram. But so far as Bill Holden is concerned, he is the Goat. Not even his Academy nomination for his performance in Sunset Boulevard or the praise for his deft portrayal of Judy Holliday's tutor in Born Yesterday has altered Bill's conviction that things are always darkest before the total eclipse, that at the foot of every rainbow is a pot of burning oil and that just around the corner lurks a man with an upraised club.

Ronald Reagan recalls the time Bill came to visit him in the hospital, proudly bearing a bottle of Château Lafite '29. "Hunted all over town for this, Ronnie boy," he burbled as he extended his trophy. Somehow it missed contact, there was a splintering crash and wine connoisseur Reagan had a relapse.

Portraitist Paul Clemens remembers the night they drove to the movies in Bill's brand-new, and very expensive, car. "I'll park it myself," Bill told the parking-lot attendants. Nothing was within a yard of him when he snapped off the ignition switch, and the attendants promised to treat that area as though it were consecrated ground. Yet Holden squirmed throughout the picture. "What on earth's the matter with you?" his wife asked.

"I dunno," he muttered. "Seems all I can hear is smashing fenders." When they returned to the car, it still stood a yard from its nearest neighbor—and its front fender was dented like a fisherman's hat.

Actor Leon Ames was with him a few years ago on a flight to New York. As the stewardess came down the aisle with a tray of paper cups full of coffee, Bill closed his eyes and murmured, "She's going to spill it on me."

Ames barely had time to say, "Nonsense!" when the plane lurched and Holden was deluged.

The stewardess was tearful in her apologies, but what upset her most was her scalded passenger's air of complete detachment. "It's all right," Bill kept assuring her. "I was expecting it."

This incident so impressed Ames that he called upon Bill to relate it to a dinner of the Friars in Los Angeles a few months later. Holden reluctantly got to his feet and described what had happened. "It's not that I have any psychic powers or anything," he explained, "it's just that . . ." and at that moment a waiter, passing behind him with a trayload of parfaits, stumbled. Bill stood there calmly for a full 10 seconds, with chocolate and whipped cream and cherries dripping from his shoulders and down his shirt front. Then he casually removed a gooey gob from beneath his collar and continued, in the same quiet tone: "You see what I mean?"

To this day half the members of the Friars suspect it was a put-up job. It wasn't.

Obviously, no man can go through life this way

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLDEN

Actor Bill Holden calls himself a cheerful pessimist, and with good reason. Everything happens to him: Bottles break when he touches them, folks spill things on him, and after 27 pictures he's been dubbed a "star of tomorrow"

—plucking the one flower with the bee in it, leaning against newly painted doorjambs, finding the only bush of poison oak in the entire forest—without developing a philosophy. "I suppose," says Bill, "that you could call me a cheerful pessimist."

Holden's cheerful pessimism must come as a surprise to the millions who have seen his pictures. These have run the usual Hollywood gamut: prize ring to horse opera, domestic comedy to whodunits, with the required spate of salutes to the various branches of the armed forces. In them, Bill has played a little of everything and a little of everybody, but his predominant role has been that of "the nice-looking young man next door." In fact, one could write a reasonably complete biography of this character merely by examining some of Bill's past pictures.

He grew up—this boy next door—in Our Town and he went to good old Siwash College in Those Were the Days. He spent a while in Texas and Arizona, but when the war broke out he became an air cadet in I Wanted Wings. Later he was transferred to the Navy for The Fleet's In. He returned to college as an ex-GI and had a lot of trouble finding an Apartment for Peggy and still more when he ran into Dear Ruth. In spite of all his difficulties, he has a wonderful smile. Older women think of him as being "so sincere." The younger ones watch for the inevitable scene where he peels off his shirt and then decide, in a soprano chorus, that "he's CUTE!" The menfolk are more than tolerant: They know he is loyal to Ma's apple pies.

And who is this character?

"His name," says Holden morosely, "is Smilin' Jim. I hate his guts."

Holden's feud with Smilin' Jim, this composite character who has been at once his fortune and his nemesis, is the Hollywood equivalent of the famous bickering between the Hatfields and the McCoys. The trouble arises from the fact that audiences have grown so used to Holden as Smilin' Jim that Bill's studio bosses are reluctant to let him appear as anyone else.

It is Bill's private shame that he has played only one psychopathic killer (in The Dark Past) in all his years in Hollywood. "The critics said some nice things about me, too," he recalls wistfully. He played his first heel in Sunset Boulevard. "And what was waiting for me when I reported to Columbia for my next assignment? Smilin' Jim!" The feud was on again.

What complicates Holden's situation is that he is under joint contract to Columbia and to Paramount, and, according to the strange rules of Hollywood warfare, cannot fight one without getting involved with the other. For example, when he turned down Columbia's Smilin' Jim assignment, that studio promptly suspended him—put him in payless coventry. Paramount had two scripts ready and waiting; but Bill could accept neither, nor could he take a job with any other studio in Hollywood. It is a game of freeze-out, a cold war, and it can be rough on an actor who doesn't own a few private oil wells.

Bill's longest period on ice was in 1940: he sat that one out for six months. He has had two suspensions (both from Columbia) in the last year. One followed Sunset Boulevard. The other—his most recent—came after his latest Paramount assignment, Submarine Command. This time Columbia had to knuckle under; he was loaned to Warners for Force of Arms, a picture which Bill describes—without his usual pessimism—as "The Farewell to Arms of World War II."

It's Hard to Escape His "Type"

But Holden is not convinced that his troubles with type casting are over. It is his dark belief that half the scribes on Hollywood's writers' row are in this unholy conspiracy against him and dream up nothing but stories whose central character is described as a likable young man with a flashing smile, sincere blue eyes and a photogenic chest. In short, a "Bill Holden type."

The funny thing about it, of course, is that Bill Holden and his screen character are mighty hard to tell apart. If Smilin' Jim was born in Our Town, Smilin' Bill was born in O'Fallon, Illinois (pop. 1,700), and grew up in places like Monrovia and South Pasadena, California. He didn't go to Siwash, but Pasadena Junior College isn't Harvard either. When the war started, Bill was among the first to enlist. He flew in on a bomber to be at his wife's side when she presented him with a son, and his comment on the newborn Holden might have been taken from any one of Smilin' Jim's scripts. "Honey," he said, "he looks like a beat-up Wally Beery."

Something of Smilin' Jim's basic good will to all men—even to the headmen of Columbia and Paramount—is reflected in Bill's unsponsored junketing through the hinterland, dropping in on small-town exhibitors to ask them what they think of pictures generally and Holden pictures specifically. And sometimes the answers are frank and brutal. "Mr. Holden," said one manager, "what your picture did to me shouldn't happen to my wife's mother, if you'll excuse the expression." But whether the comment is good or bad, they like him for dropping by to say hello, and they like the side of Hollywood that Holden represents.

Completely in the Smilin' Jim tradition is the story of Bill's hunting expedition with Brian Donlevy. They had heard that the best way to bag coyotes was to stake out a dead burro on a moonlight night and shoot the scavengers when they came to feed. First problem was the burro, but Donlevy had the answer: "Lots of wild burros up in the Funeral Range," he said. "All we have to do is knock off a burro and we're in business." It sounded reasonable enough; on the first free week end, Bill and Brian shouldered their rifles and their gear and set off into the mountain range behind Death Valley.

They sighted their first wild burros late in the afternoon, but the wind kept veering and it brought their scent, so the wily little animals kept moving just out of range. Night came and the wind died and the two stalkers stealthily circled their prey. Suddenly, a burro emerged from a draw only 10 yards away. He was a comical little fellow with ears like a jack rabbit and soulful eyes and knobby knees, and he looked singularly defenseless standing there in the moonlight. So one mighty Nimrod waited for the other to pull the trigger—and neither of them could. They gave up the coyote hunt then and there. *(Continued on page 64)*

Bill, with Academy Award winner Judy Holliday, in a scene from Born Yesterday, one of the meatier roles Holden has been getting lately

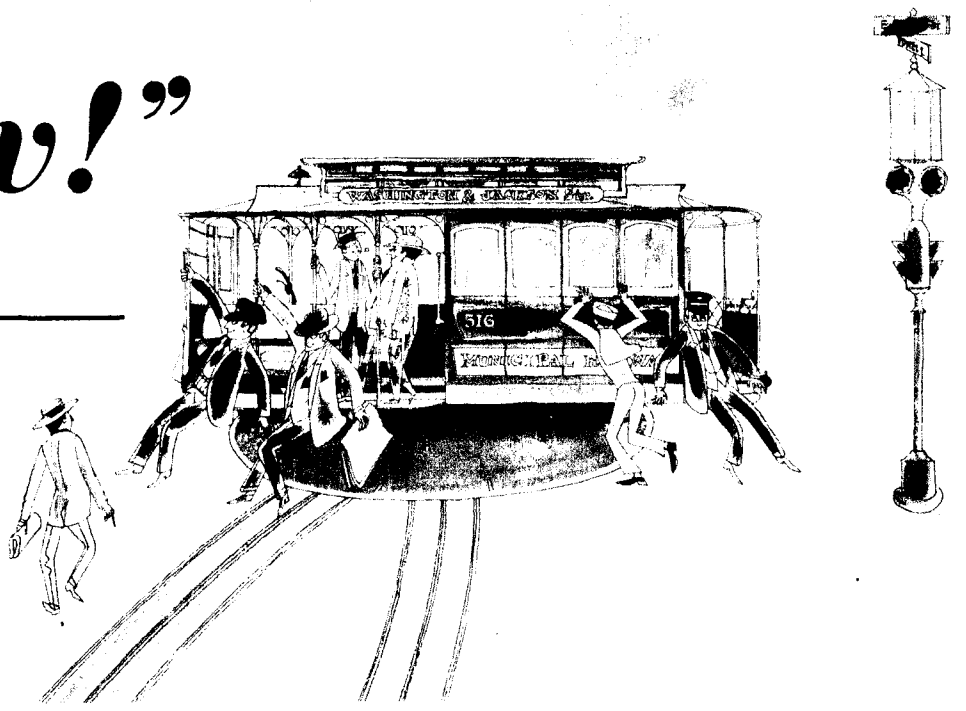
To his delight, Bill played a heel in Sunset Boulevard, with Gloria Swanson. Director gives Holden much credit for the picture's success

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. HANS KLUSSMANN
BILLIE BURKE
LAWRENCE TIBBETT
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
SALVADOR DALI
KATHARINE CORNELL
SIGMUND ROMBERG
HERB CAEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Kowfadakuv!"



That means "Look out for the curve!" to riders of San Francisco's swaying cable cars. They're rickety and crowded, but the city loves them with a real passion

By LUCIUS BEEBE

A YEAR or two ago a Boston matron made her will, bade a tearful farewell to her friends and boarded the steamcars for the dangerous overland journey to visit an old acquaintance in San Francisco. Having escaped scalping by the Sioux and other perils of the plains and arrived safely amidst the comparative civilization of Nob Hill, her first inquiry, as is that of almost every visitor to St. Francis' town, was about the cable cars.

When could she see them? Her host, whose apartment was on Powell Street, smiled, led her to the window and pointed into the street below. The Boston matron watched the traffic for a few minutes and then turned away. "Oh," she said in disappointment, "I thought they were suspended from cables!"

The Boston matron was typical of thousands upon thousands of annual visitors to San Francisco. The first thing they want to see is the cable cars. She deviated from the normal in being disappointed. Most folk are enchanted with the cables and hasten to ride on the diminutive trams at the first opportunity. Travelers may conceivably visit Paris without seeing the Louvre and still be received back home. They may go to Boston and not taste scrod; they may even pause in New Orleans and fail to visit Antoine's and still not be suspect upon returning to Social Circle or Fort Madison. But nobody can visit San Francisco and have the home folk believe him without being able to say he has ridden the Powell or California Street cable cars.

For the cable cars, a toylike yet highly effective form of public conveyance, have been the symbol and hallmark of San Francisco's highly individualistic being since the 1870s.

Other things suggest other cities to the general awareness. Say Venice, and people think of gondolas. Mention London, and it evokes the image of the Tower. But speak of San Francisco, and the vision conjured by that magic name in the minds of people throughout the world is a distinctive public conveyance running, conventionally enough, on rails, but drawn, mysteriously and wonderfully, on an endless cable connected with its innards through a slot in the street. Unless it be Venice, no city in the world has so remarkable and romantic an advertisement and testimonial to its character.

San Franciscans love their cable cars the way Bostonians love the Common and Public Garden or the way residents in Washington's Georgetown love the old-fashioned façades of their homes with their well-scrubbed stone steps and well-polished brass door knockers. Time and the uses of modernity have done away with most of the cable car lines which, before the Fire of 1906, covered the town in a far-flung network of transportation, and even as this is being written there are resolute apostles of expediency in San Francisco's City Hall who would like to have done with what they term an outmoded form of public transport.

But the cable cars have proved to be a peculiarly dangerous and unpredictable form of political nitroglycerin. A recent mayor of the highest personal integrity was rash enough to attempt the abolition of the cables and departed from office a sadly disillusioned man. Powerful interests, some of which San Franciscans are convinced are not without a personal stake in the substitution of busses for the cables, have come a cropper when they tried to remove the cables by political stealth and chicane.

Confronted with the possible loss of what many San Franciscans consider their last tangible tie with the romantic past and what all San Franciscans know to be the city's greatest advertising asset, the citizenry banded together to preserve their remaining cable trams in one of the most remarkable defeats of so-called progress in the American record.

But of this more later.

The cable cars are indigenous to San Francisco and its own copyrighted property, morally at least, although at various times there have been similar transport systems in New York, Seattle, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles (which still has a cable operation known as Angel's Flight, traveling a total of 315 feet). They had their origin in the mind of a San Francisco engineer named Andrew Hallidie in the seventies. Among other things, Hallidie was the manufacturer of a particularly strong and flexible multistrand wire cable and the inventor of an endless chain of buckets supported by this product which was then used to convey ore from gold and silver mines down the mountainsides and across the bottomless abysses of the High Sierra.

In those days San Francisco was served largely by horsecars and now and then there were frightful accidents to this primitive contrivance on its precipitous hillsides. The passengers were seldom hurt but the horses frequently were maimed and killed, and Hallidie, who was softhearted in such matters, was distressed. Why, he wondered to himself, couldn't his endless wire cable, which was so successful at the mines, be applied to a system of elevators or mobile platforms on San Francisco's steep streets? From this idea to its adaptation to a horseless horsecar was but a step, and, securing a franchise, Hallidie inaugurated his first cable car line on Clay Street in 1873.

The Mechanism Was Quite Simple

The cable car was, in theory at least, simplicity itself. A motorless motive-power car or dummy, manned by an operator who came to be known as a gripman and running on conventional streetcar tracks, hauled a passenger car called a trailer. At the bottom of an open steel slot located between the rails was an endless steel cable running at a constant speed of about eight miles an hour over huge drums in a powerhouse strategically situated along the line.

Through the floor and controlled by the driver by a brake handle ran a stout steel contrivance known as a grip, at whose nether end was a pincers arrangement by which the operator could attach it to or detach it from the moving cable at will. Attached to the cable, the grip pulled the car forward at a fixed speed. When it was detached the gripman at the same time braked the car to a stop with a conventional arrangement of foot- and hand-controlled car brakes. (The dummies have now disappeared and all of the cars are single units, each manned by a conductor and a gripman.)

There were, necessarily, mechanical complications. Devices had to be installed for taking in slack in the cable at the powerhouse when the cables stretched with use. The slot had to be perfected so as not to trap the wheels of carriages and other conveyances. Arrangements had to be made for the cables to pass over one another when two cable lines intersected at street corners. But essentially the scheme was simple, foolproof and, with the exception of the cables, which had to be replaced at fairly frequent intervals, indestructible.

New Streetcar Idea Catches On

The cable line in Clay Street was an overwhelming success from its first day in service. Half a dozen major cable companies were incorporated and branch lines of the earlier companies were laid in all directions within the next 10 or 15 years. Hallidie, who had prudently patented his grip and other mechanical devices, grew rich and a not inconsiderable power in the community. The cable car grew in no time flat to be a San Francisco institution.

And the cable cars began to acquire their own folklore. One of the first celebrities to give them international fame was Rudyard Kipling, who, en route to India, was more impressed by them than anything else in California. "A cable car," he wrote to his London editors, "without any visible means of support slid stealthily up behind me and nearly struck me in the back . . . I gave up asking questions about their mechanism . . . If it pleases Providence to make a car run up and down a slit in the ground for many miles, and if, for twopence-ha'penny I can ride that car, why should I seek reasons for that miracle?"

The cable cars very early in their career assumed a role in San Francisco's communal existence far more important than that of a mere public utility. They became, through the agency of the crews, a sort of synthesized courier, secretary, shopping service and deliveryman to the town. If the Nob Hill banker, top-hatted and frock-coated, and who could scarcely be expected to run for a car, was observed on the way to his usual corner but a minute or so off schedule, the car obligingly waited for him. Things were more leisurely then.

Children bound downtown for matinee performances at the California or Baldwin Theaters were invariably entrusted to conductors and gripmen to see them safely to their destinations. Regular riders on the Market Street lines or the Hyde Street grip were reminded of domestic anniversaries which it would be inadvisable to forget. Late tarriers in the bar of the Palace or Lick House were deposited gently on their doorsteps and the doorbell rung to call *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DIAMOND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIGHTWORK

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

It's hard to respect a man you don't like. But you have to give the captain this: he knew what he was doing, and when he had to come through, he came through

THE captain of our ship was a lieutenant commander, Regular Navy, and this destroyer escort was his third command. You could tell that he knew his stuff, and when things got hot it was good to have that kind of a man in charge. But he sure made it hard for us to like him.

The officers used to tell us that he was right more often than not. They didn't think he was right, though, when he made them dress for dinner. And nobody thought he was right when he'd expect a bunch of guys who were wrestling depth charges onto the racks to drop everything and snap to attention if he appeared.

Then there was that time when all ships were ordered to clear the weather decks of brightwork —brass fixtures or trimming, that is, which might gleam in the sun and attract the attention of enemy aircraft. Up till then, the captain had kept tired men busy for hours polishing that stuff; now it had to be painted gray, and kept painted. But what was really crazy was when he said that Dobson, the Gunner's Mate, couldn't play his trumpet on the boat deck any more.

You might wonder why that should matter, or why Dobson couldn't just take his trumpet and play it below decks. Well, there were two good reasons. First, if anyone ever played a trumpet below decks on a destroyer escort, at least a dozen guys who were trying to catch a half hour's sleep would climb out of their bunks and beat him to death. The other reason—on this ship, anyway—was that when Dobson played out on the boat deck, it was a wonderful thing to hear, and everyone—except the captain—loved to hear it.

Of course, Dobson did play in a kind of exposed position. He'd sit there, leaning against the forward side of the smokestack, and if an enemy plane had been about a hundred feet directly overhead, the pilot might have seen Dobson's gleaming trumpet and might have noticed the ship, too.

Most of us figured that wasn't the captain's reason anyway. He wasn't so much worried about the shine on Dobson's trumpet as he was about the sound of it. Not that he thought it was bad; but the captain was the sort of man who didn't quite approve of music on a warship, and this regulation about brightwork looked like a good way to silence Dobson's music.

It didn't work, though, because Dobson took him seriously. When he heard that the captain didn't want him to play his trumpet out there any more, he went up to him and said, "Captain, sir, how would it be if I moved forward here, where the planes couldn't see me?"

What he meant was right where they were standing, still on the boat deck but forward about thirty feet, next to where the superstructure started and under an overhang formed by the deck of the signal bridge. There were quite a lot of us standing around watching to see whether the captain would throw Dobson over the side. "Dobson," he said, "call me 'Captain' or call me 'Sir'—either one—but don't say 'Captain, sir.'" Dobson said, "Aye-aye, sir," and the captain looked around the deck and over Dobson's head for a minute, and then he said, "Very well, play it here," and walked away.

As you might guess, that was the day Dobson got his nickname, "Brightwork." What with his accidentally outsmarting the skipper, and his shiny trumpet and all, it seemed just right for him, and by nighttime everyone was calling him that and he was liking it, you could tell. Ordinarily, of course, a nickname with the word "bright" in it was the last one anybody would have given Dobson. He wasn't bright at all, and there wasn't much he cared about except sleep, and guns, and his trumpet. The only reason he made First Class was because the gunnery officer needed him and pushed him through his rating exams.

You see, he was one of those rare guys who can just fool with a gun for a little while and then know all about it. And there wasn't such a thing as a gun that he was afraid of. Whenever we fired, whether for drill or on business, Brightwork was terrific. He had sort of a roving assignment at Battle Stations, and it seemed as if he was everywhere at once. Say one of the three-inch guns jammed: by the time it was reported to the bridge, Brightwork would already be there, opening the breech, pulling out a misfire or tearing into some part of the mechanism and putting it back together again, and then the gun would be firing and Brightwork would be racing off to fix another one.

Well, you can remember Brightwork for the way he kept those guns firing—which was important—or you can remember him for how he played the trumpet. It's hard to remember the different times—we ran with convoys a lot and then we'd be detached for patrol duty somewhere, and the places and times of year get mixed up—but, anyway, when Brightwork played, in mid-Atlantic or in the Irish Sea or down in the Mediterranean, the weather was always nice.

WHAT would happen was that he'd come up on the boat deck late in the afternoon, and poke his head into the radio shack, and the radio guys would pile some records on the machine and hook up the P.A. system, not too loud, and then Brightwork would sit down—at first by the stack, later under the signal bridge—and play along with the music. Sometimes he played alone, imitating Bunny Berrigan and Louis Armstrong and Muggsy Spanier solos, and that was just as good. There's something about a trumpet that gets under your skin, especially when a trumpet player lets it out, and that's what Brightwork could do, there on the boat deck, with nothing but the sky to hold him down.

I tell you, it was a wonderful thing. We'd all gather around—the officers, too—and light up cigarettes and just listen. Brightwork would give the trumpet a couple of licks to hot it up, and then we'd hear the captain's stateroom door slam shut, and then the boy would really play. It was a thrill to hear it, and a kind of change would come over you. Life at sea was never like this, you'd think: the old ship steaming along nice and smooth through the blue water, and the sun going down in the clear sky, and the air so fresh and warm.

Sometimes it seemed as if you weren't in the Navy at all; you'd get to thinking about when you last heard that kind of music, and that would remind you of particular places or particular girls; and pretty soon you'd get so carried away—when Brightwork took hold of one of those long, lovely high notes—you'd almost think the ship was a big yacht, full of beautiful women walking around the decks and smiling and holding out their arms. You'd look around and see something like that on the other guys' faces, and *(Continued on page 41)*

We'd all gather around. Brightwork would

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give the trumpet a couple of licks to hot it up, and then we'd hear the captain's stateroom door slam shut, and then the boy would really play

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You Tired, Mr. Millikan?

By ELI WALDRON

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

He was a shy man, with eyes that seemed to want to twinkle

MISS O'DONNELL listened. She could hear the man on the other side of the double doors moving about, getting his supper. Faint clash of tinware like cymbals out of tune, the melancholy ring of china; she could even hear the sputt of the burner when he lighted it. Silence then for several minutes, then the small sounds of eating; after that silence again.

Some time later she would hear him talking to himself.

"Are you tired, Mr. Millikan?" he would ask.

"I am, a little," he would answer. "Yes."

"Don't you think you ought to go to bed?"

"Mmm . . ." he would say as though weighing the question. And after a few moments, "I think I will."

It seldom varied, this curious nightly dialogue. Each time she heard it, it made Miss O'Donnell smile. She would pause with her teacup in her hand, her head tilted toward the door, and when he had finished she would sip contentedly. She felt a warm glow of triumph. It proved what she had always known —that men were unable to cope with life alone.

At thirty-nine, she had come to take pride in her spinsterhood, in her ability to live alone and deal with the world on her own terms. It amused her to think of Mr. Millikan's being forced through inner weakness to talk to himself and sometimes—simply for amusement's sake—she would move her chair closer to the door in order to hear better.

"Another helping of vegetables?" she would hear him say.

"Why not, Mr. Millikan?" he would answer. . . .

Miss O'Donnell's house was a big one. In the mornings she dusted the banisters and the window sills and swept the porch. Once a week she polished the brass. She bustled about, humming to herself, and if the sun was shining she might go and stand for a moment in the warm-colored light of the stained-glass window at the head of the stairs. Her eyes closed, she would remember herself, standing there as a child, and she would smile, a little sadly, perhaps, because those good days were gone forever—but she would smile.

Of late, though, the smile had been difficult to manage. The weather, perhaps. The news. She didn't know. So she was glad, in a way, that she had converted the back parlor for Mr. Millikan. At odd moments during the day little trills of laughter escaped her lips. He was so absurd.

He was a pharmacist, a quietly dressed, rather shy man, with eyes that seemed to want to twinkle but lacked courage. The drugstore chain he worked for had transferred him to this neighborhood. Dr. Whiteside, he'd said, had suggested he might find a room here.

"A room?" she'd asked, astonished. What could Dr. Whiteside have been thinking of? He knew she had never taken in roomers. But something had made her hesitate. Just before he rang, she had been standing in the colored light, trying to remember herself as a child, but the remembrance somehow wasn't there, wasn't quite right. She'd opened the door and let Mr. Millikan in.

Naturally, it was out of the question to let him have one of the family bedrooms. She'd offered him the back parlor instead and he'd accepted it.

The following night she heard him talk. She was drinking tea when she heard his voice questioning and answering. She put the cup down sharply and stared. Of all things. Her first impulse was to go to him at once and ask him to find another room. Three months ago she would have done it. But now the impulse wavered, melted away. Instead she listened curiously.

The first few times she wasn't able to make out what he said. Then she grew used to his voice, and the words came clearer. She began to look forward to his return in the evenings; after a while she found herself waiting impatiently for the comical and satisfying scene to repeat itself.

It had its serious side too. Once, for instance, he said, "You've saved a little money, Mr. Millikan. Have you ever thought of opening a drugstore of your own?"

"Why, yes," he replied thoughtfully. "I have."

"Well, why don't you?"

There was a pause and then he said, "I don't know. I really don't know."

It seemed to be a very painful answer, as though his mind had turned it over laboriously.

But you *should,* she wanted to say to him. And of course he should have a store of his own. The trouble was that men couldn't decide anything for themselves. For a day or two she thought of speaking to him about it, but then she laughed and put the notion aside. It was none of her business. Besides, he never spoke of it again after that one time. He took up the old refrain, his nightly conversation that had come to signal her own day's end. She would turn out the light and lie in the darkness with her eyes open, a little self-congratulatory smile at the corners of her mouth.

Weeks passed. The weather grew bright and varied. It was unsettling weather, but Miss O'Donnell found her own strict routine reassuring. She met Mr. Millikan on the landing, in the hallway when she was dusting; occasionally, on her way shopping, she passed him on the street. He was always polite, tipping his hat, his eyes seeking hers without courage. When he was out of hearing she would put her hand to her mouth to suppress a giggle.

Then one night she made a strange pot of tea. There was twice as much tea as there should have been. She looked at it, puzzled. She had never done a thing like that before in her life, and it frightened her a little. Tightening her lips firmly, she took it up at once, took it to the sink and poured half of it away.

That night and the next she deliberately refrained from listening to Mr. Millikan. She sat with her back to the double doors and closed her ears. But this was ridiculous. Anyone might have made the same mistake. Finally she laughed at her own foolishness and moved her chair to its usual place.

But a few nights later it happened again. She went to lift the pot and found it strangely heavy. When she looked inside, she put the cover back with an angry click. Miss O'Donnell sat there very stiffly, staring at the wall. She listened irritably to her heart beating. Twice in one week. She was certainly making a great fool of herself.

Well, she knew what she had to do. He *had* to go. Things were getting out of hand. She got up at once and smoothed her dress and went straight to Mr. Millikan's door. She knocked sharply.

"Mr. Millikan," she said as he opened it, "I shall have to ask you to—" But something stopped her. It was his eyes; they were regarding her with the oddest expression. His face had a strained look.

"Are you lonely, Miss O'Donnell?" he blurted out, as if he had to say it all at once or never at all.

SOMETHING about the question caught her up sharply. For a moment it seemed to her that she could hear an echo of her own voice, her own thoughts at least, asking herself that same thing. Her hand went slowly to her lips, and she stared at him in dumb surprise. He knew. And Dr. Whiteside had known it too. She *was* lonely. It was loneliness that had taken her hand and misguided it in that revealing way.

"Do—do I seem lonely?" she asked timidly.

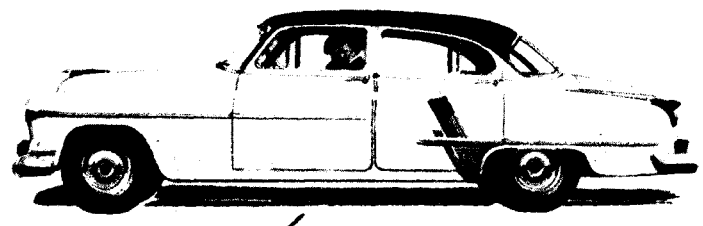
"Sometimes," he said. There was anxiety in his eyes, the urgent wish not to offend. "I've seen you on the landing, and sometimes it seemed as though you wanted to speak to me, to say something . . ."

It was embarrassing. And yet it was delightful. She felt herself smiling, and she drew back a little to let him accompany her to the front parlor.

"I *do* have something to say," she said. "I've just made some tea. Won't you join me?" THE END

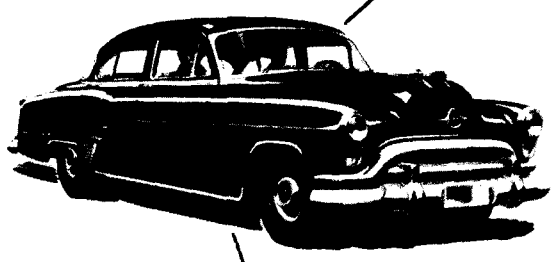
Collier's SHORT SHORT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



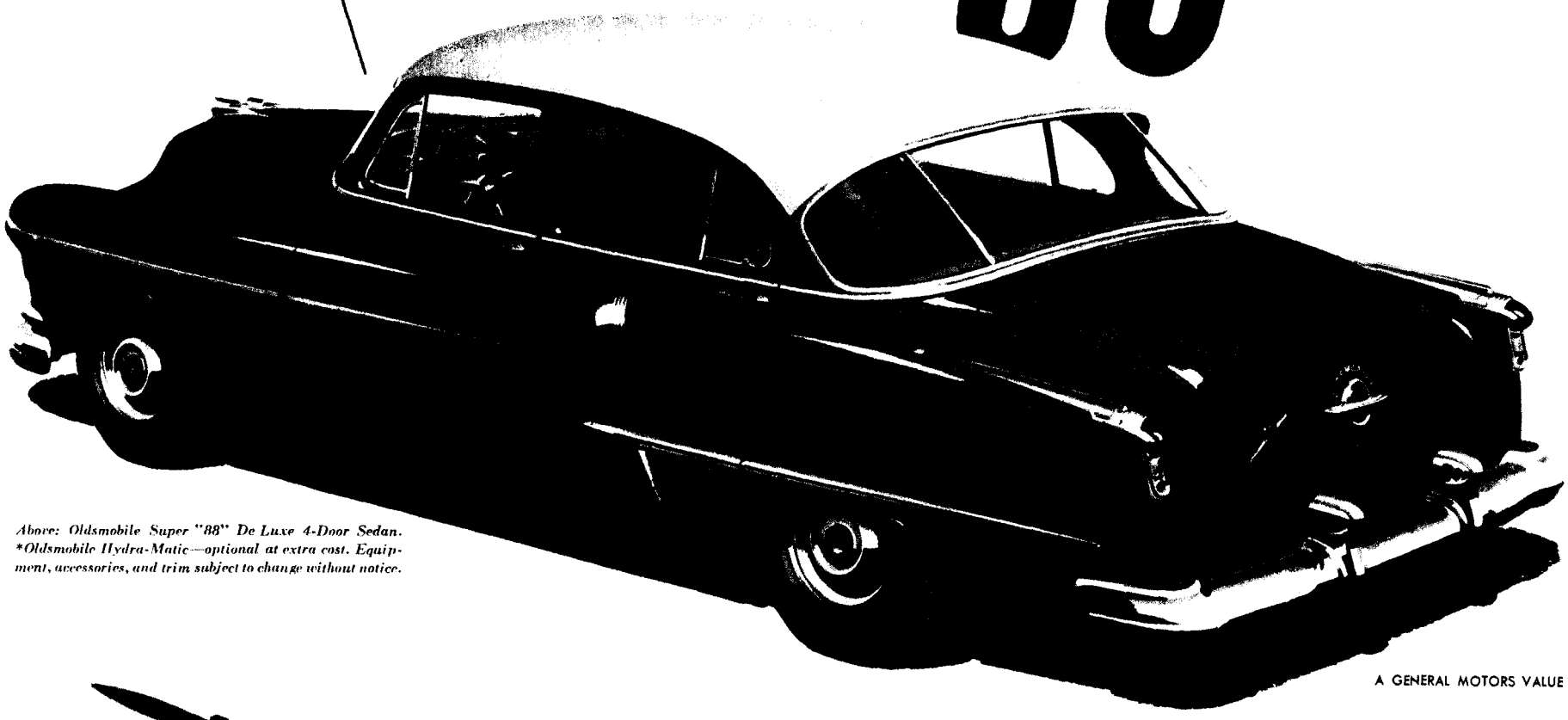
SUPER "88"

From any angle . . .



NEW! NEW! NEW!

Everything is new all the way through! New Body! Bigger—wider—smarter—more luxurious than ever! *New chassis!* Springs and shock absorbers, too—a safer, smoother, softer ride! *New "Drive"!* Easier-operating Hydra-Matic Drive*! *New Engine!* Even the famous "Rocket" has new advancements for 1951! See your dealer and drive Oldsmobile's all-new *Super "88"!*



Above: Oldsmobile Super "88" De Luxe 4-Door Sedan.
**Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic—optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim subject to change without notice.*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madame Chiang's New Role in the Orient

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

there was a chance to turn back the Communists on the mainland if people recognized that our war against the Communists is the war of all free peoples against all Communists. I told them what would happen in Korea.

"I told them"—the Madame's voice grew in intensity—"that, if worst came to worst, Formosa was the only place that could serve as a springboard to regain China from the Communists. I told my American friends that if there is to be freedom anywhere, there must be freedom everywhere. That is why Formosa has been, and is, so important to the whole democratic world."

Hopes for Ultimate Victory

The Madame made no effort to hide her bitterness over the failure of her mission to obtain aid from the United States. She felt then, she said, and still feels that American assistance might have saved mainland China from the Communists and might even have prevented the Communist venture in Korea. She is still hopeful that the United States will recognize the importance of the Nationalist army and Formosa in the fight against world Communism, but she is impatient. A friend said of her:

"The Madame has one thought that consumes her. That is Nationalist reconquest of China. She holds that it is up to the Nationalists (with whatever help they can get) to win China back because it was the Nationalists who lost it. The Madame seems to be working for some kind of redemption."

Even the Madame's critics in Taipeh (Taihoku), grubby capital of Formosa, admit that she has worked hard at her three principal activities—taking care of her husband, whose health is only fairly good, organizing Formosan and Chinese women to support the armed forces, and her religion. This friend said: "There are some among us Chinese who have always been dubious of the Madame's strategic political position. Everybody in public life has to endure some suspicion. But they must give her credit, some of the credit, anyway, for changes in the last year or so here on Formosa. There was nothing but despair a year ago. A lot of people talked of suicide. They searched about for methods to destroy themselves rather than be taken by the Reds. Some planned to take poison. Others considered walking in masses into the sea. We expected a Communist invasion at any moment and we were not too sure of our ability to resist."

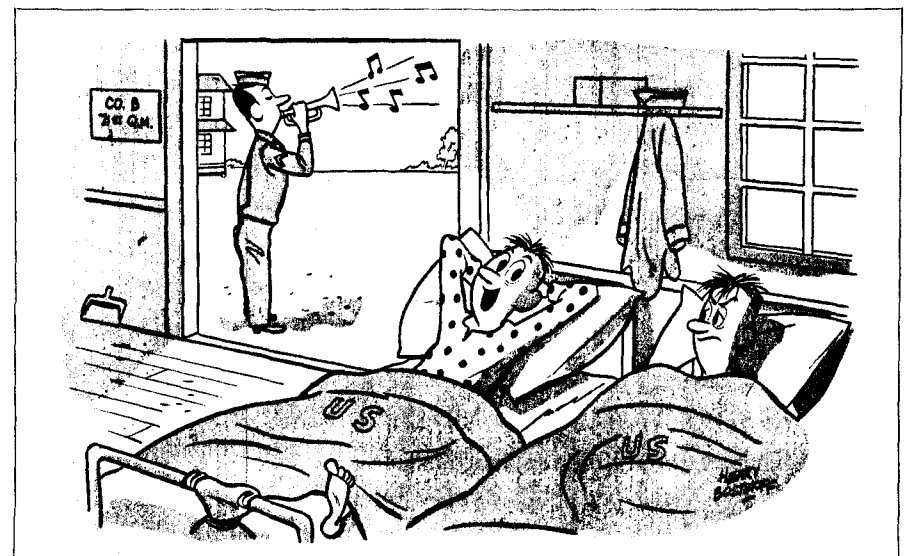
The Madame talked of those days just after her return, of her confidence that the tide was beginning to turn in favor of the Nationalists, and how she came to organize the Women's Anti-Aggression League, which is probably the largest volunteer group ever to exist on Formosa. The league has a membership of 100,000 with 45 branches, 125 sub branches and 49 work corps. Its activities cover almost every populated area on Formosa, and have even spread to the Philippines and to the Pescadores, a string of small islands off Formosa.

"Not long after I got back," Madame Chiang said, " a group of women organized a welcome for me at Chungshan Hall, where the Japanese had surrendered after their 50-year occupation of Formosa.

"I decided against the usual program of talk and ceremony. I knew there were many amputees among our wounded. I had visited them. I knew something must be done for them, something to lift the morale of all our troops. I had a 10-foot figure made—a plastic statue of a soldier without arms or legs—and I put this right in the center of the stage. I also brought a group of wounded from the hospitals. I then asked the women who came to welcome me to contribute for artificial legs and arms.

"Most of these women were poor, poor beyond the belief of people in the United States. Their families, under the Japanese, had had little for generations. But the response was tremendous. Some without money took off their rings, others a piece or two of jewelry, their dearest possessions, and gave them. In just three hours we had enough money to buy 330 artificial arms and legs. As I sat there, I realized that these women must be given a real chance to help. That's how the idea for the league first developed."

Madame Chiang wanted to be sure that all the women of the country supported her plan for the Anti-Aggression League, which had two major purposes: to teach the women the evils of Communism and to help the Nationalist armed forces in any way possible. She toured the cities and the back country of the island. Many women, especially in the rural districts, she found, were a little uncertain about public activities. The Japanese had never let them participate in affairs with the slightest relation to politics. This hesitancy passed a few months later when the Madame called a three-day conference in Taipeh at which the Anti-Aggression League was finally organized.



COLLIER'S "Nice to wake up to music, isn't it?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I housed the delegates, the leading women of the island, in the mansion which had been used as the official residence of the Japanese governor of Formosa," the Madame said, with some satisfaction. "None of these women had ever been there. It was not permitted. I think that lifted their pride, and they plunged heart and soul into the grueling work of the next few months. Our first job, I remember, was to make T-shirts and shorts for our soldiers, who were desperately short of all kinds of clothing. We made 670,000 suits of shirts and shorts in exactly three months—and we had to dig up the cotton cloth ourselves."

The Madame rustled out of her chair. "We've come a long way since then," she said. "I'll show you some of the things we're doing."

She led the way out of the Quonset hut, across a short, covered walkway and into a large two-story, soiled tan building, the workshop of the Taipeh headquarters of the Anti-Aggression League. This building, Madame Chiang's hut and a new auditorium of the league stand in a block-square walled compound in Taipeh's Cheng Nei (Inner City), a block from the principal Nationalist government building, an ugly structure of red brick with an authoritative tower in the middle. (It was built by the Japanese.) The generalissimo makes his official headquarters there. It had been officially named Long Live Chiang Kai-shek Hall, but the name didn't stick. It was now known simply as the president's office.

The Madame ushered me into a large room where about 30 young women, some Formosan but most of them Chinese refugees from the mainland, folded bandages. The women's deft fingers moved so swiftly it was hard to follow them. On the walls were enlarged photographs of the league's members at work, and most prominent were pictures of the Madame herself. Ironically, there was a portrait of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of Chinese democracy, whose widow—the Madame's sister—had joined the Communists.

Rooms in the old, stone, arcaded building, once used for housing transient troops by the Nationalists, are spacious, and on the second floor was one with more than 100 sewing machines. I saw petite and charming Mrs. K. C. Wu, wife of the provincial governor of Formosa, at one of the machines, and, the Madame explained, the wife of Premier Chen Cheng often works in the huge sewing room. "Everybody from the wives of the highest officials down to the wives of ordinary laborers are members of the league," she said. "You can see their efficiency for yourself."

The Madame consulted with one of the young women and then sat down at a machine to demonstrate her own technique for sewing puttees. (Chinese troops still wear puttees like those of American soldiers of World War I.) The Madame seemed no less proficient than the other workers. Thousands of pairs of puttees were stacked in the aisles, and the Madame moved gingerly when she led me on to the nursery. "We must take care of the children while the mothers work," she said. "Many of the women have no one at home to watch them."

The children, seated at a great round table, toyed with their tin cups which had been filled with fruit juice. (There is little milk on the island.) They surveyed the Madame as she surveyed them. One dimpled, doll-like child displayed a smile so dazzling that the Madame walked across the room to pat her glistening black, bobbed hair.

Elsewhere in the building, workers sewed rice bags and other small items of equipment for Nationalist soldiers. At the new auditorium, the gift of Chinese women in the Philippines, large groups were being instructed in first aid. The Madame showed me all this, and then started briskly toward her office. She seemed quite certain that she had proved her point: that there was no defeatism among the women of Formosa; that all of them were working only for the day when China could be reclaimed from the Communists.

Back in her office, the Madame conferred briefly with another secretary, tall, closemouthed Bill Sun, and I had an opportunity to look about me. There were the inevitable feminine touches—a gold-satin pillow in the Madame's chair, two potted plants, green curtains framing the small windows, and a worn flowered rug covering part of the concrete floor. A photograph of the generalissimo hung on the wall, directly in the Madame's line of vision when she sat at her desk. There was a wooden bookcase with a few American magazines lying flat on the shelves, several rattan chairs for visitors, and a square stove under a corner of the rounded roof. ("The Army let me have the stove," the Madame explained.)

On the walls back of the desk were the only real splashes of color in the office. There were two brilliantly red, white and gold banners, about two by three feet, silken and carefully sewn. The banners had been presented to the Madame by the league and, roughly translated, they described her as the "Lady on Top of the World" and as "The Light of Womanhood."

The Madame did not comment on these sentiments. She was winding up one phase of her busy daily schedule. I walked with her to her limousine—an old but still shiny model with curtains on the side windows to shield her from the curious. The driver and a guard sat in the front seat. The Madame invited me to call on the generalissimo and her at their home the next evening. There I would see them together, possibly two of the most explosive political personalities of our time.

The Chiangs live in a postwar-built home in Shinlin, one of the northern suburbs of Taipeh. The house is set against green hills and you can see Tsao (Grass) Mountain in the distance. Inside the grounds, you follow a bumpy, muddy road for about a half mile and pass two sentries before you reach it. At the door are uniformed attendants and two army officers (one a general, the other a captain) to meet callers. With the captain at my heels, I was escorted down a wide hall and into a large living room. The whole effect at the Chiang home was Western, and I think the home and its furnishings are about comparable to those of a $25,000- or $30,000-a-year man in Westchester County, New York, or Winnetka, outside Chicago.

A moment after my arrival, the generalissimo, followed by the Madame, came into the living room, which was crowded with rose-colored overstuffed chairs and divans, with many pillows strewn about. Chiang, dressed in a plain, khaki uniform, settled into one of the chairs while I sat to his right with the Madame. Although the Madame often translates for her husband, Shen Chang-huan, the president's spokesman and one of the comers in the Nationalist government, was here to translate this evening. Off in a corner was the captain, and he kept his eyes directly on me.

A Fireside Chat with the Gimo

An ancient servant brought tea and cake. The Madame explained that the cake, sticky with sugar and filled with nuts and raisins, was "Shanghai cake." "We make it here," she said. The Madame gazed into the fireplace as the generalissimo talked. There was a small charcoal fire burning in the center of the spacious marble-bordered fireplace. The generalissimo (Gimo to many Chinese) is a man of gentler manners than his career would suggest. His smile is much softer than that of the Madame herself.

The Gimo was most interested in the military situation. He discussed strategy, and told me that any successful attack by the Nationalists upon the mainland would have to be co-ordinated with other actions against the Chinese Communists. He said his army was good but would need much help. The Madame occasionally turned to him and spoke in the Chekiang dialect, the generalissimo's native tongue. She did not seem much interested in military affairs, smoking her gold-tipped cigarettes and staring into the fire.

At one point, I asked if I might make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guard Aga

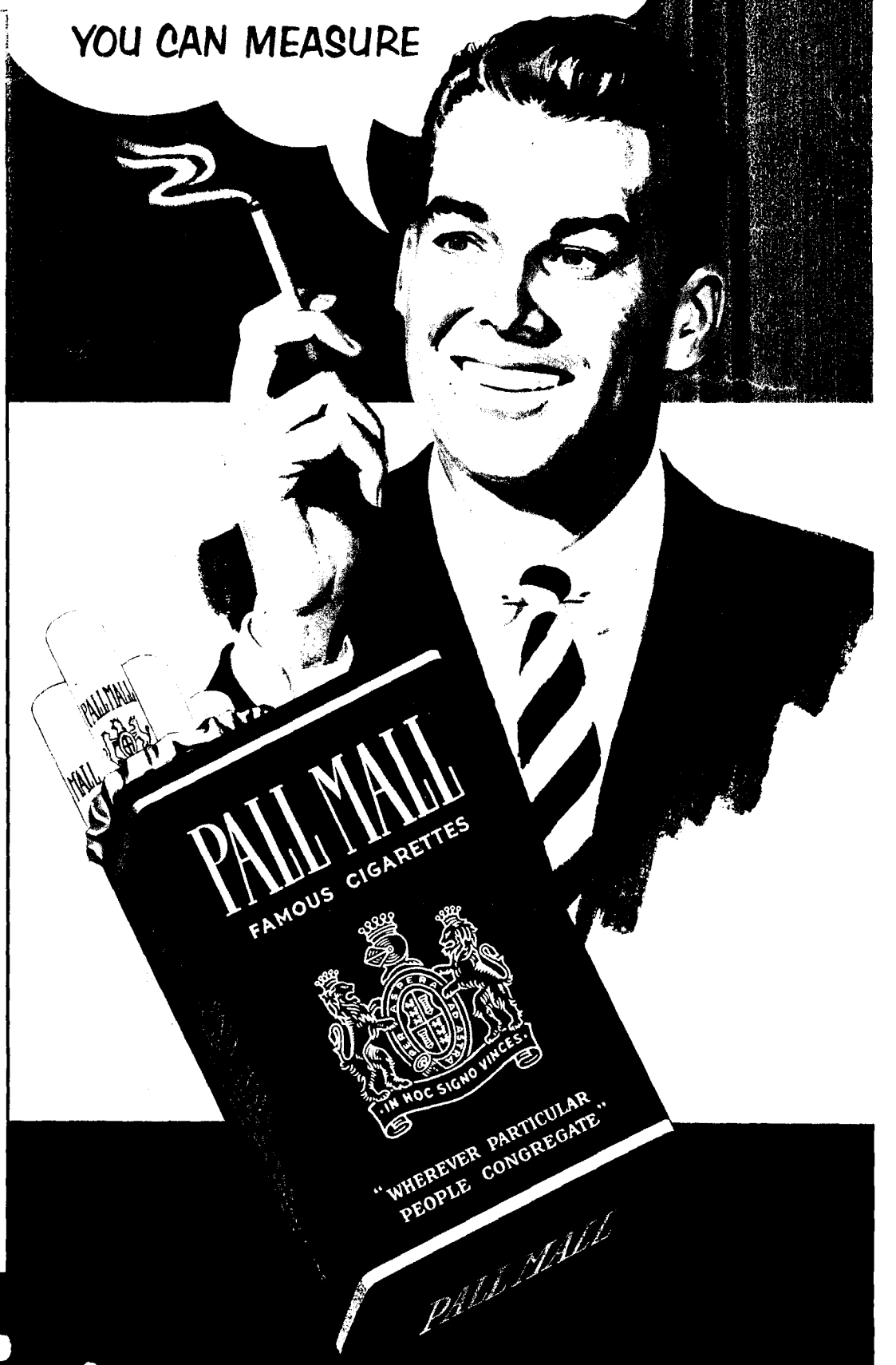
enjoy the smoo

tobaccos

...SMOKE

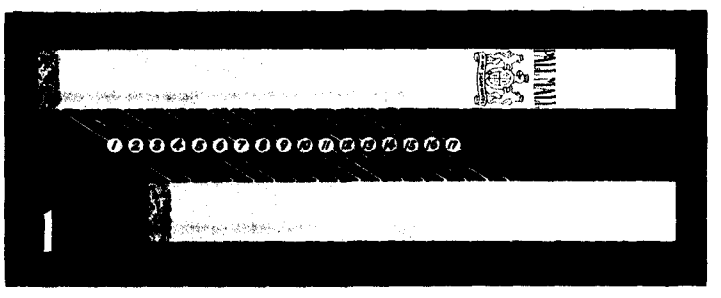
THE CIGARETTE WHOSE MILDNESS

YOU CAN MEASURE

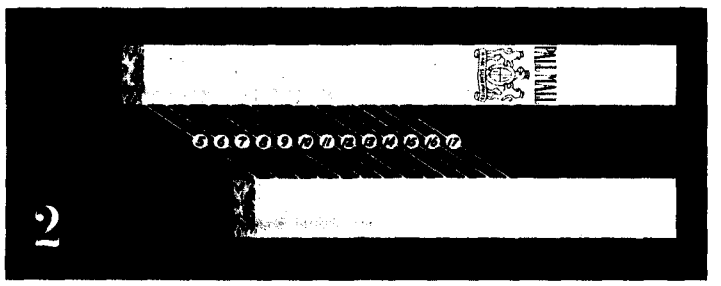


Study this Puff Chart:

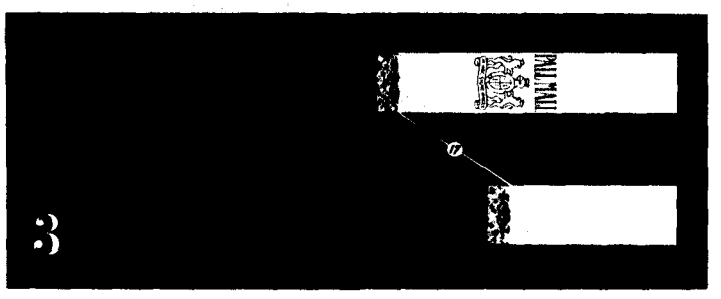
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL*—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*

Outstanding—and they are mild!

Copr. American Tobacco Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sis Won't Tell Him—But I Will!
JIM, YOU KNOW WHAT? SIS LIKES YOU A LOT—BUT SHE DOESN'T LIKE BAD BREATH! S-O-O...
WOW! THANKS A MILLION, KID! BE SEEING YOU—AFTER I'VE SEEN MY DENTIST!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
MY GIRL'S KID SISTER DID HER BEST AND COLGATE CARE DID ALL THE REST!
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST
MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!
Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!
Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!
Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

a note. The generalissimo said it was all right, but as I reached for a pencil, the captain jumped to his feet. I pulled the pencil out quickly. I understood then why the captain was there. The Chinese are the wariest of all people, and you could see that all those here tonight had had a great deal of experience in the treachery of the Orient. It was apparent that the Chiangs' guards trusted no one, not even those who came as friends.

The generalissimo did not appear tired, but the Madame seemed concerned. "He has gained some weight back," she said, but indicated that the Gimo's health was one of her principal concerns.

Near the end of the conversation, when there was some discussion of American aid to Nationalist China, she showed once again her impatience that aid was not forthcoming more quickly. And there was a trace of bitterness that she had not been listened to long ago.

The Madame had her own views and she expressed them. Earlier she had told me: "No man likes a door mat for a wife. I hope we"—meaning the generalissimo and herself—"don't think the same on all questions. Everything must be explored and argued. That is the only way to find out what is right. If there is nothing but uniformity, none of us will get anywhere."

As we came out of the living room, the generalissimo and the Madame turned down a wide corridor leading to their private quarters. They give very few parties (sometimes a small dinner for six or eight, often Americans). They do a great deal of work at home, and the Madame said they are usually up until after midnight. She helps the generalissimo with his work and it is then that the Madame gets closest to the highest affairs of the Nationalist government.

Nobody attempts to measure the Madame's influence in these high affairs. She insists: "I'm not politically-minded." Nevertheless, she is an important political figure—and, on occasions, a stormy one.

How Ambitious Is Ching-kuo?

Within the Chiang family itself there are vast political chasms. Chiang Kai-shek's son by an earlier marriage, Chiang Ching-kuo, who is in his forties and so not much younger than the Madame herself, is reputedly ambitious to succeed his father as generalissimo and as "the strong man of Nationalist China." The Madame is extremely Western in her way of thinking; her stepson has little to do with any foreigners (some say he is antiforeign) although he has a Russian wife. The political views of the Russian wife are not known.

Ching-kuo is head of the political section of the Nationalist army, and thus controls the secret police. That gives him tremendous power. He does not speak English, and is very reserved in his manner. He moved his headquarters from Taipeh to Tamsui, 15 or so miles away, apparently to escape any brushes with the growing foreign colony of the Nationalist capital. A frank observer of Taipeh politics said:

"If anything should happen to the generalissimo and Ching-kuo got the job, the Madame's head would roll before sundown."

Another of the generalissimo's sons, Chiang Wei-kuo, who is in his thirties, appears to have no political ambitions at all and he is very friendly to foreigners. He is a general in the Nationalist armored corps, speaks perfect English and was instrumental in opening his officers club to Americans.

No one in Taipeh seems able to determine the exact private and political relationship among the Chiangs. The generalissimo apparently maintains a degree of peace in the family. Observers point out that the eldest son could not remain long as head of the secret police without the generalissimo's approval. But at the same time the Madame shares with her husband the prestige and the prerogatives of the first family of Nationalist China. There has been no curtailment of her public activities since her return a year ago. Rather, if anything, she is a more prominent figure.

As the last of the Soongs in Nationalist public life, the Madame obviously intends to remain alone. She wants none of the complications which involved the Soong dynasty during the years when her husband controlled China. She told a friend that her brother-in-law, Dr. Kung, once Minister of Finance in the Nationalist government, communicated with her a few months ago. He had been subject to criticism by many Chinese because of violent inflation in China. The Madame said he offered to return from the United States to Formosa and serve the generalissimo once again.

The Madame said she replied with a quick, short answer: "No."

A Visit to the Chiang Chapel

However carefully she avoids all public discussion of politics, the Madame told me in detail of her religious activities, and I was invited to go to the small chapel where she and her husband attend services every Sunday. The Madame had the chapel built on the Orchid Farm near the Chiang home (it was completed just before Christmas) and it accommodates about 50 or 60 friends and Christian officials of the government. The chapel is plain red brick and, though smaller, is somewhat like the colonial country churches of Virginia.

The chapel is in a beautiful setting. The Orchid Farm is the popular name for the Provincial Experiment Station of Horticulture in the charge of Chen Kuo-you, who has cultivated orchids of scores of varieties in his hothouses. There is a formal garden as you approach the chapel and, though this was the chill rainy season in Formosa, azaleas and flaming hibiscus bloomed, and most of the trees were green. Here in Formosa you see the rare combination of the northern evergreens and palms.

On this Sunday, the generalissimo came in the traditional black formal clothes of the Chinese. The Madame wore a flowered gown but she kept on a long, dark-blue coat throughout the services. There were two large chairs in front for the Chiangs. The covering was a wine-colored fabric which matched the curtains on the tall, slim windows. A plain oaken cross was on a table on a raised platform. There were red plum blossoms and sweet peas for decoration—and they seemed bright, indeed, because of the gloom outside.

From hymnals in Chinese, the generalissimo and the Madame joined in singing two familiar English hymns, The Lord Is in His Holy Place, and A Mighty Fortress Is Our God. Mrs. M. F. Twinem, a missionary, played the small organ. The sermon, in Chinese, was preached by a small, round, gray man, Dr. W. P. Chen, who is considered one of the important scholars in China.

The chapel is only one of the Madame's religious preoccupations. She told me that she and the generalissimo get up every morning at seven to pray together. "I sometimes go back to my room to rest for an hour or two because of my long day," she said, "but we never miss our prayers." Then she has organized prayer groups among the wives of government officials and usually participates in services every Wednesday. "All of us are trying to draw strength from our Christian beliefs," she said.

The Madame and the generalissimo are Methodists but she is no stickler for denominational tradition. "I pray simply as a Christian," she told me. "I pray to learn wherein I have failed my people and my country."

The Madame's voice trailed off with the words: "None of us is perfect."

Whatever reliance the Madame puts in prayer, she does not leave undone any of the things she believes must be done if Nationalist China is to make a comeback. Her enemies concede that she is applying hard work, tenacity and all her cleverness to the job of getting back the power the Nationalists—and she herself—once had.

The Madame, everyone on Formosa agrees, has set her cap for China. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brightwork

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

then Brightwork would go into one of those slow, drawn-out tunes like It's Been a Long, Long Time, and you couldn't help feeling sort of sad, but good.

Even the officers seemed like nice guys for a while; and once I saw the captain, all by himself, watching us from behind a gun shield back aft, and then he disappeared and I even felt a little bit sorry for him. I don't know what it was, exactly, but something about that trumpet and those tunes out there gave us all a lift, and I don't remember any times at sea that were so good.

IT WAS just that way the day we were steaming west for a rendezvous at Gibraltar and somebody hollered from the bridge and the General Alarm went off. That alarm had a trumpety, pulsing sound, and for a minute you couldn't be sure where Brightwork stopped playing and the alarm began. But he knew. He jumped up, still holding his trumpet, and slid down a ladder to the main deck just as a pair of our forties started pounding. Then we all moved fast.

"How wonderful, Mr. Bezik! Your etchings are much better than I expected"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

There were two planes on us. They kept going forward of us and wheeling back in with the sun behind them, so that we could hardly see them coming in. At first, it looked like just strafing, but then something big dropped near enough to rock us and drench the decks amidships. All of our guns were firing now—the three-inchers slamming the deck plates against your feet, the forty-millimeters barking steadily, and the twenties, wherever a plane came within their feeble range, setting up a furious chatter. It was a terrible noise that covered everything. You could see a man shouting at you and hear nothing he said.

The ship was zigzagging now, and smoke and burnt wadding blew across the decks. I saw Brightwork once, coming out of the smoke back aft, looking like an angry ghost as he twisted the whole barrel out of a twenty-millimeter gun and plunged it into a water tube. Then he was vaulting the gun shield and running forward again. The guns kept firing, and our eyes stung and our skulls ached, and then there was another noise—the worst yet, the solidest—and the ship bucked. Some of our guns went quiet, and you could hear gun captains hollering, "Cease fire!" till finally there were only scattered bursts from the twenties and you could see one plane trailing smoke and going down and the other one making off all right.

But one of them had caught us. The bomb had hit the fo'c'sle, only a few feet forward of the No. 1 three-inch gun. The gun was wrecked—its barrel was curled up and pointing toward the wheelhouse—and the whole gun crew was killed. A few of the guys were lying there, but the rest of them were gone, mostly gone.

The forwardmost compartments were blown up and flooded, but we stayed afloat because the repair party sealed them off in a hurry, and we went on toward Gibraltar at ten knots. The captain kept us at Battle Stations till the sun was almost down; then he put us on modified Battle Stations and called out a work party to clean things up.

There's no need to tell any more about what we saw on the fo'c'sle. The doc did what he could, which was just cleaning up, too; and they got the canvas ready for some of the bodies. Pretty soon there was nothing left except the work party and we were just looking around and saying nothing and remembering how the smell of blood can stay on a ship for days. The ship was rolling a little and all you could hear was the clanking of the big empty brass shell cases as they rolled from one side of the gun shield to the other.

We looked down at them, rolling, catching the glint of what little sun was left. Then one of the guys took a step and leaned down, and we all saw it, right there among the shell cases—that trumpet of Brightwork's. Well, this guy bent down and picked it up and held it, and we were all standing there looking at it when the captain came up. He was there almost before we knew it. It was a queer thing: he started to speak, and then I guess he saw that no one was listening and that no one had come to attention, and maybe he saw the trumpet. He must have, because he just turned and went away and left us alone....

The next morning, right after mess, Hansen, the metalsmith, brought up the two brass straps we had asked him to make and fastened the trumpet slantwise, with the mouthpiece up, right there on the bulkhead under the signal bridge where Brightwork had played it the day before. I guess within a half hour everyone who wasn't on watch came up to the boat deck and looked at it for a minute.

THEN the captain came up from the wardroom. He saw the guys standing around and came out onto the boat deck and saw the trumpet hanging there. For a few seconds, you couldn't hear a thing except the sea washing past the skin of the ship. Then the captain said, "Take the trumpet down."

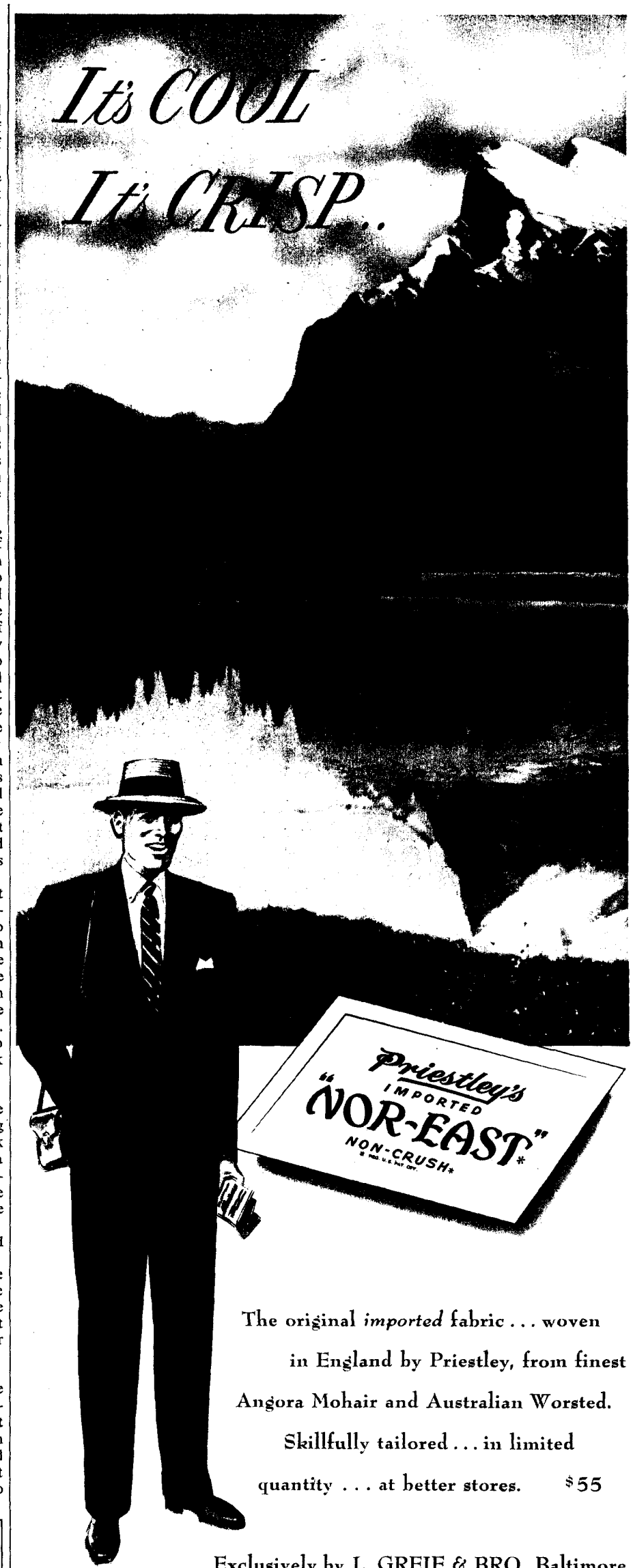
Nobody moved. The stack rumbled and the sea made a soft hissing sound.

"Take it down," the captain said to the man nearest to him, "and put it there." He pointed to a place about six feet up on the forward side of the stack. Then he went back into the passageway and up the ladder toward the bridge.

Some guy next to me coughed.

I went back on the fantail, between the depth-charge racks, and I lighted a cigarette and stayed there, wondering how it was that you could hate a man so much one minute and like him the next, and watching the wake of the ship spread out behind us. THE END

James Robbins Miller is one of the authors represented in Collier's Best, *a volume of short stories recently published by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.*



The original *imported* fabric . . . woven in England by Priestley, from finest Angora Mohair and Australian Worsted. Skillfully tailored . . . in limited quantity . . . at better stores. $55

Exclusively by L. GREIF & BRO., Baltimore

"THE ARISTOCRAT OF SUMMER SUITS"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheik Abdul Gawad el Gabi (above), the man who oversees Egyptian camel cab drivers, shows off one of his de luxe models. Driver Lami Ibrahim, below, fuels up camel with sugar from own lips

"Hey, Abdul, Call Me a Camel"

By BILL STAPLETON

Near Egypt's Pyramids, Sahara hackies cater to tourists, but they can't move a camel without a nod from Abdul the Modest

Cairo

ABDUL GAWAD EL GABI, referred to as Sheik, because of his respectable status in life, is a man of modesty, means and power whose operational headquarters is the Pyramid House, a small roadside diner near the Sphinx and the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

The good and portly Sheik is unofficially, but certainly, in charge of renting camels to tourists who wish to take the grand tour around the Pyramids. He sits in the position of a contact man between the large tourist agencies of Cairo and a loose but effective union of some 300 happy-go-lucky camel drivers.

The members of this burnoosed association of Sahara hackies pay dues, rotate work shifts and once staged a sit-down strike against poor working conditions. But they will have no truck with grievance committees. Mediation, in their nomadic labor relations with the government of Egypt, is left up to the Sheik; for the Sheik is quicker than a police camel in matters fiduciary and monetary.

Yet Abdul the Sheik insists there is no such union and there never was. What's more, he is indignant at the rumor that he collects ten piasters (about 33 cents) a month from each of the loyal 300. All of those fine camel-driving lads are his close friends, he says, and, may Allah protect and smile upon him, he's never collected one red piaster from any of them.

Camel driver Lami Ibrahim, an agile hackie who feeds his camels sugar from his own lips, is indeed a friend of the self-effacing Sheik, but he nevertheless argues the piaster business. Lami, loyal as he is, claims that failure to honor the Sheik once a month with a bank note can invoke a peculiar form of amnesia in the good man. When tourists arrive, for instance, Lami's forgetfulness in the matter of bank notes might lead to an equal amount of forgetfulness on the part of his "union" leader, who would somehow find it difficult to remember Lami's address when the big jobs come along.

The only income Abdul Gawad el Gabi owns up to are the few poor piasters paid him by the tourist agencies in town. A single cruise ship unloads something close to 600 tourists at a crack; almost all of them itching to try their luck at camel riding.

The agencies call in Abdul and arrange with him to see that the tourists are properly placed. For this service Abdul is paid a 5-to-10 per cent commission off the top of the collective fees received by the hackies he provides. The Sheik says this is all the money he ever collects—except, of course, for just a few personal camel fares here and there, which come to him from the camels and the camel hack business he inherited from his respected father. At present rates of 15 piasters (about 50 cents) an hour for riding camels, this is not very much, the Sheik says, looking off into the distance as if in search of new sources of income.

There are other small matters Abdul has his hand in. From his headquarters at Pyramid House he advertises—quite modestly—that he is a contractor for all camels and horses, sight-seeing trips to upper and lower Egypt, arrangements for camping out in the desert and sailing on the Nile. Because he is a man of parts, he is an elusive and difficult man to engage in conversation.

Lunchtime presents the best opportunities for contact with the camel tycoon. He told some friends, at a leisurely lunch not long ago, that during the first World War he ran the tourist business (largely Allied soldiers) with one hand while supplying some 2,000 camels daily to the British Army Camel Corps with the other. At the same time he sewed up as many tourist agency contracts as he could lay both hands on.

Between wars, Abdul the Modest twice rounded up camels and horsemen to star in adventure films for Gaumont-British pictures. He's a bit hazy on the titles of the pictures and can't remember whether the name of the last one was The Campbells Are Coming or The Camels Are Coming. Just four months ago he rounded up everybody to act in a new Rossellini film to be called Blackhawk. In all such transactions he acquits himself with honor.

"I have good honor," he swears; "people trust me. American and British people like people with honor like me. I do not permit myself even to ask for a cigarette."

Honor, as defined as a nice sense of what is right and fair, is sometimes confused with an unusually good business proposition among the camelmen and their associates.

The Sheik smiles slyly as he listens to the tale of camel driver Farg Ibrahim. And Farg giggles in his burnoose as he relates how a friend of his from the Pyramid village of El Samman went into Cairo one sunny afternoon and sold City Streetcar No. 30 for 100 Egyptian pounds to a gullible stranger from upper Sudan.

Such activities do not, of course, make up a part of the union's business. It is merely byplay. The union, existence of which the Sheik denies, has more serious problems. In one of its tiffs with the police several years ago, it staged a sit-down strike in defiance of an order to move away from the Pyramids. The police contended that the presence of the camels at the ancient tombs detracted from the beauty of the national monuments.

Abdul Gawad settled this crisis by compromising. He arranged a daily rotation of eight camel drivers and four horse wranglers at the base of the Pyramids. The balance of the hackies were to stay at Mena House hotel on call. The strike ended with satisfaction all around.

Abdul got into a haggle with the government recently over the price of camel rides. Feed prices have been increasing to a point where wages aren't equal to the expense of saddling a camel for inexperienced tourists. In view of a scarcity of tourists and continuing rising costs, this will be a source of headaches for the Sheik for some time to come.

He will take the matter under serious consideration, however, even while reiterating that he is not the chief of the "union." Throwing his eyes heavenward, he says: "I am in charge of the affairs. I am spokesman. But they are only friends. And I must look out for my friends."

The Sheik, apart from keeping a close watch on an organization where even camels would charge a fee for kneeling if they had pockets, keeps an anxious eye on the tourist barometer and the front pages of Cairo newspapers for the latest war news. Abdul Gawad wants peace, as Heaven will affirm, for peace brings tourists, and tourists bring money for the camel drivers.

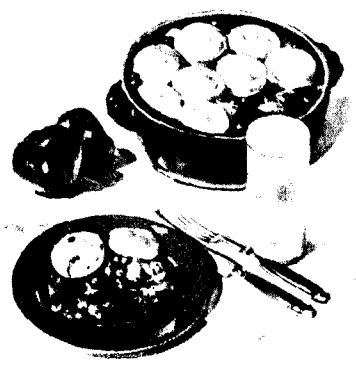
But business is bad, despite the good man's prayers—so bad in fact, that the camel drivers are again calling their steeds by their Arabic names. No longer does one hear camels addressed as Johnny Walker or Dixie or Hot Rod. But Abdul is there, as always—dependable as the Sphinx, only more anxious to serve. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WELCOMING THE NEW NEIGHBORS," by Douglass Crockwell, Number 56 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



Beer and ale—mealtime favorites

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Kowfadakuv!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

attention to their presence. Messages were delivered, brief cases retrieved, commissions executed, all by the courteous and beloved crews of the clattering and friendly cable cars.

And in return for their many good offices the employees of the traction companies achieved a secure place in the collective heart of the community. In the old days when the Washington & Jackson Street Line passed the residence of Frederick Tillman, a hot apple pie and jug of milk were available at all hours on the stoop adjacent to the car line. Crews used to pause in their progress and fill up while passengers waited tolerantly or in envy, for the aroma of the pies smelled most appetizing.

Aboard the cables democracy came to a fine flower and the dummies and trailers were equally familiar with the side whiskers and glossy top hat of Darius Ogden Mills, Leland Stanford, Lloyd Tevis and other San Franciscans who were unabashedly listed in the municipal directory as "capitalists," and with the brogans and dinner pail of the hod carrier. Indeed, next to the occupation of "capitalist" in the directory could be found that of "gripman," a classification unique in the San Francisco directory to the present day.

Spots for Gaping Sightseers

The cables ran to a variety of delightful places: to Fisherman's Wharf, where an ancient saloon known as the Cobweb Palace was more notable for its collection of pet animals than its potables, to Nob Hill where rustics and townsfolk alike gaped at the gingerbread mansions of the nabobs, Jim Flood, Charlie Crocker and Mark Hopkins, and by connection with an ever-fascinating line of narrow-gauge steamcars with the wonderments of the Seal Rocks, the Sutro Baths and the Cliff House.

The Seal Rocks in the nineties actually boasted sea lions, a fine thing to see and without any cost whatever. The Sutro Baths, a spacious public hammam with the largest underroof pools in all the world, were available for a modest fee, while the Cliff House was a favorite resort of sports who could afford to take their girls for Sunday breakfast off the house specialty—broiled breast of turkey on smoked Virginia ham served with a split of cold champagne for two dollars.

The managements of the railways involved were constantly making the trip to the beach even more persuasive with Sunday attractions of mammoth and breathtaking proportions. At one time a wire was strung from the Cliff House to the beach below, well within view of the terraced public promenade, and acrobats hanging by their teeth from wheeled carriages rode fearlessly down the incline. A couple of tightrope walkers were engaged to parade across a wire strung to the Seal Rocks themselves, clad in skin tights and waving Japanese parasols.

There were balloon ascensions, parachute jumps by Professor Baldwin and fireworks displays by Pain's gunpowder virtuosos. And once a Captain Jack Williams, forerunner of a later race of flagpole sitters, spent an entire week living on the Seal Rocks as the spray broke over him and food was ferried precariously out in small boats by waiters from the Cliff House.

This gratifying way of life and with it the golden age of San Francisco's cable cars came to a spectacular and pyrotechnic end in the great San Francisco Earthquake and Fire of 1906. When the city was rebuilt in its present form the great majority of the cable lines were converted to electricity, which was then an up-and-coming thing in municipal transport. All were electrified save the Castro, Powell (terminating at Steiner), Sacramento (ending at Fillmore) and the California Street lines.

Early in the forties cable abandonments further curtailed the old form of service when the Castro Street line of the Market Street system went out of business, the combined cable-electric cars of Fillmore Hill were discontinued, and the Sacramento Street branch of the Market Street company became only a memory.

Today the two remaining lines, the privately owned California Street system and the cable branches of the Municipal system, operate 47 and 27 cars, respectively. All the cars were rebuilt after the Fire of 1906, some on trucks which had been in almost constant service since 1879. There is almost nothing about a cable car to wear out save brake shoes and minor parts of the grip mechanism, either of which can be replaced in a matter of minutes. The life of the cables themselves is indeterminate. When they wear out they are replaced by regular crews at the powerhouses. It takes approximately six hours to replace a cable, just the period

Give-
C P
UNITED
CEREBRAL
PALSY

operations are normally suspended between midnight and six in the morning.

The California Company has an operating force of 105 while the Municipal payroll is 98 gripmen, conductors and maintenance men. The great cable drums at the powerhouses at Hyde and California and at Washington and Mason, once powered by ponderous steam engines and boilers, are now activated by electricity, and maintenance is correspondingly simplified.

A familiar San Francisco spectacle is the rush hour aboard the Powell Street and California Street cables when cars designed to carry 30 passengers commonly bulge with three times that number. On such occasions it is virtually impossible for conductors to collect all fares and passengers make a practice of walking to the rear when they get off and paying from the street. The companies' records show thousands of instances of passengers who have been unable to pay in transit due to crowding and have mailed their fares in later.

Collection of fares, the calling of streets and assistance in boarding and alighting are the functions of the conductors, while the operation of the grip from his stand in the forward compartment of the car and immemorial shouting of "Curve!" are the duties of the gripman.

The California system, the last privately owned line, is jointly owned by its president, Dr. J. O. Haman, a native who has been, by his own confession, in love with the cables since boyhood, and 124 minor stockholders. Other substantial shareholders are John Gallois, also a native of many other financial interests, and Myron Kunin, a former Chicagoan now living in Los Angeles but who also fell in love with the little cars when he visited San Francisco during the war and bought into the company. None of the three major stockholders regards his holdings as anything but an investment in sentimentality.

The beginning of the "Great Cable Car War" as it is known in San Francisco, and a struggle whose issue is still in doubt, began in 1947 when the town, in a fit of revolt against various aspects of earlier administrations, elected to office in City Hall as a "businessman's mayor" Roger Lapham, a steamship owner of impressive dimensions, highly efficient and universally respected.

Mayor Tries to Ban Cables

Mayor Lapham viewed the cables sourly and communicated his views to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. He then accepted a report from the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission in which the cables were shown to be running a terrific deficit. If there was anything that Mayor Lapham disliked more than a cable car it was a deficit, and the word went out that the cables must go.

It is probable that until this time Mayor Lapham had never heard of Mrs. Hans Klussmann, wife of a Telegraph Hill physician, an artist and a woman of great determination. It is certain that after the first few weeks of the cable car war Mayor Lapham wished he had never heard of Mrs. Klussmann.

Mrs. Klussmann is a moving, one might even say *the* moving, power in the San Francisco Federation of Arts, an organization which embraces in its membership a number of other influential civic groups. Closely allied to Mrs. Klussmann is Mrs. E. O. Kelsey, civic affairs chairman of the California Spring Blossoms and Wild Flowers Association.

Within hours of the mayor's ukase condemning the cable cars, Mrs. Klussmann and Mrs. Kelsey had organized a group known as the Citizens Committee to Save the Cable Cars. San Francisco was alerted to its peril through mass meetings, billboard advertisements, skywriting, miles of newspaper space and the personal solicitation of pedestrians. Resolutions showered upon City Hall in an unceasing blizzard. Statistics were presented by citizens' organizations refuting the figures and claims of the administration. "Save Our Cable Cars" was a slogan that swelled into a mighty chorus which haunted the members of the transport commission.

No visiting celebrity was permitted to arrive without being interviewed by the local press on his or her stand in the great controversy. Letters to the editor defending the cables as a sentimental tie with the glorious past arrived in bushel baskets daily for months. Letter writers advanced statistics, denounced the administration and demanded a popular referendum in place of the mayor's arbitrary doom. At one time a movement to recall the mayor was actually proposed although, in the face of Lapham's excellent administration, it got nowhere.

Polls were taken among tourists and conventions proving beyond any dispute that the cars were the city's number one tourist attraction. Department stores such as The Emporium and the City of Paris took display space in the papers to clamor for their preservation.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt came to town and added her voice to the chorus of protest. Sigmund Romberg and Lawrence Tibbett, on tour, made impassioned pleas from the concert stage and were greeted with deafening applause. Katharine Cornell announced she would never again play in a San Francisco theater if the cars were abandoned. A poll by the San Francisco News showed that sentiment in favor of the cars was better than eight to one. Such curiously unrelated institutions as the Shriners, the Western Pacific Railroad, Billie Burke, the Cab Drivers Union and Salvador Dali rallied to the cause.

During the great battle to save the cables, Mrs. Klussmann evolved a contest centering around the unfinished question: "San Francisco without cable cars would be like . . .?" More than 1,500 answers were received, the prize winners being: "San Francisco would be a city of busses, cusses and Gloomy Guses," and "Just another city; what a pity!"

Another contest, this one for cable car art among public-school children brought forth an amazing 2,500 contestants in the fields of drawings, oils, water colors and other art forms, some of which were of such merit as to arouse professional interest among local art dealers.

It is doubtful if any municipality the size of San Francisco was ever so aroused to articulate protest over a purely domestic issue.

The story was circulated by Herb Caen, the noted Examiner columnist and an amiable individual who is often called Mr. San Francisco, that one day Mrs. Klussmann was waiting on a corner for a bus. Ten minutes and no bus. Half an hour and no bus. Another woman commuter joined the vigil and still no bus. At the end of an hour the irate female fixed a glassy eye upon her companion in discomfort and remarked savagely: "I tell you what *I'm* going to do. *I'm* going to write to Mrs. Hans Klussmann. She'll make these dratted busses run on time."

In the end Mayor Lapham, a beaten man, retired from City Hall. He had accepted office for a single term only and was not a candidate for re-election. He was succeeded by Judge Elmer Robinson of the Superior Court who rode into power almost literally on a cable car. A major plank in Judge Robinson's campaign had been the retention of the cables, and from the day when he declared, "I am a man of good heart, the cables must be retained," he was as good as seated at the mayoral desk.

Grim, Determined Enemies

The cable cars are still beset by their enemies, the bus salesmen and their flunkies at City Hall and, curiously enough, by the San Francisco Real Estate Board. Their destinies are shaky because, even in the face of overwhelming popular pressure, the Public Utilities Commission flatly refuses to renew cable equipment even though a municipal bond issue was voted with the specific provision that this should be done. But Mrs. Klussmann and the formidable ladies of the blooms and blossoms are alert, and the least overt move by the politicians brings them charging to City Hall while commissioners, bus salesmen and their stooges flee. The Citizens Committee to Save the Cable Cars is still mustered and very much under arms.

So it is in an atmosphere of strife and uncertainty—a microcosm of a larger world—that the cable cars enter the fourth quarter of their century of useful and ornamental existence.

Overcrowded beyond belief, they march bravely up and down San Francisco's hills at rush hour, their bells clanging, the gripmen shouting their immemorial cry, "Kowfadakuv," as a warning to passengers that a curve is impending and to grab the nearest portion of the car's anatomy to save being tossed off by centrifugal force. At the Powell and Market turntables and other turning points of the car, it is still the often exercised privilege of passengers to help man the "armstrong" turntable along with the crew.

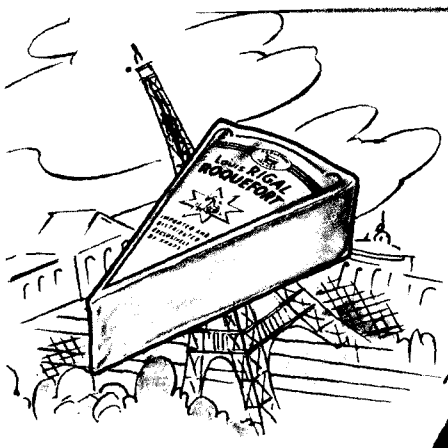
A part of the wonderful San Francisco of the shining and golden era known as "Before the Fire" has ridden the cable cars right into the Atomic Age, and the loss to San Francisco, should their cables ever be stilled in their slots, would be of inestimable proportions. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

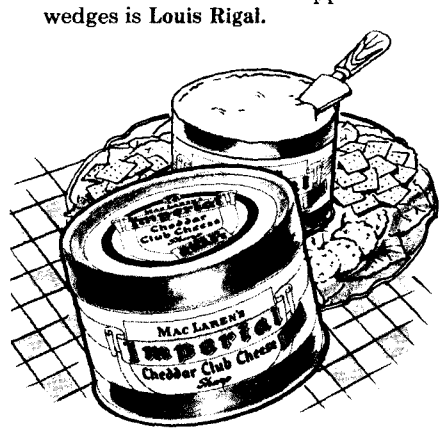
Special summer eating pleasures!

natural cheeses

FROM Kraft



French Delight! From France, Kraft imports the very finest Roquefort—beautifully balanced in richness and pungency. The name to look for on the individual Kraft-wrapped wedges is **Louis Rigal.**



Famed Club Cheese. For many years **MacLaren's Imperial** was made only in Canada. Now Kraft makes this "aristocrat of sharp cheddars" in this country. Wonderfully sharp blend, spreadable.

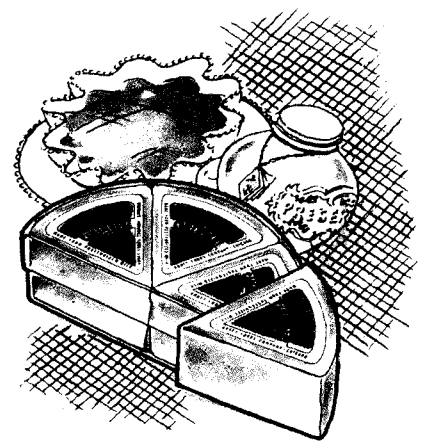
Here are wonderful cheddars for picnic sandwiches. Fancy foreign-type cheeses for cool snack trays and desserts.

Now is the perfect time to discover more and more of the special *natural* cheeses Kraft makes and imports.

A few wedges of the Kraft fancy varieties and a tossed salad for luncheon . . . several of these "connoisseur cheeses" on the cold meat platter for dinner . . . a trayful of them to pass *with* the hamburgers, hot off your backyard grill . . . or to enjoy for dessert with the coffee. Here, indeed, are very special summer eating pleasures!

Of course, for quick sandwiches and cookery you'll want to have the Kraft process cheeses on hand, too. But also introduce yourself to the distinguished company of Kraft's *natural* varieties—every one elegant eating. And so perfect for casual summer meals!

In the picture below—**Kay Brand Natural Cheddar** adding its glory to a cold meat platter. Here's the old-fashioned "store cheese flavor"—but Kay Brand is cured without rind, sold in sanitary, *handy* packages. Wonderful, too, in sandwiches, for snacks, with pie.



Temperamental—and tantalizing. French Camembert has always been too temperamental to be a good traveller. So Kraft makes the velvety-crusted **Casino Brand Camembert** here. Soft, ripe, delicious.

Famous since 1880. For cream cheese at its finest, get genuine **Philadelphia Brand**—so creamy-rich and guaranteed fresh by Kraft. Look for the name Philadelphia Brand on the package. Three varieties—regular, Pimento, Chive.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT

Enjoy the
KRAFT TV THEATRE
Brilliant drama
every Wednesday
evening, NBC-TV.

Sharp Cheddar. From the dairy section of New York State comes this aged Yankee-type cheddar. It is called New York State Sharp except west of the Rockies where it is known as Martin's Relish Brand.

"Heart-of-the-Swiss" Goodness! Every slice of **Casino Brand Swiss** brings you the goodness you'd expect in a premium-price cut from the center of a huge Swiss wheel: nut-sweet flavor, no rind!

Rhapsody in Blue! **Casino Brand Blue** is zestful, natural cheese, richly veined with marble-like markings. **Blue Chips**—a tangy blend of natural blue cheeses pressed into a roll for easy slicing.

Brilliant Scarlet. **Casino Brand Gouda** is a traditional Dutch-type Gouda made in the U.S.A.—bright red outside, marigold in color and mildly rich within. A dramatic touch for your cheese tray.

Rare Cheddar. Kraft Skim-Cheddar is the choicest aged-to-sharpness cheddar, long aged for deep, full-bodied goodness. Packaged without rind, it combines convenience with fine cheese goodness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matching Gantron "Whistler" for women . . . $14.95

GloWIKIES by

Gantner

OF CALIFORNIA

GANTRON nylon GloWIKIES are marvelous against your tan! Intense COLDFIRE colors—Fire, Neon, Saturn Yellow, Signal Green and Horizon—stay bright, wet or dry. Snug-fitting. $6.50

At better stores everywhere. Or write Gantner & Mattern Co., Dept. C, San Francisco, Calif.

GloWIKIES, GANTRON and COLDFIRE are Reg. T. M.

The Love Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Oh, *that?* It's just, I mean . . ." She tried to tell him about Dick, but it was impossible to explain Dick Carney to a New York man.

"I'd wear it, honey," Bill said. "Don't let go of Rockport."

"But you don't know what a ghastly little place it is."

"Wear it."

He drove her back to the hotel and in that casual way of his asked her to have dinner with him the next night. "We might take in a show," he said, and Carol said that would be fine. She watched him drive off, thinking he might look back, but he didn't. She started toward the hotel and a strange woman standing to the right of the doorway squinted at her, as though uncertain whether to speak or not.

"Oh, I thought you might be somebody," the woman said. "There are so many new ones all the time it's hard to keep up. I missed Kirk Douglas that way."

The woman was clutching a rectangular book bound in limp red leather, handling it with a fierce vigilance, as though it were a passport to a land which she had long dreamed of visiting. "I've been waiting since noon," she said, a curious look of patience and pride in her agate eyes, which seemed to insist that there was much more to her life than just waiting outside hotels. "It's the only way," she continued, speaking with a vast authority. "Come early and wait. That's how I got Winston Churchill."

Carol glanced uneasily around her.

The woman suddenly tensed and stared straight ahead. Carol saw Stella and the Old Boy drive up in a cab, and as Thornton stepped to the curb and turned and held his hand out to Stella, the woman trotted up to him and thrust the red autograph book in his face like a subpoena.

"You mind signing, Mr. Sayre?" the woman said. "I got Mickey Rooney, Dick Powell and Doris Day." Thornton's right hand was on Stella's arm, helping her from the cab, a gesture the woman interpreted as rejection. "I've got Herbert Hoover," she said with a snarl, "and Winston Churchill and Senator Ives. *They* signed."

Thornton, once Stella had stepped out of the cab, reached in his coat pocket. "If you'll just wait," he said.

THE woman, who had been waiting for nearly five hours, grew indignant. "Herbert Hoover didn't ask me to wait. He tipped his hat and signed, but of course he's a gentleman."

Thornton thrust a bill at the cab driver, took Stella's arm, and hurried toward the hotel door, the woman dogging along behind him, clutching his sleeve until he scribbled his name in her book.

"He just wrote his name," the woman complained to Carol. "He might of said Best Wishes or something."

Carol caught up with Stella and the Old Boy in front of the elevator. The Old Boy seemed annoyed, and Stella seemed amused. "We had a little trouble at lunch, too," Stella said, then asked Carol about her day. Carol said she'd had a wonderful time and had seen practically all of New York.

"I don't know what comes over people sometimes," Thornton said as they stepped into the elevator, and he moved cautiously into a corner, like a man in hiding.

"We got mobbed by his middle-aged admirers," Stella explained to Carol, and Thornton stiffened. "I don't know why you keep saying they were middle-aged."

"But, darling, they were."

"Not all of them. Some of them were quite young." . . .

Before she dressed for her dinner date with Bill next day, Carol sat down at the writing desk in the room she shared with Stella to answer Dick Carney's letter, which he had written on his good Delt stationery. The envelope was plastered with three-cent stamps, and for a moment the prodigal array of stamps took her back to the time, now increasingly remote, when she had lain awake nights waiting for specials from some gangling Academy boy.

She reread Dick's letter. He missed her. It seemed she'd been gone for years. The Delts had pledged fourteen fellows, and he sure hoped she'd be back in time for the Homecoming Dance, and was she wearing his pin, and Coach wanted him to play third base this year.

He's sweet, Carol thought, and was still trying to finish the letter, which never seemed to get beyond *Dearest Dick*, when Stella came back to the hotel in what seemed to Carol to be unusually gay spirits.

"I got stood up for dinner," Stella said. "Thornton's involved with his agent."

"Why don't you eat with Bill and me?"

"Thanks, but I'd rather have something sent up. Give me a chance to rest my feet."

Carol sniffed. "Don't tell me the Widow Baker's been drinking?"

"Oh, just a couple of sherries," Stella said, and she stretched out on the bed, humming.

Carol sat chewing the tip of the wooden hotel pen, then suddenly began to scribble at top speed.

It's all so wonderful I don't know where to begin, except it's wonderful and I wish you were here too. I suppose you've heard about the Old Boy. It's a scream and I'll tell you all about it when I see you. Last night I saw Joe DiMaggio in a restaurant, and it made me think of you, not that I really need anything to make me think of you, because I have your pin and I'll have to let you know about the Homecoming Dance. I'm not sure if I'll be back then. I bought a new hat that cost twenty-five dollars. Write. Love.

It wasn't exactly the letter I'd planned, she thought afterward, when she was dressing, but it was better than no letter at all.

"Sure you don't want to come with us?" she asked when Bill called up from the lobby, and Stella shook her head, kissed her good-by, then settled down in bed. She was reveling in the almost forgotten luxury of being completely alone when Thornton got back to his room around ten o'clock. She put on her new Fifth Avenue negligee, tidied her hair, made a quick face and tapped at the connecting door. Thornton opened it, and Stella could tell that something was bothering him.

"Where's Carol?" he said.

"She's gone out with Bill."

"Bill? Who's Bill?"

"The young man from the agency."

"Oh." He loosened his tie and began to massage his throat with the tips of his fingers, while Stella turned on the electric hot plate and poured his evening milk into the saucepan. "You know how Sam Levitt's been hounding me ever since I got here?" he finally said. "Well, I'm afraid he caught me off guard this evening."

"Hollywood?"

"No, just a television show. Guest star. Sam's handling a new singer—can't remember her name—some kid trying to get a start, and it would mean a lot to her if I—"

"One show—that wouldn't be so bad. It might even be fun."

THORNTON seemed to brighten a bit. "It might, at that. Judy wants me to do a scene from a Barry play with her."

"Judy?"

"I just remembered her name. Judy Coles. She's a nice little thing, and it would mean a lot to her if I—"

"Yes, you said that."

Thornton was moving restlessly around the room, glancing over the vases of fresh flowers as though he were counting them. "I wonder why they do it?"

"They're in love with you; at least, they think they are."

"That man they see on television—that isn't me. Not any more."

"Of course it is."

"Did you say he was young?"

"Who?"

"Whoever Carol's out with."

"Bill. Yes. He's much older than Carol."

"But young compared to us? Is that what you mean?"

"Well, yes."

Thornton, with more force than was

SISTER

"I'm very sorry, Patricia, but we're so crowded we can't accept any children whose parents are less than six years old"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dry and Clear Tonight

...and Delicious!

For really *dry* Martinis, try crystal clear, naturally clear Gilbey's. Gilbey's has the right proof ... 90 proof ... and the complete dryness so necessary for proper mixing ... perfect taste.

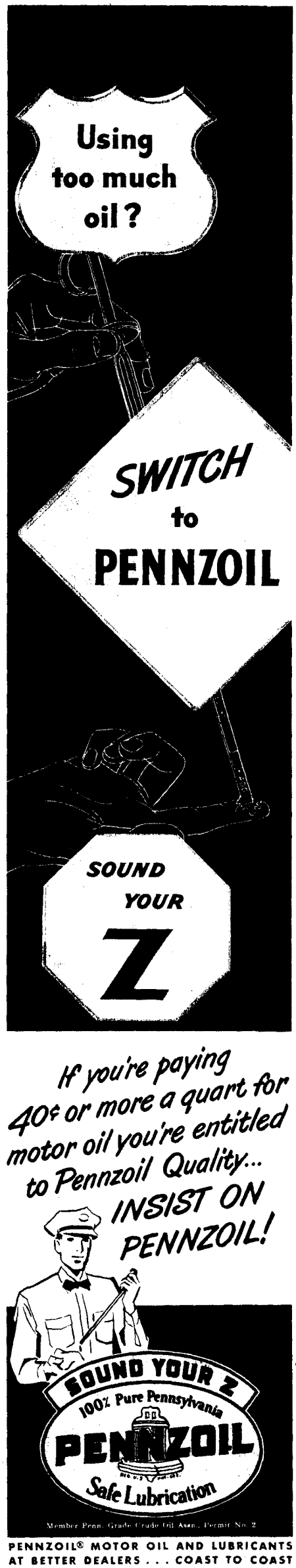
90 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.
National Distillers Products Corp.,
New York, N. Y.

People prefer GILBEY'S GIN ... the international favorite

The world agrees on "GILBEY'S Please"

Distilled and bottled in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Italy, Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Using too much oil?
SWITCH to PENNZOIL
SOUND YOUR Z
If you're paying 40¢ or more a quart for motor oil you're entitled to Pennzoil Quality... INSIST ON PENNZOIL!
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn., Permit No. 2
PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

needed, shook a cigarette from an open pack. "You don't have to keep reminding me, Stell. I know I'm an old man."

Stella stirred the milk slowly, staring down at the tiny bubbles forming along the rim of the saucepan. "What did you say her name was? That young singer?"

"Judy."

"A very pretty name."

BILL and Carol had dinner in the hotel dining room, and when the waiter had taken their orders and left, Bill grinned across the table at her. "Still have that Alice in Wonderland feeling?"

"Well, it *is* kind of wonderful."

"Sure it is, especially when you're young. Everything's wonderful then."

For a moment Bill seemed to be studying her curiously, apparently not liking something he saw or suspected. "I suppose you want to be an actress," he said.

"I don't know. I want to be *something*." She marveled at the way New York men stared through a girl, like X ray. "Do you think I'd be any good?"

"I can't tell. You're pretty. You'd have to get the Midwest out of your voice, but that isn't too hard, and somebody would have to teach you to walk and what to do with your hands, and you'd have to stop dressing like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. You might be great. You might stink."

Carol hid her hands beneath the table. "You sure go over a girl in detail."

"It's my job."

After dinner, Bill suggested going to a run-through of a new play starring a Bowles & Levitt client, but Carol shook her head. "You know what I'd rather do?" she said. "See one of the Old Boy's movies on television."

Bill shrugged. "Okay, honey, you asked for it."

He took her into the Video Room of the hotel. It was a former banquet room set aside for large-screen television. The room was dark and heavily scented with the varied perfumes of the Old Boy's admirers.

"Sometimes," Bill said, "it seems too much that one generation should be faced with both nuclear fission *and* television."

Carol, with the fading of the last credit from the screen, leaned forward, staring in wonder and disbelief as a young man in a dinner jacket, unmistakably the Old Boy, entered a badly lighted library with a ripe blonde in an old-fashioned evening gown. He gathered the girl into his arms and kissed her with a passion which aroused the housewives in the audience to the delights of a vicarious infidelity.

Carol never got the straight of the story, except the blonde was mixed up with a bunch of international jewel thieves and everybody thought the Old Boy was the brains behind the outfit, and he had a scorching scene where he made vigorous love to the blonde in Lord Blitheley's garden and stole the pearls she had filched from Lady Ransom, but in the end it turned out the Old Boy had been working undercover for Scotland Yard and before they took the blonde away to prison she leaped at the Old Boy, as though to scratch out his eyes, but instead she began to kiss him violently, murmuring, "I hate you, I love you."

"Well?" Bill said, when the picture was over.

"Of all people, *him*. Why, he even blushes at girdle ads."

"What comes through when the Old Boy operates is sex, honey, just plain old-fashioned sex."

"But you don't know what he's like."

Bill grinned. "Do *you?*"

Stella was in bed with a magazine when Carol came upstairs. "Know what I did?" Carol said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "I saw the Old Boy on television."

"Well?" Stella laid her magazine down. "What did you think?"

"I don't know what to think."

Stella hesitated, then smiled, as though she were about to reveal some small secret guilt. "I've been going to see him every day. I found a little bar that has television."

"Oh, so that's why you've been drinking?"

"I'd hate to count how many sherries I've tossed off this week."

"Does he make you swoon, Stella?"

"No, but once I cried a little. It may have been the sherry."

"Women all around us were dropping like flies tonight."

"I've been trying to figure out why," Stella said, "and I think it's because he's so wonderfully and impossibly young. Thornton's kind of youth is like a museum piece, something we've lost and need, and when we see him, we feel it for a while, like an old happiness we know we'll never really have again."

"Bill says it's just plain old-fashioned sex."

"I'm afraid Bill's thinking is limited."

Later, when Carol had wriggled into bed and made a slender mummy of herself with the blankets, Stella turned out the lights, and they lay for a long while in the eloquent silence of two people who are intimately known to each other.

"Why don't you like him?" Carol said.

"Bill? I never said I didn't like him. Why, I hardly know him."

"Stella?" she said after a briefer silence. "Do you think I've changed much? I mean, when a girl's in love with an older man, don't you think it makes her mature?"

"I think it's time we got some sleep, darling." . . .

Next morning, by a happy accident of timing, Stella just happened to be outside the hotel when Thornton left to sign the contract for his appearance on the Judy Coles show. He was whistling when he came out, and for the first time in nearly twenty years was wearing a single-breasted suit.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" he asked, and Stella said yes, anywhere on Fifth Avenue.

"I'm going window-shopping," she explained.

"Your hair looks nice."

"I had a permanent."

"Looks nice." He adjusted the drape of his new suit coat. "I thought I'd try a single-breasted."

"It's very becoming."

"I needed a change."

"Yes, dear, a change should be very good for you."

Thornton took her arm and helped her into the cab, and it seemed strange to Stella that she should get a schoolgirl tremble out of a small, casual touch of his hand.

"We'll go somewhere fancy for dinner," he said. "Maybe a place where they have music. You know, we haven't danced in years. It's time we started catching up."

As the cab inched forward in the turgid traffic, Stella noticed the way people on the street glanced at Thornton, started to turn away, and then, with recognition, stared in awe as though he were a member of some royal family, which in a sense was true. He belonged to the American peerage of magazine covers and gossip columns. He had discarded the trench coat and the turned-down hat ("After all," he'd explained to Stella, "I'm not bald"), but had retained the dark glasses, which he wore as a sort of coat of arms of his new fame.

"I like your hair this way, Stell."

"It's a little like steel wool at first." She felt immoderately pleased, even excited, by the small gesture of his taking her hand. "You know something? I'm glad this happened. It's shaken us out of our rut. We'd almost started to get old."

"Well, we aren't exactly young."

"We're extravagantly young."

He pressed her hand. "You feel that way, too?"

"Of course."

WHEN Thornton arrived at the agency Judy was in Sam Levitt's office. She seemed, for a girl who had risen so rapidly from an obscure dance-orchestra vocalist to mistress of ceremonies on her own television show, remarkably unaggressive, except for a rather pathetic eagerness in her pale eyes, and, contrary to the publicity evoked by her TV décolletage, she appeared almost prim in her dark-blue bolero jacket and skirt. Her blonde hair had obviously not been tampered with, and she wore a minimum of make-up.

"Mr. Levitt will be right back, Mr. Sayre," she said, and Thornton was quick to notice her formality in a calling notorious for use of the first name.

"I'm in no hurry," Thornton said. He offered her a cigarette, which she declined.

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you're doing, Mr. Sayre."

"Glad to."

"I know how you feel about guest shots. It's so kind of you to be on my show."

"To tell you the truth, Miss Coles, I'm rather curious to find out what I look like on television."

"Have you seen the papers?"

"No."

"We made every column in town, practically. I've never seen such publicity."

"I've been out of circulation so long people just want to make sure I'm not dead."

Judy laughed, an easy, pleasant laugh. Sam Levitt waddled into the office like

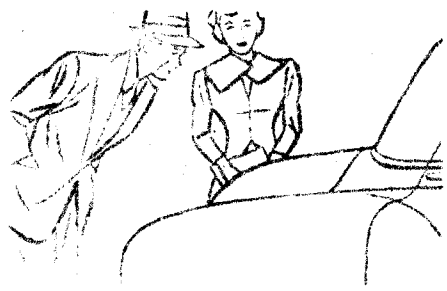
KENNESAW

"Pick up a bag of flour in town, Kennesaw, if he chases you that far"

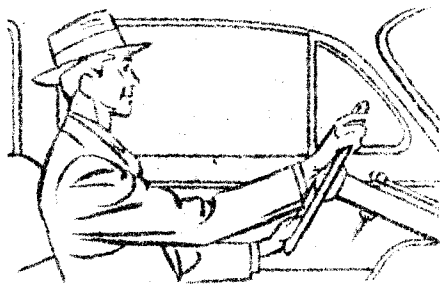
COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Feel the Fabric

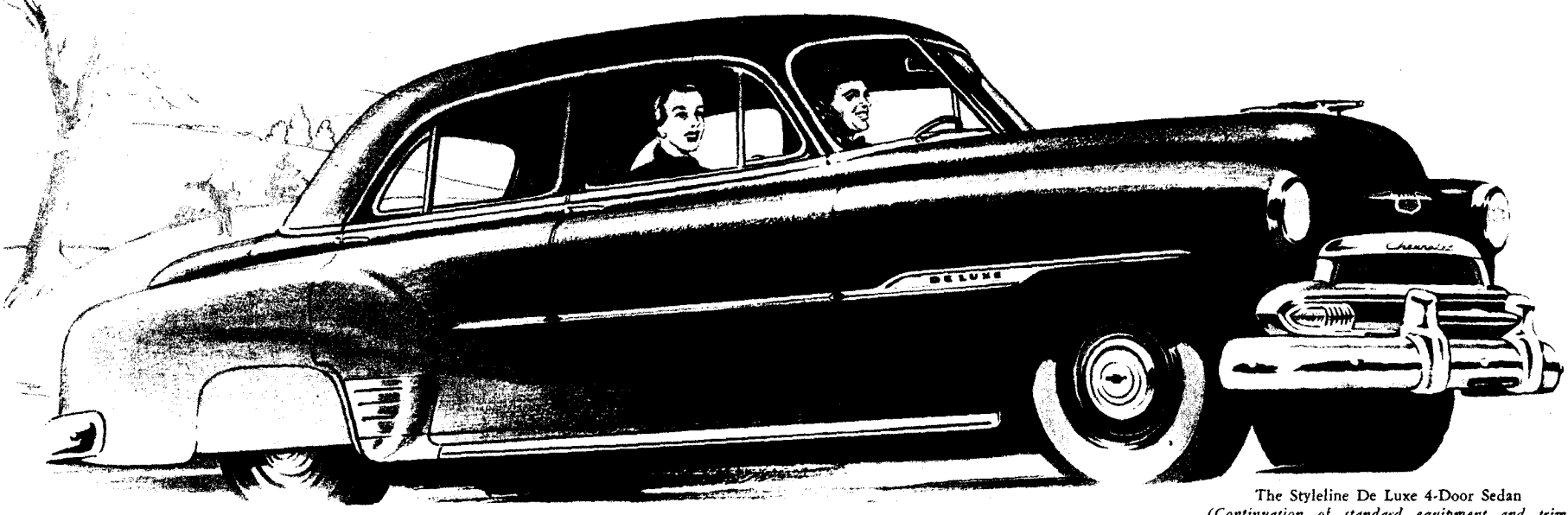


Look at the Finish



Swing the Wheel

Settle Back and Relax



The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan
(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

This solid quality in every detail is yours at lowest cost!

Who could ask for anything more? . . .

That's what you'll say
when you settle down into the deep cushions
of this extra-large, extra-smart Chevrolet . . .
feel the smooth, surging power-flow
of its thrifty Valve-in-Head engine . . .
and glide gently over all types of roads—
thanks to the buoyancy of its Knee-Action Ride.

For here is *more quality in every detail*
than you would expect to find anywhere else
except in the highest priced motor cars!

Yes, more of that famous Fisher Body beauty,
inside and out . . .
more comfort . . .
more thrills and thrift . . .
more safety . . .
more year-in-and-year-out reliability. . . .

And *more driving-ease,* too,
for you'll have your choice
of the finest, time-proved no-shift driving,*
or the finest, time-proved standard driving,
at lowest cost.

And, best of all,
you'll enjoy this special kind of motoring
at the *lowest prices,*
and with substantial savings
in gas, oil and upkeep,
when you buy your new Chevrolet.

All of which explains why
more people buy Chevrolets than any other car.

Better place your order now!

Chevrolet Motor Division,
General Motors Corporation, Detroit 2, Mich.

**Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and 105-h.p. Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.*

AMERICA'S LARGEST AND FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR!

CHEVROLET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh! what wonderful
COOLIN' COLL
– make 'em in seconds with
CANADA DRY
TOM COLLINS MIX
TOM COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite gin in tall glass with cracked ice. Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
RUM COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite rum in tall glass with cracked ice . . . Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
WHISKEY COLLINS
2-oz. jigger of your favorite rye in tall glass with cracked ice . . . Fill with Canada Dry Collins Mixer. Stir well.
LEMON COLLINS
(NON-ALCOHOLIC)
Just add ice to a tall glass of Canada Dry Collins Mixer. It's the most delicious lemon drink you've ever tasted!
Quick! Easy! Cool!
No Fuss! No Mess! Delicious!
TOM COLLINS MIXER
DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE
BEST SERVED ICE COLD
CANADA DRY
TOM COLLINS MIXER
JUST ADD GIN, RUM, OR RYE
Genuine Fruit Base
MANUFACTURED AND BOTTLED BY
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INC., GENERAL OFFICES, NEW YORK, N.Y.

a good-natured hippopotamus, patted Judy on the back, and held out a huge black-haired paw to Thornton. Sam, who had been little more than an office boy in the days when Thornton and Kay first joined what was then the Philip Bowles Agency, had become with time not only Phil, Jr.'s, partner but also a character.

"Sad Sam Levitt," he was called, and columnists on both coasts filtered anecdotes from this vast reservoir of shrewdness and sentiment. No one in the business fought more savagely for his clients, and no one was so quick to weep over some slight injustice or a half-forgotten sorrow. Sam had been known to shed tears simply at the thought of Mother's Day, and producers, in haggling over a contract with him, always made a point of reminding him they were orphans and the sole support of a maiden aunt with dropsy. It helped.

"Know who I was just talking to?" Sam said, swiveling toward Thornton. "Sara Lester. Called me from the Coast long-distance just to talk to me. You imagine that? Just wanted to talk to me."

Thornton remembered Sara as an explosive young redhead from the Midwest who, despite Hollywood's acquired immunity to temperamental temblors, had managed to rock the town. She had been one of the old friends who had made the pilgrimage to Rockport after Kay's death. She had arrived in a dizzy swirl of tears and mink, surrounded by white-leather luggage, publicity men, two French poodles and a Belgian aviator. She was, then, already past the peak of her fame, and had begun to drink a little earlier in the day, to need sleeping tablets and lovers who each year were a little younger and a little more bizarre.

"She gets lonely," Sam said. "Know what I mean? Rattling round that big house by herself, she naturally gets lonely, so she calls me up long-distance just to talk." He turned to Judy. "She was before your time."

"I've read about her," Judy said.

"Sara ain't something you read about, honey," Sam said. "Sara's something you gotta live through. Know what I mean? An experience actually."

"I thought she was—" Judy caught herself on the word "dead," flushed, and glanced away from Thornton. "I think Mr. Sayre has an appointment," she said, and Thornton nodded gratefully.

"Got the contract right here," Sam said. "I coulda got you more on a different show, Thorn, like I told you, but you said this was the spot you wanted."

"It's fine, Sam."

"Money ain't everything. Know what I mean?"

THORNTON and Judy had lunch uptown, then she drove him to her apartment in Greenwich Village to give him the script of their Barry scene. A new phonograph album, Judy Coles Sings, was on the coffee table, and Thornton asked her to play it for him. She demurred, but Thornton insisted, and she finally shrugged and said, "Well, if you really want to." She made a drink while he put the records on.

"It's my first album," Judy said. "I was nervous."

"Everybody has to begin somewhere."

"I'd recorded before, with bands, but this was different."

They sat on the couch, their feet propped on the coffee table. Thornton, who rarely took a drink, sipped his highball with an apprehension which soon passed.

"I've seen all your pictures, Mr. Sayre," Judy said.

"Pretty dreadful, aren't they?"

"Technically, yes, and the stories are crude, but even so there's a certain quality, something I can't explain."

"I saw one of them—could hardly sit through it—and I wish you'd call me Thornton. I don't like to be made to feel older than I am, which goodness knows is old enough."

"I never think of you in terms of age."

"I like this record." It was I'll Get By, the only song in the album Thornton could remember having heard before.

"Kay must have been a wonderful person, Thornton."

"She was."

They leaned back on the couch, staring straight ahead, listening to the fresh young voice which, like almost everything else in Judy's generation, came in cans.

"Why didn't you go back?" Judy asked.

"I couldn't—not at first, anyway. I didn't want to see the places we'd been together, the people we'd known. I think it's always a mistake to go back."

"I know. I ran away from home when I was fifteen, just before Pearl Harbor. It wasn't really home. I lived with my aunt. She sent the police after me and I had to go back, but I kept running away until she finally gave up and left me alone."

"I gradually made a new life for myself."

"So did I."

"It's strange," he said after a while. "I never talk about Kay."

"I never talk about my aunt."

NEXT morning, Thornton seemed absent-minded, so distracted he forgot to order his lemon juice and hot water, and snapped at Stella when she reminded him. Just as abruptly, his mood changed and he was whisking Stella off to breakfast, apologizing for not having been able to take her dancing the night before.

"I'm afraid we'll have to postpone it now until after the show," he said.

"It can wait," she said, but privately she hoped it wouldn't be a long wait. . . .

Carol had some coffee sent up to her room and tried to answer Dick Carney's telegram about the Homecoming Dance. She started her letter *Dear Dick,* and said she didn't think she'd be back in time for the dance.

Why don't you ask Harriett? You know she's crazy about you and she is really an awfully sweet girl. I'm sorry to miss the dance, but in the long run maybe it will be better and I bet you're going to be surprised to find how much nicer Harriett is than me. I think I may go on the stage. One of the men in the Old Boy's agency thinks I have talent, which is why I mean better in the long run, Dick, because our paths may separate. We might go different ways, I mean.

She signed it *Always your friend,* then hurried out of the room, late for her lunch date with Bill. They had a very gay lunch and Carol found herself laughing a good deal, although she felt sometimes that Bill treated her as though she were a pretty little niece come to see the big city with a kindly bachelor uncle. They went to a matinee, and afterward Bill suggested they go up to his place. He said it in that bachelor-uncle tone of his, with no suggestion of seductiveness, which rather nettled Carol, who, after all, was plenty old enough to be seduced if she wanted to be.

His apartment in the East Fifties was a large room with an alcove kitchen which apparently was used only as a bar. Carol sat on the couch, looking down at the East River, and Bill nodded toward a door which could lead only to the bathroom. "It's in there," he said. Dick Carney would have stammered and got all red. Dick would never be New York, never in a million years.

"Music?" Bill opened the doors of a radio-phonograph-television set, and pressed a button. Billy Eckstine seemed to be singing right behind her. "A friend of mine did the wiring. It even plays in there," Bill said, and nodded at that door again.

He brought her a dish of cashews, then made a pitcher of dry Martinis. She wanted to eat some of the cashews, but she was afraid of getting her teeth all gummy.

"I never knew your mother, of course," he said when he had poured two Martinis, "but I've seen some of her pictures, and you're the image of her."

"They say she photographed beautifully."

"It's that old business of quality. She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had it. You might, and you might not."

"I'd like to find out. Have a test, I mean. Just to see."

"Why?"

"I want to do something, Bill—be something."

"Honey, I wish you'd stop sounding like my ex-wife. Gwen started out the same way, and she got to be something, all right. A tart."

The room had darkened and Bill made no move to turn on the lights. Carol, warmed by the drink, settled back on the couch, listening to the street sounds below, which seemed different somehow from those at home, although they were the same cars, with the same horns and brakes.

Jo Stafford was singing now, and it seemed only natural that Bill should have his arms around her, that he should draw her a little closer, and she lifted her face. She closed her eyes, hoping he wouldn't notice the embarrassing quickness of her breathing, because, after all, she had had some experience. He kissed her with a crushing urgency, his hand riffling her hair, and she was grateful for the strength of his arms which stopped her trembling.

"Bill, darling." She sounded throaty without even trying.

He kissed her gently, then got up and poured himself a fresh drink. He ignored her empty glass. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

He smiled down at her, and she knew it was silly to lie about her age, at least to him. "Honey, when's the next train home?"

"I'm not going back."

"That nice baseball player with his own drugstore—it's a good deal."

"No."

He took her back to the hotel, as though she were a child who had wandered away from home into the world of grown-ups.

ONE of the most pleasant things about being with Judy, Thornton had found, was the feeling there was no compulsion to force conversation. Tonight, for instance, they had driven thirty or forty miles out of New York, riding along with the car radio turned low to a program of dance records, and neither of them had said a word. Judy left the main road to look for a place to turn around; she headed the car into a small feeder road and stopped.

"I thought you'd like to drive," she said.

"Are you tired?"

"A little."

When they were changing places, their bodies brushed, and for a moment Judy's lips were close and waiting. Thornton let the moment pass.

"Sam's found a script for us," she said when Thornton had backed the car up and started toward the main road.

"A play?"

"No, a movie. It's a good story. I wish you'd read it."

"It's no use, Judy. I can't go back."

"But where *are* you going, Thornton?"

"I'm not sure."

STELLA was waiting for him when he got back to the hotel. She asked if he wanted his hot milk and he snapped, "No, why should I?"

"I just thought you might be tired."

"I didn't say I was tired. You may not believe this, Stella, but it's physically possible for a man my age to stay up until eleven thirty without collapsing."

"Oh, now, Thornton. All I said was—"

"I heard what you said. I'm not deaf, despite my advanced age."

"I didn't say a thing about age. I thought you were cross because you were tired."

"*Cross?* Who's cross?"

As he whirled around toward her, his arm accidentally struck the glass of hot milk, knocking it from her hand. The glass crashed against a table leg, sprinkling the rug with tiny, pointed fragments which glistened in the white pool of milk. Stella trembled, her face a bloodless white.

"It's Judy, isn't it?" she said. "You've done nothing but pick at me ever since you met her."

"Don't be ridiculous. Why drag Judy into it? You know as well as I do she'd never even look at a man my age."

"Is that what you're afraid of?" Stella said, and she left him sitting beside the ragged white puddle, pale and quivering with impotent anger at what time had done to him through the sorcery of film. He had become two men, young and not young, and neither of them seemed capable now of ever fitting himself into a pattern offering any promise of happiness or even peace. . . .

Stella was wakened by a bellhop next morning. Thornton had sent her two dozen long-stemmed yellow roses with a card: *From your old crosspatch, with love.*

"I don't get it," Carol said.

"It's a private joke," Stella said, somewhat grimly.

Thornton, after their quarrel, became very attentive, insisting that Stella come to

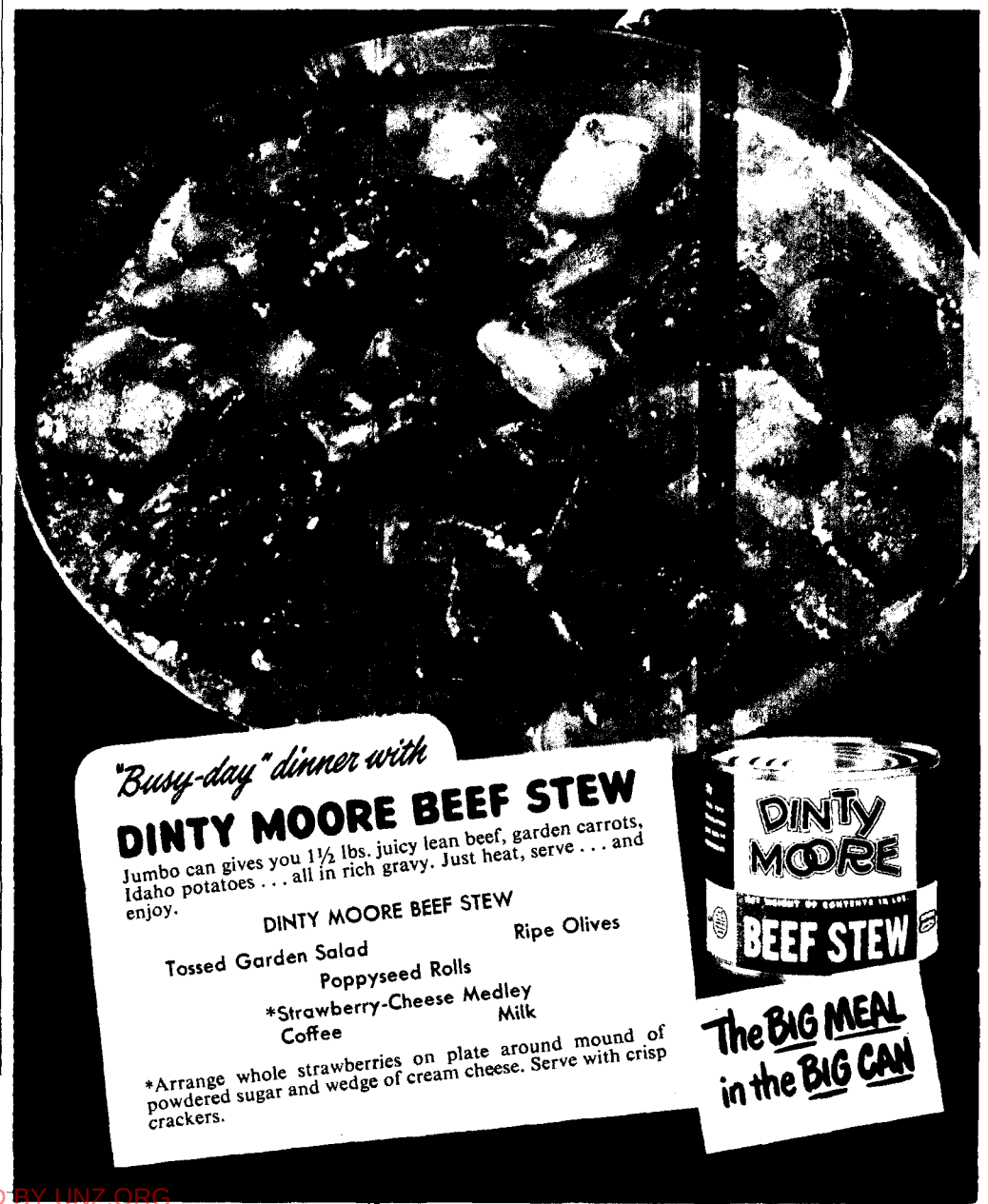
VIP'S WAR

"O.K., Soldier. Either you'll take your fruit gelatin to the table in your mess kit or not at all!"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

Summer Night Sensation
SPAM 'N' CHEESE RIBBON LOAF
Tender, pure-pork SPAM joins with a zesty cream cheese mixture for memorable eating. Serve for supper or lunch—or as a noteworthy appetizer.
Cut in 8 slices . . . . 1 whole SPAM
Mix together . . . . . 1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese (softened with a little milk), 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, ¼ tsp. salt
Spread between . . . slices of SPAM
Chill . . . . . 4 hours (or longer; overnight if desired)
Slice and serve. Good with deviled eggs or potato salad.
Economical all-meat buy! No bone, no waste. SPAM is all meat . . . juicy pork shoulder and mild, tender ham, with Hormel's unequaled seasonings.
COLD OR HOT SPAM® HITS THE SPOT
SPAM
SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product packed only in 12-oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.
HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS — Saturday, CBS


"Busy-day" dinner with
DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW
Jumbo can gives you 1½ lbs. juicy lean beef, garden carrots, Idaho potatoes . . . all in rich gravy. Just heat, serve . . . and enjoy.
DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW
Ripe Olives
Tossed Garden Salad
Poppyseed Rolls
*Strawberry-Cheese Medley
Milk
Coffee
*Arrange whole strawberries on plate around mound of powdered sugar and wedge of cream cheese. Serve with crisp crackers.
DINTY MOORE
BEEF STEW
The BIG MEAL in the BIG CAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rehearsals and have dinner with him afterward. Usually Judy came along too, sometimes by herself, more often with some friends from the show. Stella would sit at the table, smiling, trying to appear interested, although she couldn't understand the alien jargon of television, and finally Judy would say, "Oh, dear, I'm afraid we're boring Mrs. Baker again." Judy's little frown of annoyance at her own lack of consideration would widen the wedge between Thornton, who belonged to this foreign world, and Stella, who didn't.

One day Judy invited Carol to lunch, and seemed overeager to be liked. They sparred at small talk, fumbling for a common meeting ground which they never managed to find. Afterward, Thornton asked how they'd made out. "Fine," Carol said, and the Old Boy seemed pleased. He was wearing a new hound's-tooth-check sport jacket. Lately he had gone in for gabardine sport shirts, slacks, even gray-suède loafer shoes, and he seemed no longer to mind, but actually to enjoy, the staring and the autograph books.

"All in the day's work," he explained to Stella, and he stopped drinking his morning lemon juice and his hot milk at night. He even stopped taking his pink pills.

They'd embarrass him in front of Judy, Stella thought; and she blamed herself for having let his hypochondria get such a hold on him. She, not Judy, should have broken the grip, a long time ago.

CAROL, at dinner with Bill that night, mentioned her lunch with Judy. "There's a word they use in golf," Carol said. "Pressing. It means trying too hard."

Bill smiled. "Judy is a little anxious maybe, but she's all right."

"Is she any good—talent, I mean?"

"Well, she got into television early, when the ground floor was littered with amateurs and has-beens. There wasn't any dough in it then, just opportunity, and of course what happened was that as soon as some real money started flowing out of the cable, the big boys moved in and took over. Judy survived. I think that's her real talent—and it amounts almost to genius—the gift for surviving."

"She's using the Old Boy to get up in the big money, is that it?"

"Look, I know it's hard for you to believe, but the Old Boy's very attractive."

"To older women."

"To women." Bill shrugged. "I won't say Judy's particularly upset over Thornton's being a big name at the moment or over Hollywood's opening up those golden doors, but that isn't the main thing."

"Then what is?"

"I think it's all very complicated, but part of it is the way she grew up. She was raised by a maiden aunt down South somewhere, and after she ran away from home she never got over being surprised at getting a full meal or over wondering when she'd get another one. Thornton's a meal ticket, a father and a lover all rolled into one. It isn't really as simple as that, but that's the idea, and that's why she presses a bit.". . .

Thornton, after the final rehearsal, drove back to Judy's apartment with a buoyancy he hadn't felt in years. At the conclusion of his big scene the grips and gaffers had broken out into spontaneous applause.

"It's amazing how things come back to you," he said, while Judy made a drink. "Remember that thing I did with the wineglass tonight? I used it in a picture twenty-five years ago. Forgotten all about it, and then suddenly tonight I found myself using it."

"You're going to crowd me off my own show."

"I wouldn't worry. You can hold your own on any show."

"I don't mean *that* way. I mean real acting."

"There's nothing wrong with *that* way."

He was standing directly behind her, and when she turned, it was another of those moments, and this time Thornton seized it. Later, in the quiet time which follows the first revelation of love, Thornton said, "It isn't fair to you."

"Please, darling, don't say anything."

"But we ought to be practical. After all, I'm old enough to—"

"No." She repeated it over and over. "No, no, no, no," and each "no" was followed by a kiss. . . .

Carol and Stella, for different reasons, lay sleepless in the strange beds in the strange room. After Carol had been lying in the quiet darkness for what seemed hours, she whispered Stella's name, and Stella answered with a restless sigh.

"I feel a hundred years older, Stella. Since I left home, I mean."

"You're growing up, dear."

Accustomed as I Am to PUBLIC SPEAKING...

By Vice-President ALBEN W. BARKLEY

Out of his rich, varied and amusing experience, the beloved "Veep" has fashioned an article on The Art of Public Speaking. His good advice is seasoned with a wealth of stories on himself and others who have run afoul of the high-flown phrase on the rostrum. Laugh and learn with the Vice-President

In Next Week's Collier's

"It takes so many different things, not just getting away and all, but—you know, like when I went out with Bill the first time, he made me feel all gawky, but I don't feel that way any more. I bet I could pass for twenty-two or -three, easy."

"Oh, I'm sure you could."

Carol fidgeted with her blanket, and the room was quiet again, but not for long. "I used to act pretty silly, didn't I?"

"Sometimes. We all do. Look at me, the way I've starved myself to keep from looking fat and forty."

"You're not fat."

"But I'm forty, actually forty-two."

"That isn't as old as I used to think. A lot of glamorous women are forty-two. If you're worried about Judy—"

"Of course I'm worried."

"But you know what the Old Boy's really like. He might kick up his heels a little, but down deep he's still Rockport and Rotary."

"I'm not sure any more what he is," Stella said, and they lay in the darkness, within arm's reach of each other, neither of them sleeping or saying anything more.

AFTER the television show Judy threw a party for Thornton. A stinging haze of cigarette smoke hung over what seemed to Carol every celebrity she had ever read about—actors, singers, writers and two of those rich young men who are always marrying famous women. A young man with a hair piece like dried corn silk was beating out a ragtime song of the twenties on a piano.

"The big ones always come back," somebody said, and a man with gray hair, who usually played bank presidents in the movies, agreed. "We had real training in those days. What happens now? A kid does a couple parts in summer stock, then starts playing leads. He doesn't know anything, never has a chance to learn."

"But, darling," a woman remarked from somewhere, "I saw the *Princeton* opening and she was definitely potted."

Judy, in a dark, low-cut gown which made the fresh whiteness of her skin seem to shout its youthfulness, wriggled through the crowd, smiling. "I'm so glad you could come, Mrs. Baker. And Carol. You look lovely, both of you." She took Stella by one hand, Carol by the other. "I want you to meet everybody."

The names ran together in a blur of wealth and fame. After they had shaken a great many hands, Carol and Stella ended up at the improvised bar where Thornton was talking to his agent, Sam Levitt. Judy asked them what they'd like to drink and Carol tightened with fear of what the Old Boy might say. It would be just like him to humiliate her by insisting she have a plain ginger ale, but he didn't, and she asked for Scotch and water, because she'd learned from Bill that you always drank dry Martinis before dinner and Scotch and water afterward.

"The same," Stella said.

Sam was staring incredulously at Carol. "The image of Kay."

Thornton eased him off to a corner before he could get to thinking about Kay and grow lachrymose. Somebody dragged Judy to the piano, which left Carol and Stella alone in the crowded room.

"You ought to circulate around," Stella said. "Have a good time."

"I'm having a fine time," Carol said.

"You won't if you get stuck with me."

"Don't be a defeatist, Stella."

"I'm not, but that *dress* of hers. She looks like she walked out of a college boy's dream."

The party ebbed and flowed around them. A man named Keller or Kelleher talked to them for a few minutes about the unseasonal weather. Then he moved on to the bar, and didn't come back. A woman chatted briefly about a television program she thought Stella wrote, and when she discovered her mistake, she suddenly noticed her empty highball glass and left.

"I'm afraid it's all very dull for you, Mrs. Baker," Judy said at one point, her arm linked with Thornton's.

"Oh, Stell loves parties," Thornton said.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much," Stella said, and Carol pressed her hand.

Stella, when it was finally over, felt keyed up, almost lightheaded with the lifting of the oppressive feeling she'd had all evening. She and Carol, on each side of Thornton, prowled the crooked Village streets in search of a cab, and she found herself rattling on about his television performance. Thornton warmed to her praise, and pressed her arm gratefully.

In the hotel they rode up to the fifth floor, laughing and chattering, and it was all very gay until they came to say good night outside their respective doors. Some of the easy familiarity of Rockport had come back to them for a while, then drifted away, leaving three strangers standing in a hotel corridor where none of them felt at home.

THORNTON, after breakfast, wanted to walk in Central Park, but Stella had an appointment at the beauty parlor, so he and Carol took a cab to the zoo, then struck out across the park. Even the Old Boy's walk was different now, the springy lope of a young fullback. They held hands, and the absurdly pompous waddling of the ducks started them laughing. They began to laugh at everything—the squirrels, the people, the birds.

"The ducks all walk like Dr. Braden," Thornton said, and did an imitation of their plump, slew-footed family doctor.

"It's fun, isn't it? New York?"

"Wonderful," Thornton said.

"I only wish Stella—"

"Oh, yes. Stell." He stopped laughing. "You're very fond of her, aren't you, honey?"

"Of course."

"You don't find many women like Stella. She's a fine person. Well, I guess we'd better start back."

Carol held onto his hand, and was surprised to hear herself say a very strange thing. "I think you've stopped hating me."

"What?"

"You've always hated me because if Mother hadn't had me, she might still be alive, and you didn't want me, you wanted her." She stepped back, shocked at having found words for something which had before been nothing but a troubling feeling. "Now you're going to tell me I shouldn't have said that."

He hesitated, and instead of the expected anger and annoyance she found only a large uncertainty in his eyes. In that moment they were closer than they had ever been before. "I'm not always sure, darling, what people should say."

"I'm glad we can talk," Carol said, and when they left the park, they were swinging hands again, and the years between them had shrunk in the Indian summer sun. . . .

That night, in Bill's apartment, with the sound of muted music, Carol settled back on the couch, instinctively certain this was to be a time of decision, one of those climaxes in a relationship.

"You've never asked about Gwen," Bill said.

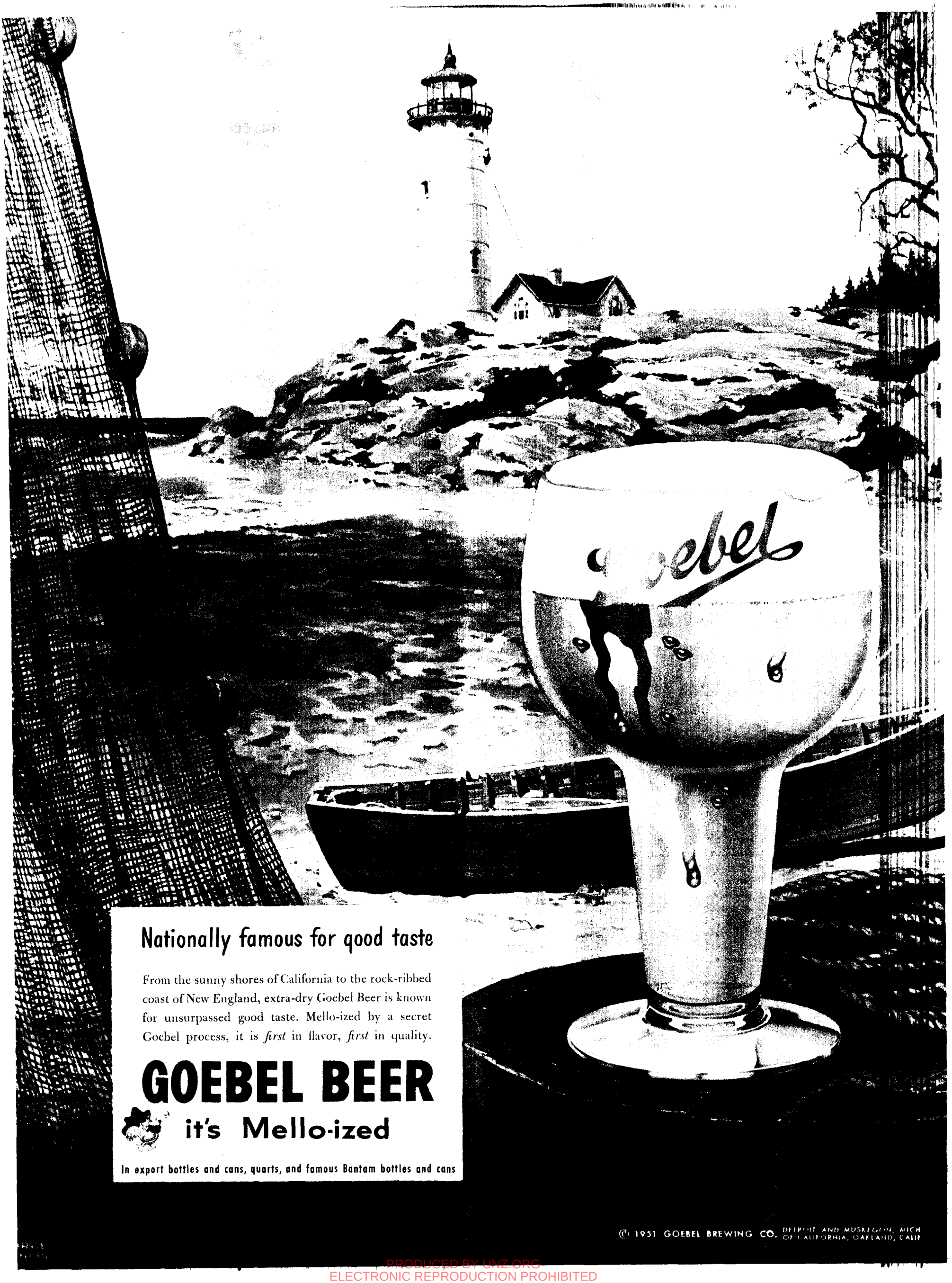
"No. Should I?"

"You've seen her in pictures. Gwen Marlowe. She was rather successful for a while."

Carol nodded, remembering with embarrassment that long ago, in her adolescence, she had sent Gwen Marlowe twenty-five cents for an autographed picture.

"She was one of Sam's clients when I worked out of the Beverly Hills office. I managed to get her a couple of good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nationally famous for good taste

From the sunny shores of California to the rock-ribbed coast of New England, extra-dry Goebel Beer is known for unsurpassed good taste. Mello-ized by a secret Goebel process, it is *first* in flavor, *first* in quality.

GOEBEL BEER

it's Mello-ized

In export bottles and cans, quarts, and famous Bantam bottles and cans

© 1951 GOEBEL BREWING CO. DETROIT AND MUSKEGON, MICH. OF CALIFORNIA, OAKLAND, CALIF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which is really Virginia Mayo?

CO-STARRING IN *"ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE"* A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

(See answer below)

world famous AUTO-LITE Spark Plugs give you

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE ...QUICK STARTS

Greater Gas Savings RESISTOR TYPE

AUTO-LITE Resistor

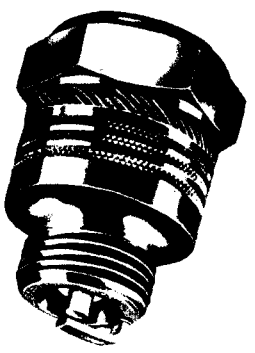
Unsurpassed Quality... STANDARD TYPE

MOVIE stars have look-alikes and spark plugs look alike, too . . . but to get smoother performance and quick starts replace worn-out spark plugs with *world-famous* Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are ignition engineered and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars.

If you know your movie stars, you'll know the girl on the left is beautiful Virginia Mayo, co-starring in the Warner Bros. production, "Along the Great Divide." At right is charming Lorraine Davies of New York City. And if you know spark plugs you'll see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs because, "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

AUTO-LITE PATENTED

Auto-Lite Standard Spark Plugs offer unsurpassed quality and have long been recognized for their unbeatable performance.



Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs offer greater gas savings plus benefits found only in automotive type spark plugs with built-in resistors.

Tune in "Suspense!" . . . CBS Radio Thursdays . . . CBS Television Tuesdays

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS "Ignition Engineered"

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

breaks, and she was grateful, a very sweet kid. Somehow we ended up married, and every six months we'd move to a bigger house with a bigger pool and a bigger mortgage, but she kept worrying because there was always somebody with half her looks and talent who was getting better parts, making better dough. Everything kept getting bigger—our cars, our houses, our debts—and I got to drinking. You see, when you work in an artificial world, it's hard sometimes to find or face reality."

"I understand, Bill."

"You couldn't possibly." He got up from the couch. "It's late, time all good little girls—"

"Now please, don't start talking like that again."

He turned toward her, smiling, trying to force the bantering tone which usually came naturally to him. "Honey, you're like an enchanting child I ran into outside an ice-cream parlor, so, being a pushover for enchanting children, Uncle Bill took you in and bought you a strawberry soda."

"Maybe it started that way, Bill, but not now."

"Darling, if it could go anywhere . . . Come on, let me take you home."

She stood up, shaking her head. He reached for her hand; then his arm went around her waist, and she came to him with the desperate hope he wouldn't treat her as a moonstruck child. He kissed her with a practiced tenderness, and then with an urgency in which there was nothing of condescension or banter. She felt weak with the wonder of knowing she had finally grown up, to love and be loved. . . .

"Is it Bill or New York?" Stella asked when she came back to their hotel room.

"Both. It's everything."

"Whatever it is, it agrees with you. You look so shiny and new."

"I am." Carol, for whom everything seemed shiny and new at the moment, noticed Stella's expression, and felt the guilt of the well-fed at the sight of hunger. "Judy?"

Stella nodded. "He's going to marry her."

"Oh, Stella!"

"I'd been expecting it. The awful thing is I'm afraid I deserve it."

"No, you've been so wonderful to him."

"But I did everything wrong. The first day Thornton came home with those damned pink pills I should have thrown them out the window."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't see what was happening. It was all so gradual, and I kept forgetting Thornton was an actor. I didn't realize until too late that the pills and those silly diets were all just part of a new role he was unconsciously creating for himself—the stodgy, middle-aged businessman he was superimposing over the young Thornton Sayre who was still in love with Kay Sheldon."

"Oh, Stella, if you'd only married him when he wanted you to!"

"Not on those terms, no."

"But what'll you do? What'll *I* do?"

"I'm going home, and I suppose they'll take you out to Hollywood, and you'll meet all the stars. Isn't that what you've always wanted?"

"I used to. I guess I still do, but not the same way, and not without you."

"It's this weather. Indian summer. It's really almost winter, but he thinks it's spring and Kay's come back to him."

Carol, with her arms around Stella, holding onto all that was familiar and secure in a world grown suddenly strange and unsure, felt older than she had ever felt before, and it came, like all growing, with a wrench of pain.

(To be continued next week)

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Institute of Technology, a Russian scientist has to be very careful that he does not make any discoveries which disagree with Communist political ideology. "Even in science," says the doctor, "a Communist must believe what the party wants him to believe. A purge of biologists who held 'reactionary' theories in genetics was completed a year or two ago. Attacks on 'reactionary' physics have been mounting." But we think that Dr. DuBridge overlooked something. While Commie scientists may not produce reactionary marvels, there is no party ban on stealing them. Theft, obviously, is not reactionary. As long as Mr. Stalin's ball-and-chain scientists have roving laboratory assistants like the Rosenbergs, Fuchs, Gold and Greenglass, Russia doesn't have to worry whether her scientists are clever enough but merely whether her thieves are daring enough. This, of course, is pretty profound. But we just wanted to help Dr. DuBridge out.

★ ★ ★

There's an alert lawyer in Birmingham, Alabama, whose client was headed for jail on a charge of running a numbers racket. He knew it. His client knew it. Diligently seeking an angle by which he might, by chance, induce the jury to spring his man, he got postponement after postponement until the court declared it was time to stop fooling around and go to trial. The lawyer thereupon played his last card. He asked for another postponement because, said he, the Senate crime investigation had prejudiced jurors against gamblers.

★ ★ ★

And the Tennessee legislature has passed a bill providing that "No person shall be assessed a poll tax as a prerequisite to voting except for the year 1871." This means exactly what it says, even if we don't understand it. If you have not paid your poll tax for the year 1871, you may not vote in 1871. It's that simple. Anyway, Tennessee repealed her poll-tax law but kept her sacred constitution intact. The poll-tax requirement was adopted by the state in 1871 and Tennessee let it be understood that she wasn't going to change her constitution just because a lot of damyankees can't mind their own dambusiness.

★ ★ ★

And that seems to be about all, except that Maurice Samut, a Hollywood expert on hair raising, reports that teen-age boys under draft age have been pestering him in large numbers to tell them how to grow heavy beards. They want to enlist. And Maine has a governor who refuses to sign appropriation bills which do not carry with them the money to pay for them. That's subversive, of course. Also, there's a consulting engineer in Portland, Oregon, who denounces as unconstitutional one of the few things we knew of that hadn't been so denounced—the Hells Canyon Dam across the Snake River. So we bring this

pillar of wisdom to a close with our nomination for the worst joke of the week. A citizen of Ashland, Wisconsin, observed the mayor in a restaurant working on a T-bone. "His Honor's at steak," he cracked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Inca rulers, planning every phase of the lives of the Quechuas. Such a system would have died, Pizarro or no Pizarro.

The Quechuas and Incas of today are much intermingled, so that Yma could be some of each. But she looks like the classical description of the Inca—with European tinge—except that she needs three or four more inches of height.

Whatever she is, Yma's tops, right? And the U.S. is extremely fortunate that she came here. E. L. SITTON, Carlsbad, N. M.

They say that Yma's voice can charm the birds—even prop ones—off the bough

. . . We are immensely pleased to learn that one of our record reviewers, Rudo S. Globus, has been considered sufficient of an authority to warrant direct quotes in Most Exciting Voice in the World, but grieved that he was not given the credit accorded Mr. Gunn of the Washington Times-Herald or Mr. Goldberg of the Los Angeles Times.

Audio Engineering is a relatively small technical magazine which is considered the authority on sound reproduction—both in professional applications and in the home.

Mr. Globus' review of Voice of the Xtabay was originally carried in our December, 1950, issue. It may be that he is the only reviewer who disapproves of this recording, but in any case we would have enjoyed seeing our little magazine mentioned in your big one. Who knows, maybe someday we might want to quote Collier's?

C. G. MCPROUD, Editor,
Audio Engineering, New York, N. Y.

Likes 'Em Realistic

EDITOR: Total Recall (April 14th) is the best story I have ever read in a national magazine, and this is the first time I have ever found one good enough to merit a letter. Let's have more stories like this, where the ending is not *always* happy and the characters do not *always* live happily ever after. I am sure that if Mr. Helvick can continue writing such stories of suspense, readers of your magazine will gobble up his every word.

GEORGE E. CHRISTIAN, Goodland, Kans.

Prophetic Flaw?

EDITOR: Reading the April 14th issue I was impressed by the letters regarding your editorial on the United Nations in the February 24th issue. Let me add a thought.

On April 6th, I went to the United Nations Secretariat Building—my first trip since it has been occupied. I took an elevator to the 27th floor and, after looking around the corridors, went into one of the offices. I introduced myself to the receptionist as a sight-seer and asked permission to see the view out over the East River. She consented and went into the inner office with me. Later I made mention of the beautiful design of the building, especially the glass front on the east side. Her comment: "It leaks."

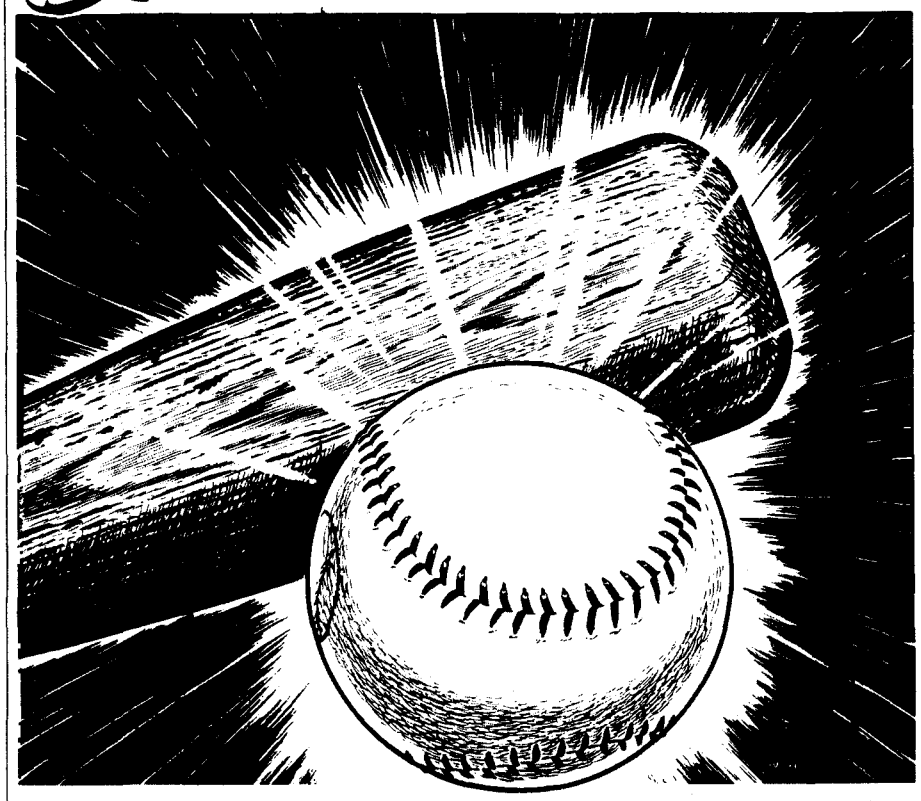
Seems to me that there is an editorial or a sermon on the UN in that remark: The United Nations (or the UN Building), beautiful in concept, magnificent in construction, but "it leaks."

W. LEE WATSON, Brownwood, Texas

"I just write the unimportant things in my diary. The important ones, I remember!"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

BIG HIT-3 WAYS!



No Other Whiskey... ONLY

FLEISCHMANN'S

GIVES YOU THE

1. CHOICE QUALITY
Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

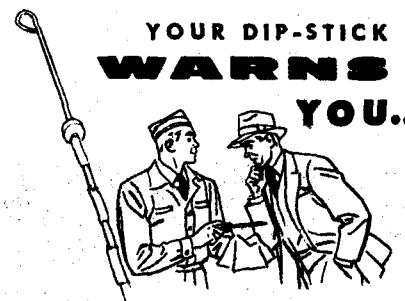
2. Every drop 90 PROOF rich, robust, delicious!

3. WINNING PRICE
America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

BLENDED WHISKEY · 90 PROOF · 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR DIP-STICK
WARNS
YOU...



Cars that Waste Oil
are headed for
PREMATURE
OLD AGE

Oil Waste is your WARNING
that in your engine
rocking chair pistons
are wearing out
cylinder walls

LOOK for the repair shop displaying THIS SIGN

RAMCO
RE-POWERING
STATION

RAMCO
RE-POWERING
STATIONS
specialize in all
4 engine
essentials:
• COMPRESSION
• CARBURETION
• IGNITION
• COOLING
Get RAMCO
RE-POWERING
with 10,000
MILES (1 Year)
GUARANTEED
RAMCO 10-Up
Piston Rings!

Ask about
BUDGET PLAN

Write RAMSEY
CORPORATION
St. Louis 8,
Missouri for
FREE
BOOKLET
ON "DANGERS OF
EXCESSIVE OIL
CONSUMPTION."

Copyright 1951 Ramsey Corporation RA-50AB

John Dingle Takes the Wheel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

John Dingle whispered frantically. "Is that my number?"

"No," Mrs. Garret sighed, "that is not your number, John Dingle." She patted his hand. "Darling, I told you that you wouldn't win the automobile!"

"Who has number three five six eight nine?" Mr. Gill asked again. "If no one present has the number we will have to draw another one!"

No one had the ticket. The little girl drew another. "This one's mine," John Dingle said. "This one's mine!"

"You little nut!" Edward said bitterly. "We ain't gonna win it!" He had finally come to appreciate the odds that Mr. Garret had been quoting for the past two days.

"Here's the second number," Mr. Gill said. He held it up and studied it as he had the first one. "It is number four seven two three four!"

Mr. Garret felt like his spine was unraveling. There was a great roaring in his ears. He turned slowly and stared at Mrs. Garret. She was staring at John Dingle's ticket, trying to say something. "John Dingle," she finally gasped, "you've—won the automobile!"

John Dingle blinked at her. "Who? Me?" Then he seemed to explode. A second later he was streaking down the aisle. "It's mine!" he shrieked. "It's mine. Gimme my car!"

Right behind him were Tom and Edward.

"Good old John Dingle!" they kept shouting. "Good old John Dingle!"

The crowd was on its feet, gaping and whooping, positive that a tribe of Comanches had won the automobile. "For the Lord's sake, get down there!" Mrs. Garret said. Mr. Garret staggered to his feet. Before he was halfway down the aisle, Mr. Gill was shaking John Dingle's hand and asking him questions.

"I'll bet you're the most surprised little boy in the world," he said, laughing.

"I sure am!" John Dingle panted into the microphone. "I thought she was gonna draw my ticket first."

MR. GILL just shook his head and listened to the crowd roar. Then he noticed Tom and Edward lurking behind the ushers. "Who are they?" he asked John Dingle. "Little friends of yours?"

"No, sir!" John Dingle said emphatically. "They ain't any friends of mine. They're my brothers."

Mr. Gill shook his head again and motioned Tom and Edward over.

"Well, you're certainly going to let them ride in your nice new car, John Dingle."

"No, sir! They're mean, selfish, sti—"

"John Dingle!"

It was Mr. Garret. He had leaped over the railing and was dashing toward them. He came up and shook hands with Mr. Gill. With his free hand he groped desperately around for John Dingle.

"Mr. Gill," he said, "on behalf of my boys I want to thank you and your organization for this wonderful car. I know we're all going to get a great deal of pleasure out of it. All of us. John Dingle's a great kidder. Doesn't mean a word he says. You know how a youngster jokes with—"

"Get out of my car!"

It was John Dingle. He had Tom by the feet, trying to yank him out of the front seat. Tom's shrieking was drowned out by the crowd's. So was Mr. Garret's cursing. He dashed over, snatched John Dingle back, and struggled to keep Tom from falling out on his face.

Mr. Gill was laughing so he could hardly talk. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said finally, "I guess this just about winds the big night up. I want to thank you all again for such a big turnout and I know that you're all delighted to see what happiness our prize has brought to Mr. Garret's family." He turned to say a final word to Mr. Garret, but Mr. Garret had herded the boys over to the other side of the car.

"I ought to break your necks!" he said. "Now listen to me! As soon as everybody gets through laughing at your poor, old daddy I want you all to march straight up to your mother!"

"What about my car?" John Dingle wailed.

"Don't worry about it. I'll drive it home. I've got to sign some papers. It'll be in my name but it'll still be your car." He peered over the hood and saw that people were beginning to leave. "Go on up there now. Act like human beings instead of brothers."

They marched off, good old John Dingle slapping at Tom and Edward, trying to keep them from putting their arms around him.

AT BREAKFAST the next morning, Mr. Garret handed down his verdict. Very much against Mrs. Garret's wishes, he was going to keep John Dingle's car and sell their old one, putting the money in John Dingle's bank account.

"John Dingle," he said grimly, "I'm doing this just for you. Now you're not going to give us any trouble, are you? You'll share the car with everybody, won't you?"

"Yes, *sir*!" John Dingle said with great feeling. He looked at Tom and Edward. "It'll still be my car, though, won't it, Daddy? You'll teach me to drive, won't you? Mr. Alexander said I'd make a real good driver."

Mr. Garret cringed. Mr. Alexander lived across the street and his supreme delight in life was fomenting strife between Mr. Garret and the young Garrets. The night before, when Mr. Garret had brought the new car home, Mr. Alexander had spent an hour telling John Dingle what a great driver he would make—good eyes, strong hands, and best of all a car of his own with which to experiment.

"John Dingle," Mr. Garret said, "Mr. Alexander is an abomination unto the Lord. He thinks he's a very funny man. He loves to get your daddy in trouble. Now, if you're going to pester me about driving, we'll just go ahead and sell your car."

"I was just teasing!" John Dingle said. "I promise I won't. I won't pester you and I'll share it with everybody!"

"All right," Mr. Garret said. "I'm counting on you now." He turned to Mrs. Garret. "As soon as I sell the car you can come down and pick me up."

"John Garret," she said, "I'm telling you one more time. There's not going to be any living around here with that car."

"Don't you trust me, Mama?" John Dingle said.

"No!"

At eleven o'clock she drove into the Acme Used Car lot, where Mr. Garret was waiting. She parked on the far side, gave a big sigh, and got out, followed by the boys. Mr. Garret came toward them laughing at the inspection John Dingle was giving the tires. "Well, how was it?" he said to Mrs. Garret.

"Oh, fine," she said, giving a tight, little laugh. "John Dingle is the perfect little host. Stuck right to his bargain."

Mr. Garret felt much better. "All right, boys," he called out cheerily, "let's get going. I think the tires will last a while yet."

John Dingle rushed around and piled into the front seat. Then he slammed the door and peered out at Tom and Edward. They were glaring at him.

"Please, Mr. John Dingle," they said grimly, "can we ride in your car?"

John Dingle folded his arms and looked straight ahead. "Oh, I guess so," he said casually. "Sit in the middle of the seat, though. Don't blow your dirty breath on my windows."

Mr. Garret quivered like a man hearing a rattlesnake somewhere in the vicinity. He stared at John Dingle, then at Mrs. Garret. "Oh, it's nothing," she said airily. "John Dingle doesn't mind them riding in his car. He just doesn't want them to forget whose car it is."

WHISTLING softly to himself, Mr. Garret started the car, and drove slowly across the lot. He had a horrible idea of what was coming. It did. Ownership had completely transformed John Dingle's philosophy of navigation.

Before, he had been a dry-land Farragut—damn the torpedoes, the red lights, the yellow lines, the speed limits, the law of gravity, the mortality tables, everything. Full speed ahead and preferably on two wheels.

Now, every time Mr. Garret passed a car John Dingle sucked in his breath as though it were going to be his last. When Mr. Garret speeded up he gave way to great tremors. When somebody cut in front of them he pulled frantically at the dashboard as though he were trying to shorten the car. When they had to make a left turn across traffic he hid his face in his hands and gave a series of low moans.

Twice when it looked as though they

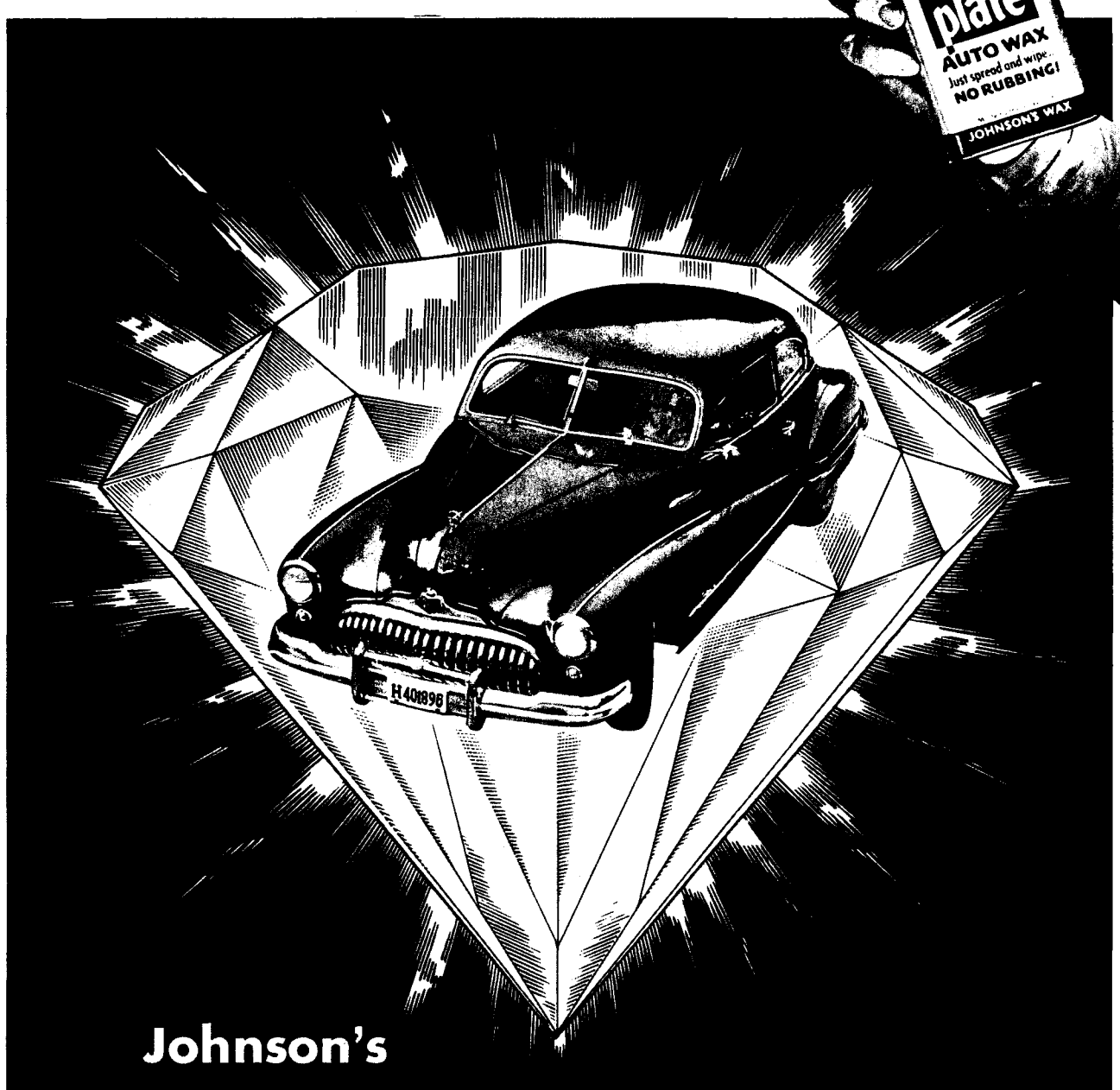
"Before leaving I would like to say it's been a pleasure working for you. But it hasn't been!"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proved better

on 5,000,000 cars!



Johnson's

Car-Plate

gives a lasting "diamond shine" in 20 minutes!

HOW TO CLEAN BEFORE YOU WAX ● Wax should always be applied to a CLEAN car. The finish should be free of road film and decomposed paint. For this reason it is important that you clean your car thoroughly before applying Car-Plate. For quick, easy cleaning, Johnson's Carnu is recommended. It does the job fast and safely—leaves a perfect surface for a sparkling Car-Plate finish.

New no-rub way to wax!

Waxing a car used to mean hours of the hardest kind of rubbing. Now it's a 20-minute take-it-easy job!

And Johnson's Car-Plate not only saves you time and work . . . it actually gives your car a tougher, brighter, longer-lasting wax protection!

More than 5 million car owners have proved it since Reader's Digest published an article describing this sensational chemical discovery.

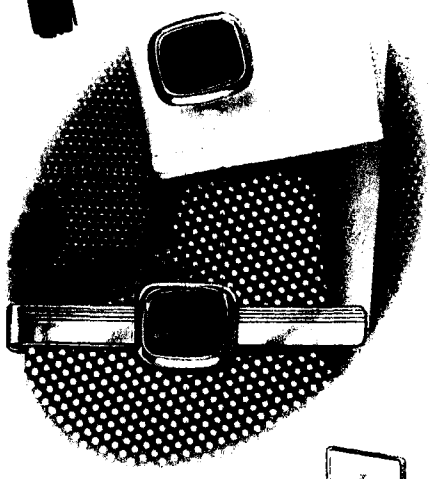
Get Johnson's Car-Plate at your service station or regular wax dealer's. Just spread it on the clean finish of your car . . . let it dry . . . and wipe lightly. That's all it takes to wax your car to a "diamond shine"!

A 10-oz. can of Car-Plate does any car twice . . . and costs only $1.00. Today's the day to try it.

"Johnson's", "Car-Plate" and "Carnu" are the trademarks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc. © *S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1951.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dad will LOVE you for KHAN by Simmons



A masterpiece of masculinity . . . genuine onyx stone in a setting of gold-filled opulence. Make his a Father's Day he'll cherish forever . . . June 17!

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro, Massachusetts

"Wherever Good Jewelry is Sold"

B·B WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PEN

B·B "PERMA-DRI" refills sold everywhere

B-B PEN COMPANY, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF

might go through a yellow light, Mr. Garret had to undrape him from the wheel. Finally, when the sight of an oncoming woman driver forced him under the dashboard, Mr. Garret gave up. He pulled to the curb and fished him out of the bottom.

"John Dingle," he said, "I've had enough of this. You've broken every promise you made. You've ruptured every nerve in your daddy's body. Just one more yelp out of you and I'm going to give you something to yelp about. Now keep that big—"

"He did the same thing to Mama!" Tom said. "It was awful. She said if he didn't stop she was going to jump out of the window."

Mr. Garret stepped on the gas and roared up the street. John Dingle slumped down in the seat and began mumbling something that involved the Lord and his new car. Mr. Garret ignored him. Finally, he turned up their home street, giving a great whoosh of relief.

It was premature. A big, black car suddenly swerved out of a driveway on the left. It was old Mr. Austin, who had been averaging an accident a month for the past ten years. Mr. Garret desperately cut the wheel to the left and jammed on the brakes. The car shivered to a stop inches away from Mr. Austin, who had somehow found his own brakes.

The old man and John Dingle stuck their heads out of their respective windows at the same time. "You ape-faced old mummy!" John Dingle screeched. "Why don't you watch where you're going? You nearly hit my new car! Take that old thing and—"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Garret snatched him back. Mr. Garret ducked his head, backed up, and shot past the amazed Mr. Austin. "That does it!" he bellowed. "By God, that does it!"

HE SLOWED down at home, saw that Mr. Austin wasn't following them, and backed up the driveway at a speed that nearly made John Dingle sick. Tom and Edward hopped out and began dancing around the lawn.

"I'll get you a switch, Daddy!" Edward shouted hopefully. "I'll get a big one. You ought to switch him good, calling that old fool an ugly name like that."

"Well, it's my car," John Dingle said.

"That's right," Mr. Garret said. "It's your car. All your car. None of us are ever getting in it again. We'll all walk. Go ahead. Learn to drive it."

"Yes, sir," Edward raged. "We'll walk. When you see your po' mama with her big flat feet busting out of her shoes, you'll be sorry!"

John Dingle just blinked. Then Mr. Garret heard someone laughing. He looked around and saw Charlie Alexander out on his lawn. "Drive it off, John Dingle!" Charlie called. "It's your car. You can drive better than your daddy right now!"

"Charlie," Mr. Garret said, "I'm going to remember this."

"I'm going to have a hard time forgetting it myself," Mr. Alexander said. "Push that little button on the side, John Dingle. That's the starter."

Mr. Garret stalked into the house, followed by the rest of the carless Garrets.

John Dingle found the role of outcast most depressing. After lunch he remedied the situation by inviting five of his young friends over for a drive. Soon the back yard was ringing with cries of: "Let's go to California again, John Dingle," "Here come the cops, John Dingle! Put 'er to the floor board," "You cut him down, John Dingle. Now back over 'im."

Mrs. Garret peered out the kitchen window. "This is marvelous," she said. "Perfectly marvelous! A whole family at the mercy of a five-year-old boy. John Garret, I've got to go to the grocery and if that keeps up out there much longer there's not going to be any car left to go in!"

"Just wait," Mr. Garret said. "Just wait. He'll get tired of it soon enough. Then it'll all be over with. Quit worrying."

Edward, though, wanted action. He sat out in the swing studying the situation, a morbid scheme gradually fermenting in his hot little brain. The car, he thought, was just where he wanted it. Poised right at the top of the driveway. He looked down the driveway. Then everything fell into place.

"Tom, I got it!" he cried. "I got it! Listen! We'll get in the car and let go the hand brake. It'll roll right down the driveway and go right into Daddy's little maple tree. Won't that be great? Boy, he'll catch it! Come on!"

Tom's eyes sparkled but he hesitated. "Yeah, but suppose he turns the steering wheel and rolls out in the street. He might go clean down to the corner."

The Garret house sat on a hill and the street sloped for half a mile or so down to the neighborhood shopping center.

"Aw, he can't drive," Edward said. "He'll run smack into the tree. It won't hurt him or the car either, but it'll mess up Daddy's tree and he'll be so mad he'll take that stinking car away from him."

TOM succumbed. By promising to explain all the pedals and to work them for him, they persuaded John Dingle to allow them in the car. His friend Ramsey, they said, was telling him all wrong. They crawled under the dashboard with John Dingle eying them suspiciously and Ramsey hanging in the front window to see where he had been wrong.

"You got to work 'em like I tell you," John Dingle said.

"We will," Edward said innocently. He took hold of the clutch pedal. "Now this is the brake."

John Dingle nodded.

"And this is the clutch."

John Dingle nodded again. Ramsey nodded his head in agreement.

"And this," Edward said eagerly, "is the hand brake!" He gave it a squeeze. "Yes, sir, this is the old hand brake." He gave it another squeeze.

"Hey, we're moving!" Ramsey shouted.

John Dingle looked up. "Stop it, Edward!" he screamed. "Stop it!"

"This sure is the hand brake," Edward gurgled. He gave it a final squeeze.

All five members of John Dingle's crew and Tom and Edward were yelling, "Turn the wheel, John Dingle! Turn the wheel! You're gonna smash the tree! Turn the wheel!"

Tom and Edward braced themselves for the bump. There was no bump. John Dingle and Ramsey were furiously twisting the wheel. Edward fought his way out of the bottom. "Where we going?" he yelled. "Where we going?"

The car was rolling fast now, the street just ahead. "Run it into the telephone pole!" Edward screamed. "Hit the pole, John Dingle! Hit the pole!"

The car headed for the pole, swerved out and swerved again. Then it was in the street. It scraped the opposite curb, swerved again, and then began the long journey down the hill toward the busy intersection.

Listen to

NEWSSTAND THEATER

MAY 31

and Hear

GREAT FICTION

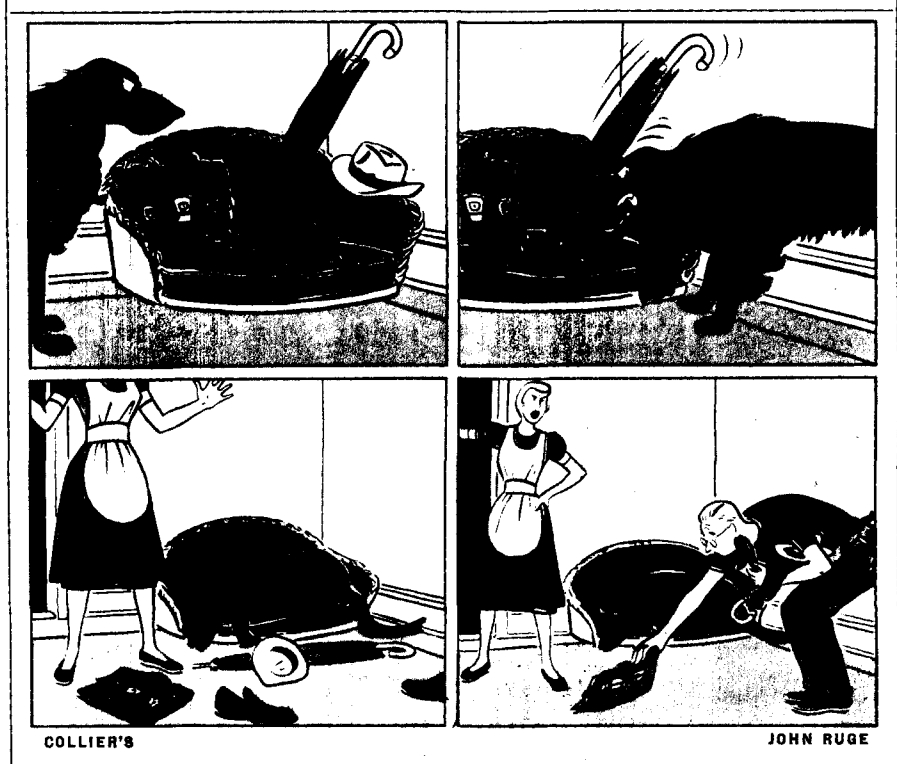
Selected from

Collier's

dramatized over the American Broadcasting Company's coast-to-coast network.

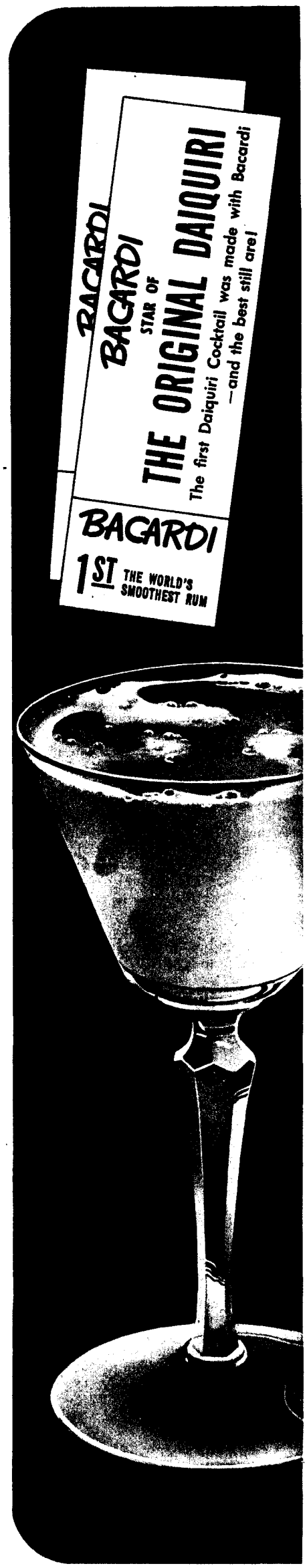
For local time and station, consult your newspaper.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RUM. . .86 & 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

Tom was frantically trying to paw his way out from under the dashboard. Three times he was kicked in the mouth. Then in the head. The screeching was horrible. The car seemed to be filled with little boys flying around in space.

Suddenly a door swung open, then the car swerved again. There was a bump and Tom found himself lying in some shrubbery. Seconds later he was racing up the lawn, screaming out the tragedy. Seconds later he was racing back down the lawn, trying to explain it to Mr. Garret.

"Why didn't you stop him?" Mr. Garret said.

"I tried to," Tom said. "But that little coward Ramsey opened the door and just then we hit the curb and I got kicked out in the shrubbery!"

"Dear God!" Mr. Garret groaned, increasing his speed. "Why didn't he run it up on the sidewalk?"

"He couldn't. There were four of 'em driving. Edward was on top of the pile screaming for everybody to turn loose."

They swung down the sidewalk, Mr. Garret spurting ahead.

"Hey!" Tom shouted. "There's that stinking little Ramsey now!"

About a hundred yards ahead, Ramsey was sitting in the middle of the street, holding his head.

"Lie down, Ramsey," Mr. Garret shouted. "Don't move. Your neck may be broken!"

BY THE time they reached him, Ramsey was standing up, twisting his neck around and calling his fellow crew members dirty names.

"They pushed me off!" he whined to Mr. Garret. "I was hangin' on the side and they pushed me off and I lit right on my head!"

"Well, you opened the door," Tom said. "I got shoved out on my face."

"I was just tryin' to drag my foot to slow us down," Ramsey protested. "I was hangin' on to the handle and some stinker pushed me. That's what made the door open."

"Come on," Mr. Garret moaned. "Come on." He was frantic now. He could see people streaming toward the corner from all directions and he thought he heard an ambulance. All along the route, people were on their front porches, comparing their different versions.

"Damnedest thing I ever saw!" Mr. Garret heard a man holler to a neighbor. "Must have been a bunch of drunks. Never heard so much whooping and screaming in my life. Just whipping from one side of the street to the other!"

About two hundred yards from the corner, a man was backing a car off a lawn. Farther down, another driver was trying to explain to a woman what his car was doing in her peonies. The intersection was completely blocked by people. Everybody was shouting.

Mr. Garret began fighting his way through the crowd. He heard someone say something about three little boys stretched out on the ground and he began throwing people aside. Then he saw it for himself. His knees buckled.

Then he began cursing. The little boys weren't stretched out. They were rolling around in the street, laughing. John Dingle and Edward were talking excitedly to a big, fat policeman. Behind them was the wreck. John Dingle's car had broken bumpers and a small dent in one fender. Evidently he had made a wide sweep at the intersection, swung around, and crashed into a car parked too far out from the curb. It had a smashed rear fender.

Mr. Garret shuddered. Then he noticed the man standing on the other side of the policeman, the owner of the car. His face was a delicate green and he was working his mouth as though it were full of molten tar. Mr. Garret sent up his second prayer of Thanksgiving. Never, he thought, had the Lord so smiled on one man. Of the hundreds of cars parked in the area, John Dingle had crashed into that of Mr. Charles Alexander.

Mr. Garret floated over to join the discussion. The policeman was getting mad. "I'm gonna ask you boys one more time! Who was driving that car you were in?"

"It was me!" John Dingle shouted indignantly. "It was me! I drove it clean from home. I'm a good driver. Ain't I a good driver, Mr. Alexander? I woulda made it fine, if you hadn't had your old back end sticking out there. Wouldn't I, Mr. Alexander?"

Just as Mr. Alexander opened his mouth, he saw Mr. Garret leering at him. He swallowed hard. "John Dingle," he said, "you're a magnificent driver. You're the deadest-eye driver I ever saw. Don't let your daddy blame you. It was all my fault. Why, a couple more drives and—"

Mr. Garret didn't wait for any more. He tapped the policeman on the shoulder. "Officer," he said, "these are my boys. The evil-looking little one over there drove the car. I'll tell you all about it."

He did—from the buying of the tickets right up to the wreck. Mr. Alexander's part he explained in great detail. When he finished, the policeman was looking up in the trees, the buildings, out over the crowd, every place, trying to keep a straight face.

It was all lost on John Dingle. He was climbing all over Mr. Garret's feet. "Wasn't that good, Daddy? Wasn't that good? I can drive some more, can't I, Daddy? It's still my car, ain't it?"

"Sure, you can drive," Mr. Garret said. "You ought to get out of jail just about the time you're sixteen."

John Dingle blinked. "Jail!"

"Just what are the charges, Officer?" Mr. Garret asked in a loud voice.

"Well," the policeman said, rubbing his chin, "I don't know exactly where to start. Of course, there's driving without a license. And I don't believe you're quite sixteen—that's another charge. Destroying public property. You cut down a lot of city shrubbery, you know, Mr. John Dingle. Then there's driving with seven in the front seat. Driving on the wrong side of the street. That's about ten years right there, and—"

John Dingle had Mr. Garret by the leg. "Don't let him take me to jail, Daddy," he whimpered. "Don't let him take me to jail."

"And," the policeman continued, "you ran two boulevard stops. And a red light. And you didn't give any hand signals. That's about fifteen years, Mr. Garret."

John Dingle was crawling up Mr. Garret's leg crying, "I'm too young to go to jail, Daddy! Don't let 'im take me!"

"Well, Officer," Mr. Garret said, "suppose he turned the car over to me. You think maybe you might suspend the sentence and release him in my custody?"

THE policeman looked down at John Dingle. He was peering out between Mr. Garret's legs and blinking like a young owl about to be netted.

"Well," the policeman said, "I think so. He's got to turn the car over to you, though. If I ever catch him driving again, I'll—"

"Thank you, Mr. Policeman," John Dingle whooped. "Thank you, sir. I won't never drive again. Never! Never!"

The boys all stared at one another. A smile slowly spread across Tom's face. "John Dingle ain't got no car," he chanted softly. "John Dingle ain't got no car!"

John Dingle stared down at the ground; then he looked up at Mr. Garret. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. Mr. Garret scooped him up in his arms.

"John Dingle," he said, "you don't think I'd really ground a great driver like you, do you? No, sir! I'm going to get you the finest pony you ever saw. Might be a little more your speed. How about it?"

"A pony!" John Dingle gasped.

"A pony!" all the little boys gasped. A great whoop went up. Above it all, Tom could be heard shouting: "Good old John Dingle! Good old John Dingle! Please, can I ride your pony, Mr. John Dingle?"

"Maybe," John Dingle said. "We'll have to wait and see." THE END

RUM. . .86 & 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Violets for a Lady

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

His gallantry was stirred. "Ah, no, not bad. Foolish, perhaps. It is not my duty to pass judgment."

Marie went to the window again. She whispered, "Yes, you are the strange man. Almost you make me think the police are different."

"When you have lived longer outside the Iron Curtain—" he began.

Chafik stopped. Marie Grozny's expressive back had stiffened and she leaned forward and peered into the garden. Then she whirled on him; her eyes were angry and her small hands were clenched.

"Police are all the same! You trick me! You lie!"

"Madame!"

"You hiss like the snake—"

He looked beyond the angry woman and saw a man on the terrace. The leafy branches of a tree prevented a clear view, and in a moment the man was gone. All Chafik had was an impression of someone of medium height and ordinary dress; the stranger's face had been hidden behind a newspaper.

Marie Grozny flung herself on the bed and sobbed into a pillow.

"I am idiot, the great fool!" she cried. "I will go. I will return to Ankara tonight."

"You cannot go," he said gently. "I regret—"

"Ah, so now you make the show of power!"

She jerked away when he touched her shoulder, and in bewilderment he backed from the room and closed the door.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK sat in his office and tried to order his thoughts. He had been unable to trace the man he'd seen on the terrace, but he was sure it had been the sight of him that had upset Marie Grozny.

"For some reason she associated me with him," he said aloud. "Does she think I set a trap? Or is this stranger—"

He heard his voice and was annoyed to find himself thinking aloud again; but even more annoyed to realize he was indulging in conjecture.

"We deal in facts here," he reprimanded himself, and turned back to Yacub Haba's dossier.

It was a dog-eared document. It mentioned a recent visit to Turkey, and there was a brief note from the Ankara police: Haba had engaged in legitimate business; none of his associates were subversive.

More recently, he had gone to Basra, the ancient port of Iraq, and had taken over the general cargo of a Persian Gulf trading dhow. He had been killed three days after his return.

The Baghdad police had made a forty-eight-hour check, their routine surveillance of a suspicious character returning to the city. Their report covered the places Haba had visited and the acquaintances he had met. He had gone to the Oasis Hotel once, the day before his murder, and had sat in the bar alone and left within the hour.

Marie Grozny was not in the hotel on this occasion; there was no record of her meeting Haba then, or at any other time.

Chafik said, "It would appear these lovers had an affair by remote control."

Sergeant Abdullah, who had just entered, said, "Sir?"

"Abdullah, I doubt the young lady was the mistress of Yacub Haba. She said she was, to explain why he had her key, why she was in Baghdad."

"Does a man in his right mind throw away a pearl, or a woman her virtue?" asked the shocked sergeant.

"Those who drilled her care nothing for her virtue."

"Sir?"

"Before I questioned her, I suspected. Consider the severe bathrobe . . ."

He was distracted, remembering the loveliness not quite concealed, and sternly disciplined himself. "The bathrobe was practical, not seductive," he went on. "Not for a lover. This young woman sees herself as a soldier in battle dress."

His pale eyes were fixed on his signet ring and reflected the red of the stone.

"The drabbest flower," he said, "attracts the bee because of its essence. Our sad, drab land attracts the spy because of its oil."

"What? This woman is an agent? But she does not use her beauty," Sergeant Abdullah protested.

"You expect a beautiful spy to vamp you? Abdullah, Abdullah! I recommend a study of our records, not so exciting as fiction, but improving to the mind. A spy is either a Judas, like Haba, or dedicated to a cause. I fear most the dedicated. They are victims of ruthless teachers."

The Inspector had a moment of pity for Marie Grozny. Then his face hardened, and he said, "Yacub Haba was her contact. God forgive her, she thinks Judas a fine, brave man. Her obedience is blind. She is in Baghdad on his orders. They did not meet, but the fact that he had the key to her room is suggestive."

Abdullah said excitedly, "Your reasoning tears the veil from my eyes, sir! When Haba visited the hotel the day she was out, he went secretly to her room, used the key she had mailed him, deposited—"

"What?"

"Something she was to take out of the country. What, will be revealed when we search."

The Inspector went to the window. Cooing doves were doing their courtship dance along the parapet of a roof.

"Did I tell you, Abdullah," the little man said, "that the orange tree in my garden is in blossom? So fragrant— But I digress," he said sternly. "Although the wheel of fate passed over a worm when Haba died, it was murder. And murder demands justice, not thoughts on spring."

"Almost I had forgotten the murder," the sergeant said.

"Unfortunately it is in the pattern. Haba was taken and beaten because he had something of value, not only to Marie Grozny, but to others. He talked. The presence of the watcher in the hotel garden suggests he talked too much. *They* know the woman has this thing—"

"Possibly they are counterespionage agents, sir?"

"Of a friendly power? It would not be nice of friends to litter our city with corpses. No, Abdullah, but others like Haba might try to take whatever he had."

Chafik looked at the busy doves again, smiled indulgently, then discreetly turned his back.

"Marie Grozny's life is in danger," he said.

"Are we protectors of this spy?" the sergeant asked harshly.

"God gives life; a policeman must protect it. Furthermore, one spy frequently leads to another. As a boy I once took a toy drum to pieces to find where the noise came from. If we arrest the lady and search her room for what Haba put there, his murderers, like the noise in the drum, will vanish. Therefore—"

The heels of his hands and his finger tips beat a rhythm on the desk.

"I shall beat the drum loudly," the Inspector said. "Oh, so very loudly!"

IT WAS early evening when Inspector Chafik parked his car outside the Oasis Hotel. He sleeked his hair in the driving mirror, brushed imaginary dust from his jacket, and, as an afterthought, bought a bouquet of Baquba violets from a vendor and went in smelling them.

He asked at the desk for Marie Grozny and was directed to the terrace. A passing man scratched his chin, thereby signaling that all was well; two other plain-clothes men were near the woman's table.

In the dusk of the garden, with the lights of Baghdad glittering in the river beside the terrace, Marie Grozny was a jewel in a beautiful setting. The Inspector's salaam had *élan*, his sigh was regretful.

He offered the violets, saying, "I thought them exquisite, but you outshine them."

Marie shook her head as though she could not understand, and holding the flowers to her face, she murmered, "They are lovely, yes—"

"Madame, have you not, too, been so informed?"

She dropped the bouquet on the marble-topped table. "I am not the woman who likes the frivolity," Marie Grozny said reprovingly.

He thought it a pity. Her dress, like her bathrobe, was severe, but its severity could not obliterate the grace of her body. She wore no lipstick, but her lips were red enough. Neither her ears nor her fingers were adorned, and Chafik thought it sad; the ears were so small, the fingers so slender, and she was so young.

He shook off his thoughts and said formally, "I also bring this." He gave her the *laissez-passer* from the Turkish government, which he had confiscated.

"You may leave Baghdad," Chafik said. Her relief made him hate himself.

"The case of Yacub Haba is closed," he announced abruptly.

"You find who has kill him?"

He shook his head. "I obey orders. An obscure policeman does not question authority."

"They do not wish you to find—" Marie began.

She plainly regretted the outburst. Chafik shrugged and sat uninvited at the table. So young, he thought. So young and misguided and unwary.

He pretended he had not heard her and consulted his watch. "A pity," he said. "The Taurus Express has just left and you could have taken it."

"There is the other train?"

"Not for days—"

"It is very long to wait." She added hastily, "Haba is dead, so I am not happy here. It is better to return to Turkey."

The Inspector's eyes were expressionless. "There is perhaps a solution," he said. "The train is slow and will stop at Samarra. A car could overtake it; the drive is less than a hundred kilometers."

"I can take the taxi."

Chafik smiled. "Madame, the hired cars in our poor city are held together by prayer and string." He lighted a cigarette and said, as though it had just struck him, "But my car is sound. Permit me to drive—"

"Why?" she asked sharply.

"Why? Why? Madame, to drive in the desert with you— Say I am a little mad, or have the fever! It is the spring," he added ruefully, and threw away the cigarette as he rose to leave.

She lifted the forgotten bouquet and buried her nose in it. When she looked up, her eyes were soft; then caution came, wariness and calculation, but only for a moment. For the first time Chafik saw Marie Grozny smile and he knew she had found her decision in the perfume of his violets.

This is little more than a child, he thought unhappily. She is very vulnerable, a humble pawn. But I play against those who move this pawn, he answered his conscience.

"It takes but little time to pack," Marie Grozny said.

THEY crossed the bridge of boats at Khadimain and presently were on the desert road, a furrow plowed through drifting sand. On the right was the Tigris, on the left the bright lines of the railway. The night was warm and still and the air clean. Khadimain's great mosque had lights on its four towers and they sank on the horizon like the lights of a ship passed at sea. Ahead was a wilderness.

The woman shivered a little. "How dark it is," she said. "The darkness makes the fear."

"Fear?" he said sharply. "You are beset by fear. Do you ever feel happiness, the emotions one feels when one is free?"

"I am free!" she said, and repeated less surely, "I am free."

"Of course. The songbird in its cage sings sweetly of freedom; otherwise they wring its neck. And speaking of music—"

He tuned the car's radio. There was

COLLIER'S **"By the time they reach us they'll be jaded!"** BEN ROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

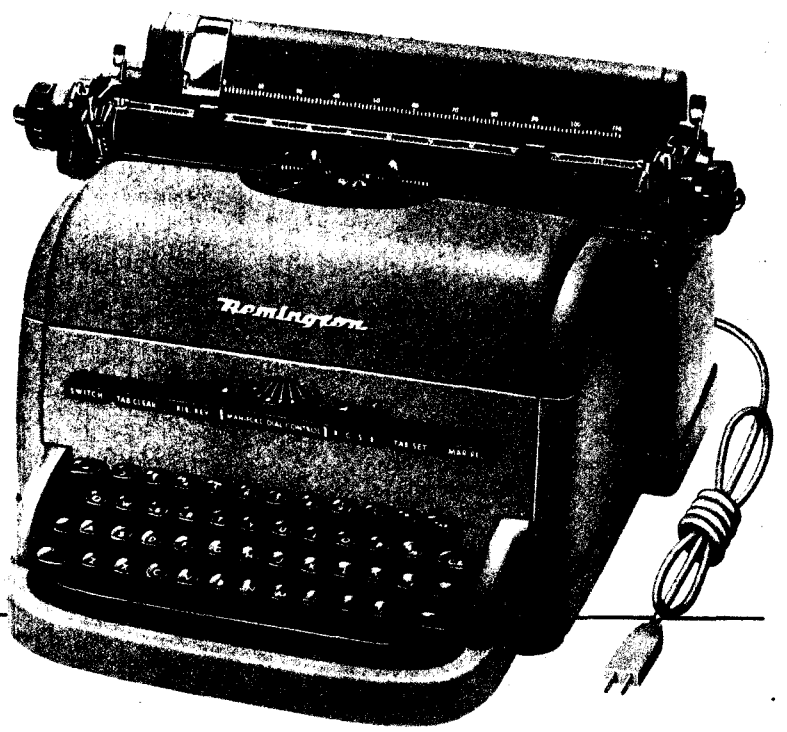
Latest in a series featuring Top Secretaries in American Business Firms . . . including, among others, Transamerica Corporation, General Petroleum Corporation, Matson Navigation Company, The Toni Co.

Top Secretary...

and thousands like her prefer the Remington *Electri-conomy*

Today essential industries realize that it takes peak output in the office to achieve peak production in the plant. That's why top secretaries like Northrop's Miss Decker go for the jet speed and effortless typing of the Electri-conomy -- those 20 clear carbons at a single typing -- this handsome "Executype" for letters of true distinction that will be signed with pride -- and that glorious "alive-at-five" feeling because electricity does the work!

Top Secretary VERNA C. DECKER
Secretary to Oliver P. Echols, Chairman of the Board and General Manager, Northrop Aircraft Inc., says: "'Jet-like' typing speed in the office helps produce our newest jet, 'Scorpion F 89' for the U. S. Air Force. That's why I find my Electri-conomy invaluable. Typing is so much *faster, easier.*"



Remington Rand INC.

THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argus 75 is the camera to buy!

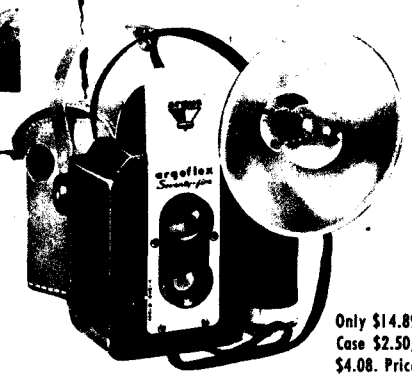
Here's the camera that gets more popular every day as the ideal gift...the perfect vacation companion. Argus 75 gives you superb shots...is amazingly simple to operate. And it's equally popular with *husbands*—"fine big prints for the family album"...*wives*—"wonderful pictures first time I used it"...*youngsters*—"my camp trip flash shots are really something."

All This For Only $14.89

- **Sparkling Color shots!** Every shade shows up naturally with a lens that's always in focus.
- **Excellent composition** due to brilliant, extra-large view finder with optical-glass lens and protective hood.
- **Double exposure prevention** because shutter release is geared to film wind ...red signal tells when to shoot.
- **Fine indoor shots** with built-in flash —doubles your enjoyment.

See Your Argus Dealer Today!

Twelve beautiful big prints like this from every roll of film.



argus
CAMERAS, INC. Ann Arbor, Michigan

Only $14.89 (incl. Tax) Case $2.50; Flash Unit $4.08. Prices subject to change without notice.

argus 75—combines simplicity . . . quality . . . economy

Arab music, a harmony of discord, intoxicating like strange wine. Confident his companion did not understand Arabic, he changed to a short-wave band.

A man's voice droned, "Patrols report your lights. Dim to confirm. Dim to confirm. Difficulty holding your speed. Please slow. Repeat—"

The Inspector dimmed his lights and slowed down. The desert on either side was black. He saw nothing, but was comforted, and switched to Radio Baghdad and the wailing music. When it ended, he picked up the police call again.

The same voice was saying urgently, "Brown sedan, three men, license Baghdad 468, passed Khadimain, proceeding after you high speed. Only car on road. Information delayed, repeat delayed. Brown sedan—"

"How it is beautiful, the desert," said Marie Grozny. "And so tranquil. I am not afraid now. I wish—"

"What, Marie?"

"Nothing," she murmured, and then added, "it was not the good thought."

"Are you sure?" He switched off the radio and slipped an arm around her shoulders. "Observe," he said, "the illusion of trees meeting over this treeless road. It is always so in the desert at night."

HIS arm explored and found her waist. She leaned against him, and strands of pale-gold hair, escaping from the scarf tied over her head, brushed his cheek. Her eyes closed.

Chafik, whose Moslem persuasion was unorthodox because he was content with one wife, tried to oppose the alchemy of the night with conscience. Then he thought: Ah, well, a man cannot win all his battles. He slowed the car and held the pliant young body ardently.

But Marie suddenly fought against him and he released her.

"Another car—" she said, looking back.

He had already seen its lights and since the road was rarely used at night, he was sure this was the pursuing brown sedan. He reached for the headlights switch to signal the escort.

"Marie—" he began urgently.

She knocked his hand down and moved away on the seat, fumbling in her handbag.

"I am a fool!" she gasped. "Almost I think— Drive, now! Quickly!"

A gun nudged Chafik's ribs. He saw her eyes, arctic blue, and the hard line of her once-soft mouth.

"Trust me," he said.

"Trust? You? I see who is in the car behind! The ones Haba has tell me to watch—police assassins!"

The gun nudged again and he tried not to think of the finger on the trigger. He accelerated—the engine under the hood of the small convertible had unexpected reserves—and they lost the sedan.

Inspector Chafik thought of the flanking truckloads of police, now outpaced; he had planned so carefully to keep danger to a minimum.

"This jeopardy is unnecessary," he said. "I assure you our pursuers are not police."

"Then who are they?"

"If I knew, I would not risk ourselves as bait." He held the car steady on the desert track and added, "This is not delicate, but what have you in the money belt under your clothes?"

"So that is why you put the arm around me!"

"Not entirely. I also had affectionate intentions."

"Policeman, as I have say before, you hiss like the snake!" The gun prodded. "But I will tell you what I have. The geological specimens from your oil fields! The fine new oil fields the Americans and the British exploit."

Inspector Chafik looked at the woman coldly. "From these specimens, your geologists would be able to make a diagnosis," he said. "On such a report might well hang decision for military action, invasion—"

"Yet you have try to convince me Haba is not the great man, the hero!"

"He compares favorably with Judas," Chafik said bitterly. "He knew, of course, we would search him at the frontier. Therefore he needed a courier—and what better one than a misguided child?"

"Misguided? Me? Invasion will liberate your people."

"I detest war, madame. And the poor man in his hovel would meet only one liberator—death. But let us return to Haba. You came to Baghdad on his instructions. The belt was secretly delivered. You were to return to Ankara and wait for him—"

"You know much."

"When did Haba warn you of the men who follow us?"

"He has telephone the day he die. He has describe them and has tell me to take care, because they are the police."

"Your first mission, madame?"

"I would die to make it success!"

"Undoubtedly. And that is why I must make you understand."

"I will not listen!"

"But you must," he said. "You see Yacub Haba had no dealings with the oil fields. He did not give you geological specimens, and our pursuers are not police."

Marie gasped and the pressure of the gun against Chafik's side relaxed. Instantly he guided the car into a rough patch of road and the jolt threw the woman off balance. The Inspector reached over and took the gun away.

"It made me uncomfortable," he said apologetically.

She threw herself on him, crying hysterically and using her nails. He warded her off; in the driving mirror he saw car lights top a rise.

"It would be well to leave me my eyes, madame. There is danger."

He pushed Marie away. They were on an embankment and the desert on either side was black and empty. The brown sedan was coming fast.

Inspector Chafik waited until it swerved to pass, then slammed on the brakes and got the door open.

He flung his arm around the woman and threw himself out of the car, taking her with him. They fell at the edge of the embankment and rolled down the side of it in a shower of gravel and sand.

The clatter of a machine gun came from the road. Bullets ripped through the empty car.

Three men ran along the embankment, flashing lights.

CHAFIK put his hand over Marie's mouth. When her stillness told him she had control of herself, he removed his hand. The men had scrambled down the slope some distance away and were combing the patches of camel's-thorn. There were occasional bursts of gunfire.

Chafik reached to his shoulder holster. He said, "If they get close, leave me. I will divert them."

The woman said in a wondering voice, "To save me?"

"A policeman has his duty. Besides, I—"

A stray bullet hit the embankment and Marie screamed. Chafik heard the men coming and pushed her clear.

"Go! Go!" he said.

He turned, and was blinded for a moment as a brilliant star exploded in the sky, then fell slowly, illuminating the desert. A truck, swaying drunkenly on huge balloon tires, roared out of the darkness and disgorged armed police. A second truck halted near the embankment and directed machine-gun fire in the glare of the magnesium flare.

The shooting stopped before the flare went out, and the voice of Sergeant Abdullah was heard, calling, "Sir? You live, sir?"

"I do not need the services of corpse-washers, Abdullah."

The sergeant ran up and embraced his superior affectionately. "God be praised!" he exclaimed.

"At all times," Chafik said as he fum-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bled for a cigarette. "We have them?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Three. All with criminal records, and known to us. One man is dead and the two living already blame him for killing Haba."

"They may comfort their souls with confession at a later date."

"Yes, sir." The sergeant looked around. "I do not see the woman, sir."

"I sent her away."

"But she is a spy."

MARIE GROZNY came out of the darkness. Her face was pale and she looked very fragile, very childlike. She was carrying a broad canvas belt.

She said bitterly to Chafik, "It is the way you say, I am stupid. This Haba was the Judas to all of us. I think I have carry secrets of your oil fields, but this is what he has give to me."

Marie opened her hand; three large and beautiful pearls nestled in her palm. "I find them in the belt," she explained.

The Inspector avoided her tragic eyes and took the belt. With a knife borrowed from Abdullah, he slit the other pockets. There were more pearls, also some fine rubies.

"So the pattern is complete," he said. "We knew Haba had recent dealings with a Persian Gulf trading dhow. The Gulf is a treasure house, and its treasures are exported only under license; therefore the captain of the dhow was used to smuggle these gems into Iraq. Haba had a plan for the more dangerous journey to the outer world."

Chafik looked at Marie. "What safer courier than one who believed she was on a mission, was ready to die for it?"

"And I have say this man, this crook—" She shook her head with disgust. "But you did not believe he was my lover?" she asked anxiously.

"A rose, madame, does not embrace a slug."

She blushed and looked away. "I have carry jewels—me—"

"You do not like jewels? They are pretty."

"Men have kill for them."

"Alas, yes, pretty but deadly," Chafik agreed. "Quite deadly to Yacub Haba. His plan became known. Others as lawless as himself demanded a share, or decided to rob him. Sergeant Abdullah will find out the truth. Haba knew his danger," the Inspector continued. "You would have refused to co-operate if he had told you the truth; therefore he made up the story that these men were police agents."

The woman said, "I thought he had been questioned."

"People do not generally die in police hands on this side of the Iron Curtain." Chafik's expression softened, and he added, "Aren't you beginning to learn that?"

She lowered her eyes. "It is difficult to comprehend. Out there in the desert when they have shoot, you have push me away, you have shield me. Me!" she repeated.

"A policeman's duty." Chafik dismissed it casually. "I regret I had to use you," he added, "but there was no other way."

"Obviously that, too, was the policeman's duty."

The Inspector's lean, dark face lighted up. "Ah, you do not use the word with loathing now," he said happily. "Perhaps you will think kindly of me behind your Iron Curtain."

"You send me back?" Her tone was bewildered.

"There is still time to meet the train at Samarra."

"But," the woman said, "you know—you know what I am."

"A marked agent," Inspector Chafik said, "has no further value. Your first mission, and your last." He sighed, knowing what she would return to.

He saw that she knew, too. "No," Marie Grozny said. "I cannot."

"You mean you don't want to go back?" the Inspector asked.

She nodded. "I cannot."

"Madame, that means jail!"

"Prison, yes. But if I go back—" She hesitated.

"Fear," Chafik said harshly. "Can you think of nothing but fear?"

Her dark-blue eyes were angry and confused. "Fear of pain? The physical fear? No, Policeman! But I have doubt about—I do not know—I do not know anything."

And Marie Grozny added with childish simplicity, "In prison, perhaps, the mind will have time to think."

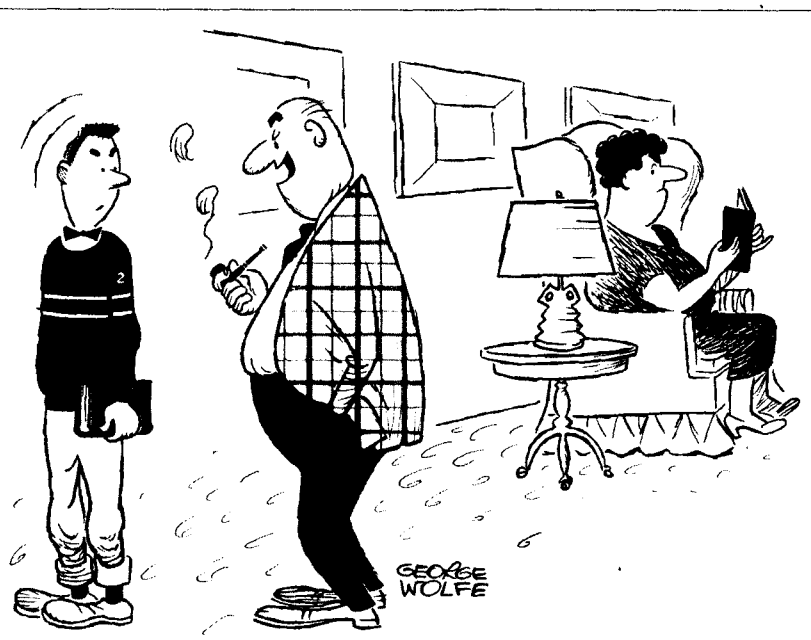
HE DROVE her to Baghdad. At headquarters he formally charged her. Then he took her to the women's jail at the back of Faisal Square.

The inevitable cigarette was between his fingers as he watched the escort march the woman through the gates. She was holding his bouquet, the violets he had given her at the hotel, which she had somehow salvaged. Suddenly she turned and raised the flowers for him to see.

"Please," she said urgently. "These were the trick to make me go with you? Or have you give them—?"

He shook his head slowly. "It is spring, even for a policeman, Marie. Violets for a lady."

He smiled and curved his hand to his forehead in a half salute and half salaam, as the heavy gates closed behind Marie Grozny. THE END



COLLIER'S "Your mother just told me you've been whistling at girls on the street. Any luck?" GEORGE WOLFE

Display your Good Taste proudly

Knowing hosts serve Park & Tilford *Reserve* proudly . . . and knowing guests appreciate the compliment. Wherever a premium is placed on quality, there Park & Tilford *Reserve* receives a warm welcome.

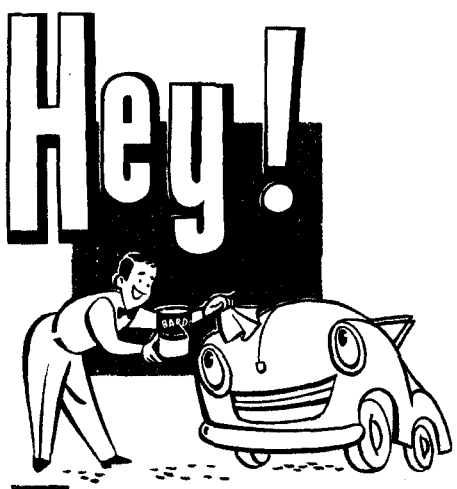
PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

– the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!

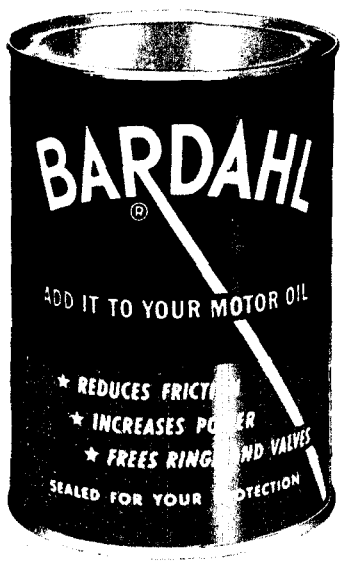
The Premium Whiskey at a Popular Price!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS •

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

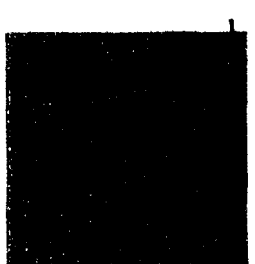


Pamper that new car, Mister!



add BARDAHL to your motor oil!

With BARDAHL added to the crankcase, new engines run smoother . . . show more pep . . . last longer. Lubrication is held in place during "cold starts" and a thin, protective film shields all moving parts. Give your new car the benefit of BARDAHL—enjoy extra years of driving pleasure!



Get a quart of BARDAHL TODAY!

Available at better gas stations, new car dealers and garages everywhere.

HANDY FREE BOOKLET!

"51 Ways To Make Your Car Last Longer" Proven Tips From Automotive Experts

Write to: Dept. Col-2

Bardahl Mfg. Corp. Seattle, Wash. or Bardahl Oil Co. St. Louis, Mo.

Golden Holden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Even Bill's boyhood followed the pattern set by the neighbors' kids everywhere. As William Beedle (his real name), he played the clarinet in the Madison Avenue Grammar School orchestra, sang in the Oneonta Congregational Church choir and picked up pocket money betting he could jump a certain spiked fence. His mother—a former schoolteacher—looked out the window one day and saw him coming down the street on his motorcycle; he was standing in the saddle, both hands aloft. She didn't dare scream at him, but had to wait until the exhibition was over before collaring him and reading him a maternal riot act. Bill insisted there was nothing to it.

"If that's so," she demanded, "why were the boys betting with you?"

"They didn't think I could do it."

"Doesn't that prove it's dangerous?"

"No. They just never tried it."

"But why don't they try it, if it's not dangerous?"

"Because I won't let 'em. It's my motorcycle, ain't it?"

Mothers have been losing arguments like that for years. Bill's mother keeps another souvenir of his boyhood. It is a note she found awaiting her when she and her husband returned from visiting her family in Minnesota in 1932. Bill was fourteen then, and the writer of the note, his brother Bob, was not quite eleven. Here it is, verbatim:

Bill has done the following while you was away. He:

1. Smoked (got sick inhaling)

2. Swore (used Lord name in vain)

3. Drove fast (wouldn't let anyone tell him)

4. Bossed (like only one in world)

5. Dishes (said for me to set, remove, stack, wash and put away)

Bible. Right hand.

Bob Beedle

Mrs. Beedle keeps that note, with the drawing of the Bible in its lower left-hand corner, safely stored away—and not merely for Bill's sake. Ensign Robert Beedle, USN, a fighter pilot on the carrier Bunker Hill, was killed in combat over Kavieng, New Ireland, on January 4, 1944.

Bill was only nineteen when Hollywood discovered him in its own back yard. He was about to graduate from junior college and his father, an alumnus of McKendree College, Illinois, was trying to persuade him to major in chemistry so that in time Bill could succeed him as head of the George W. Gooch Laboratories, one of the West Coast's largest analytical and industrial chemistry labs.

Bill wasn't enthusiastic about it. As a stripling, he had spent two months of every summer vacation helping out at the lab. Most of the time he was taking core samples of fertilizers—tankage, guano and dried blood. This pungent employment may have had something to do with his relative shyness as an undergraduate: he had few dates, disliked dances and hated to be photographed. (He never showed up for his graduation exercises or class pictures.)

A course in radio dramatics had interested him more and it was through this that he was asked to play a small part—that of the eighty-year-old father of Madame Curie—in the Playbox Theater, the experimental workshop of the Pasadena Playhouse. It was his first appearance on any stage since he had played a juvenile Rip van Winkle in grade school. He was bearded and bewigged, but somehow—and to this day he cannot explain it—a Paramount talent scout, Milt Lewis, went backstage and invited him to call at the studio the next day at three. Bill said he couldn't make it; he was taking a final exam next day. Lewis generously agreed to make it the day after.

When Bill showed up for his audition, the other talent specialists told him to do a scene for them. The only scenes Bill knew were from the play, so he went into the eighty-year-old Papa Curie routine—bent back, quaver and all. He didn't get very far with it. They quickly explained that an eighty-year-old leading man wasn't what they had in mind. "Just tell a story, anything—just act a little," one of them said. Bill stood there helpless, then started to laugh. "I can't act," he said. "Lemme out of here." But the damage had been done the minute he laughed. He didn't know it, but his association with Smilin' Jim had begun.

"But what burns me up is, I'm paying $12.50 a month on my wife's automatic dishwasher!"

COLLIER'S — HAL ANDERSON

Paramount gave him the screen test and changed his name from Beedle to Holden, but it was Columbia that gave him his first picture. Columbia had been on the prowl for a bright newcomer to play the violinist-prize fighter in Golden Boy. The search may have started as a publicity stunt, but it had gone too far to be ended, anticlimactically, with the signing of an established player. More than 5,000 potential Golden Boys had been interviewed, almost 100 had been screen-tested. When Columbia saw Bill's test, the hunt was over. Paramount agreed to split his contract with Columbia. He became a leading man—at $50 a week.

Golden Boy was a rough beginning. Bill had to spend an hour and a half daily learning how to bow and finger a violin; another hour and a half a day went for boxing lessons from the fighter, Cannonball Green. A voice coach moved in with him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. He had to be at the studio at eight each morning to have his hair curled. After a day's shooting, his lessons and a few interviews on How It Feels to Be a Male Cinderella, he would try to memorize his lines for the next day.

Bill was ready to call it quits at the end of the first week and the studio was thinking the same way. He credits his leading lady, Barbara Stanwyck, with saving his neck and his sanity. Trouper Stanwyck persuaded the higher-ups to call off the interviews and close the set to visitors. She worked with him on his lines and scenes, taught him stagecraft and timing, pulled her own dramatic punches to make his look better. "Don't tell me about movie people being a jealous, self-centered, back-stabbing bunch," Bill says. "Anything I know about acting I've learned from other actors."

Bill is a better actor than most people realize. Phil Scheuer, who calls the movie shots for the Los Angeles Times, drew a fairly fine sight on him in a recent column when he wrote that Holden plays "the sort of chap in whom audiences repose a natural confidence and who (because he never calls attention to himself by playing it badly) is forgotten almost as soon as they have left the theater."

But, although audiences may dismiss him lightly, the same is not true of the men who make his pictures. John Farrow, who directed Submarine Command, calls him one of the most "competent, sensitive and skillful men in the business." Billy Wilder, who made Sunset Boulevard, gives Holden much credit for the picture's success. Says Wilder: "He was the one sane note in a crazy picture. Had he been guilty of a wrong gesture, a wrong look, a wrong intonation—I shudder to think! We'd have been laughed right out of the theater!"

Bill was thirty-three years old on April 17th. Except for his four-year hitch with the Army, mostly with the Air Force Training Command, his adult life has been entirely taken up by the movies and by movie people. He is married to an actress, the former Brenda Marshall. His best friends are other actors—Reagan, Donlevy, Richard Carlson. His evenings and his few off-days are almost entirely claimed by his work as vice-president of the Screen Actors' Guild and as guild delegate to the Hollywood Co-ordinating Committee and the Motion Picture Industry Council. It doesn't leave him much time for night-clubbing or posing around the pools of Palm Springs.

The Holdens live in a good, stout house on a neat suburban street in the San Fernando Valley. They own the vacant lot next door and plan eventually to put a swimming pool on it, but that will have to wait until the youngsters get a bit older. There are three of them: Virginia, thirteen, who is Mrs. Holden's daughter by a former marriage (to actor-director Richard Gaines), and their two sons, Peter Westfield, seven, and Scott Porter, five. Virginia goes to the Westlake School for Girls (Shirley Temple's alma mater) and is constantly trying to decide whether to be a ballerina, a concert pianist or an actress. West and Scott have simpler plans: they both intend to grow up to be Hopalong Cassidy.

Bill was having dinner one night recently

Next Week

How to Catch the King of Fresh-Water Fish

Accustomed as I Am to Public Speaking...
By VICE-PRESIDENT ALBEN W. BARKLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Housework can be fun!

with your radio tuned to ABC

Listen, ladies: tune your radios to your local ABC station—and leave 'em tuned! Every weekday morning, you'll hear music, news, comedy, drama, inspiration. *You'll have FUN!* For example, you'll love Johnny Olsen's hilarious *Luncheon Club* (left) at noon—sponsor: Philip Morris. Every day is Ladies' Day on ABC!

Start the day right—listen to Walter Kiernan's *One Man's Opinion* on ABC. 8:55 a.m. (Philip Morris)

Fun and frolic for a full hour with Don McNeill on *The Breakfast Club.* 9 a.m. (Swift, Philco)

Time flies—housework too—when you listen to *My True Story* at 10. (Sterling Drug)

Helpful hints on *The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air!* 10:25 a.m. (General Mills)

Poignant, heart-warming stories on *Modern Romances.* 10:45 a.m. (Philip Morris)

Lose weight; save money! Hear diet expert *Victor H. Lindlahr* every weekday on ABC, 11 a.m. (Serutan)

Real people face the problems of everyday life on *David Amity.* 11:15 a.m. (Camay-Oxydol-Dreft)

Quick on the comeback! He's quizmaster Bill Cullen on *Quick as a Flash!* 11:30 a.m. on ABC. (Amm-i-dent)

Dick Haymes! Hear Dick sing for five romantic minutes! 11:55 a.m. (Ivory Soap)

NEWS! First, listen to Edwin C. Hill and his famous *Human Side of the News.* 12:15 p.m. Then stay tuned for *Headlines in the News* with Don Gardiner at 12:20. (Serutan)

All programs are broadcast every Monday through Friday. Times listed are Eastern Daylight Saving. Elsewhere, consult your local newspaper.

ABC RADIO

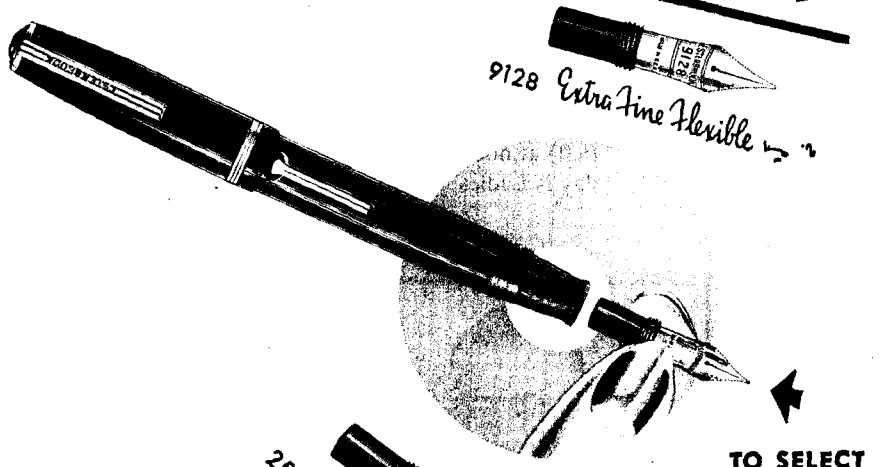
American Broadcasting Company

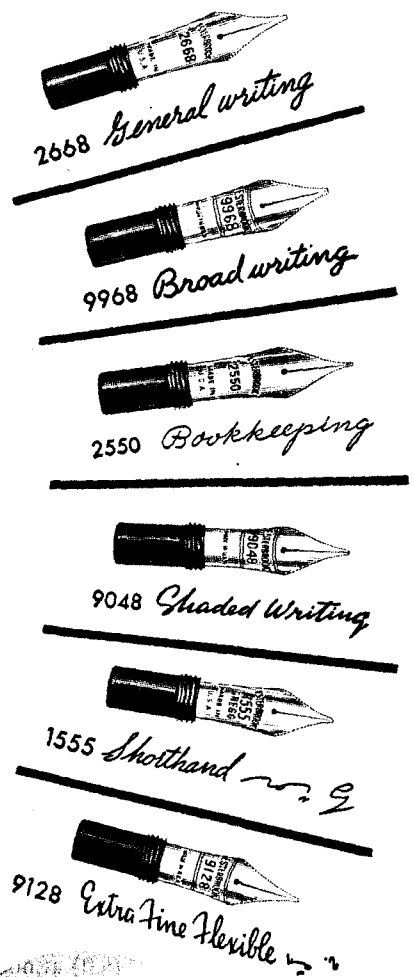
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose

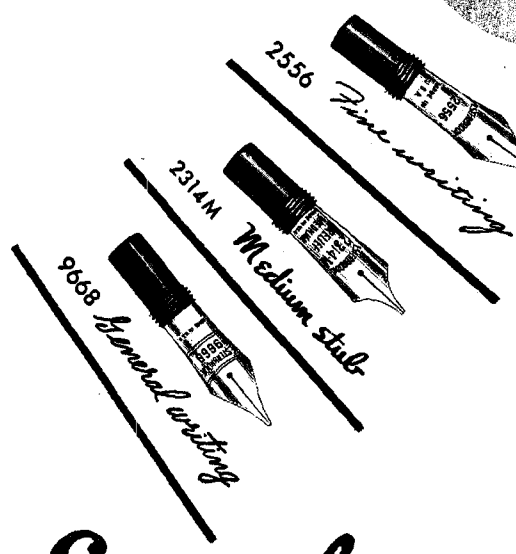
THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

Now you *can* have a fountain pen that matches your writing exactly. From the world's largest variety of point styles, select the point made *especially* for your type of writing. When you screw this personal point into the barrel, your Esterbrook becomes the *most personal* fountain pen in the world.





TO SELECT OR REPLACE ...HERE'S ALL YOU DO



All Esterbrook Renew-Points are instantly interchangeable and renewable. Should you ever damage your point, simply unscrew the old point and screw in a new one. All pen counters sell Esterbrook Renew-Points.

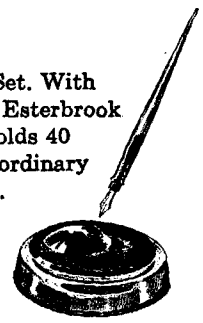
Esterbrook® FOUNTAIN PEN

BY AMERICA'S FIRST PEN MAKER

Copyright 1951, The Esterbrook Pen Company

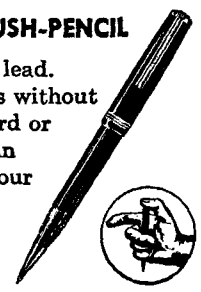
FOR YOUR DESK

Model 444 Desk Pen Set. With your choice of famous Esterbrook Renew-Points. Base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen desk sets. Fill it once, write for months.



ESTERBROOK PUSH-PENCIL

Holds two feet of lead. Writes for months without reloading. Standard or thin lead models in colors to match your Esterbrook Pen.



when he became aware of Scott scrutinizing him from the doorway. Finally the lad shook his head. "Nope," he said, "Hoppy's still better." And Bill knew he had been tried in the balance and found wanting. It was discouraging, too, in view of Holden's hours of practice before a mirror, perfecting his gunplay for Western roles. Bill's not bad at the draw, but he is no match for Gary Cooper—not to mention Hopalong. Coop is reputed to be the fastest gun-slinger in filmdom and is supposed to be able to draw and fire within three frames of film. That is less than one quarter of a second.

Holden has reason to be glad he isn't too fast on the trigger. As an Air Force lieutenant during the war, he roomed a while at Fort Worth, Texas, with Captain Hank Greenberg, the baseball player. There had been a number of robberies in the neighborhood (they lived off the post) and Bill had taken to sleeping with his .45 under his pillow. One night, with Hank away on a week-end pass, Bill was awakened by a stealthy tread on the landing. He reached for the gun and had it trained when the door quietly opened. Just in time Greenberg whispered, "Are you awake?" Bill slipped the gun back under his pillow and never told Hank how close he had come to retiring from baseball.

Stunt Men Refused His Offer

Bill had not done much riding before he got into pictures—except on motorcycles. Now he is one of the top horsemen in the movie colony, able to do a crupper mount with the best of them. He once overheard two new stunt men talking about the soft life of the nonriding Western heroes. Without a word, he took off at a dead run for a nearby horse, vaulted onto its back and had both guns drawn and blazing when he hit the saddle. Then he rode over and asked the stunt men if they'd care to try it. They didn't.

Bill credits his father for his stunting ability. Mr. Beedle encouraged him to take gymnastics at school, but forbade him to play football, basketball or any other competitive sport. "A man should learn to handle himself, but he shouldn't risk an injury because of some fool who never learned," his father told him. Bill disobeyed once. He entered a Golden Gloves boxing tournament and was knocked cold in his first bout. He did better as Golden Boy.

The Holdens manage to keep pretty much out of the Hollywood limelight. Bill met his wife when she was working at Warners. She was earning $750 a week then and he was scraping along on $150. Since he insisted on paying the checks and refused even to go Dutch, most of their early dates consisted of dinner at a drive-in and a late movie. They were married in Las Vegas in 1941 and in April of the following year Bill enlisted in the Army.

Soon after his discharge and his return to pictures and domesticity, the fan magazines hit upon the hearts-and-flowers treatment in dealing with the Holdens. One month the feature article would be titled My Dear Husband, by Brenda Marshall; the next it would be My Kids and I, by Bill; and one little dilly emerged called The House They Love In, with a rich, purple-prose line about "the house that love built, room by lovely room and hour by remembered hour."

Bill gagged on that one and draped an Iron Curtain about his home life. "No more stories about us happy Holdens," he warned the publicity department, "no more pictures of my wife and me smiling into a skillet." Two days later a fan-magazine editor was on his phone and neck, demanding a reversal of this "non-co-operative attitude." Bill refused. "Very well then," said the editor. "In our next issue we will leave two pages blank except for the note that William Holden refused to pose or let his family pose for the pictures which were to have gone here."

"Fine," was Bill's reply. "You do that and let me know what I owe you for it."

The Holdens' happy home life is occasionally subject to sudden fractures. Bill will stomp in, glare at all the smiling faces and announce he has had enough of domesticity and bills, of children and bills, of interior decorators and bills, and is off to go fruit-picking. Mrs. Holden is at a loss to understand why these explosions always involve a fruit-picking excursion, but she bears them tolerantly. Holden then will pick up Carlson or Reagan, and they will drive to the fruit-picking country, lie in the sun contemplating all the fruit they have no intention of picking, and return to their homes in fine fettle.

These parties can result in utter confusion, even when the fruit pickers get no farther than the inside of somebody's house.

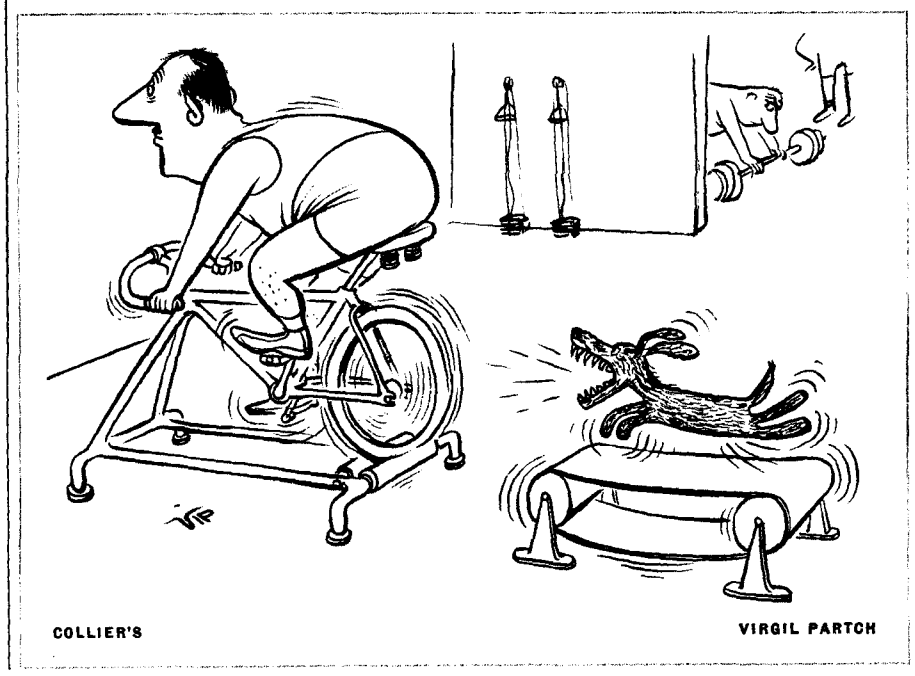
One midnight recently, Carlson arrived at the Holden home with Dana Andrews, who also was in a fruit-picking mood. The three men adjourned to the kitchen and talked so late that Mrs. Holden felt she should phone Mrs. Carlson and advise her where her wandering husband was. This duty done, she went back to sleep.

An hour or three later, Carlson decided it was time they let Bill go to bed; Andrews, with equal chivalry, insisted on seeing Carlson home. Not long after that, Mrs. Holden's phone rang. At the other end was Mona Carlson, who knew only that her husband and Holden had been visiting together.

"Just didn't want you to worry," she said sleepily. "I can hear Bill in *our* kitchen now." Mrs. Holden's heart skipped a beat. "If he is," she whispered, "there's a strange man sleeping in my bedroom."

But there wasn't. Bill was at home, all right. Mrs. Carlson just hadn't known about Andrews being in on the party. And, the chances are, neither had Mrs. Andrews.

THE END



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

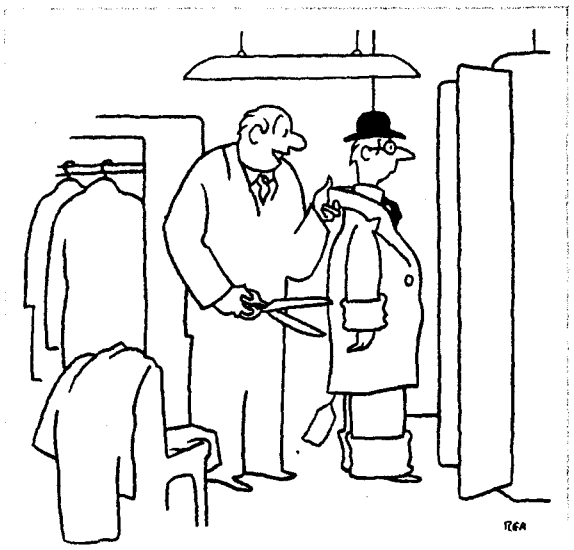
Big Business Must Help Our Colleges

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

be the ability to pay rather than the ability to learn?

Higher education, like government, now costs billions of dollars instead of millions. The current cost is estimated at $2,500,000,000 a year. Experts on the subject predict that the annual cost will be $3,500,000,000 within the next 10 years. Annual costs per student for tuition, room and board—and not including extras—were estimated at $350 twenty years ago. Now they are estimated at approximately $1,400, and are constantly increasing.

Teachers are underpaid, and more money must be available for salaries if teaching standards are to be kept at past levels. Building and maintenance costs are steadily climbing. Wages of all forms of unskilled labor have risen sharply. Our colleges, universities and technological institutions throughout the country need, it is estimated, nearly $3,000,000,000 for the construction of new buildings and equipment. Materials have gone up 120 per cent in 10 years, and construction costs have more than doubled since 1940.



"You see, we can *afford* to price them low. We make our money in the alterations"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Higher education is, in a sense, big-scale business. It has some of the same responsibilities and problems. Business in the postwar years has undergone an enormous expansion. Output has been dramatically increased. Working capital has been expanded. Employment has also increased, with higher wages. Tens of billions of dollars have been invested in the expansion of productive facilities.

Preview of Next Two Decades

It is estimated that the population increase of the forties, if maintained during the fifties, will mean 30,000,000 more people by 1960. This means more of everything if we are to maintain our present standard of living. And if we are to advance our standard of living—not merely maintain it—we must produce at an even greater rate and superimpose more upon more of everything. Nor is there any reason why we should not do so.

All this demands a corresponding increase in our educational facilities, especially in the higher field, unless we want to lower our educational standards.

We must make a more intensive effort to secure new and more fundamental knowledge; here again we have the analogy of the mine. The deeper we go, the greater the cost is likely to be. The more fundamental knowledge we seek, the more costly it becomes. Business has been able to strengthen itself in the highly profitable postwar years by retaining a large part of its expanded earnings for development purposes. Education has had no such opportunity. Yet our colleges and universities need new and modern facilities, more working capital and more revenue to meet the added cost of everything—if they are to maintain their position and discharge their obligation as a potent and aggressive force in our society.

Is there legal justification for corporate financial support of our educational institutions? In the past, when projects for potential financing have been presented to boards of directors, I have often heard members of these boards express complete sympathy as to the desirability and soundness of the project. At the same time, the project has frequently been voted against because the directors believed that to contribute to the project was not within the purposes of the corporation and hence beyond the power of the corporation's directors. This is a vital question.

Recently, I had the chance to examine a very comprehensive historical record of the legal phases of corporate giving, extending back over many years. I was gratified —as well as greatly surprised —to find that in practically all of the relatively few cases that had come before the courts on this issue there was strong judicial support for corporate giving. In some the courts had sanctioned the action of directors in making a grant which even, in my opinion, appeared far removed from the purposes of the corporation. After examining this record I wondered whether there was not more fear than substance in the viewpoint held by many who oppose my thesis.

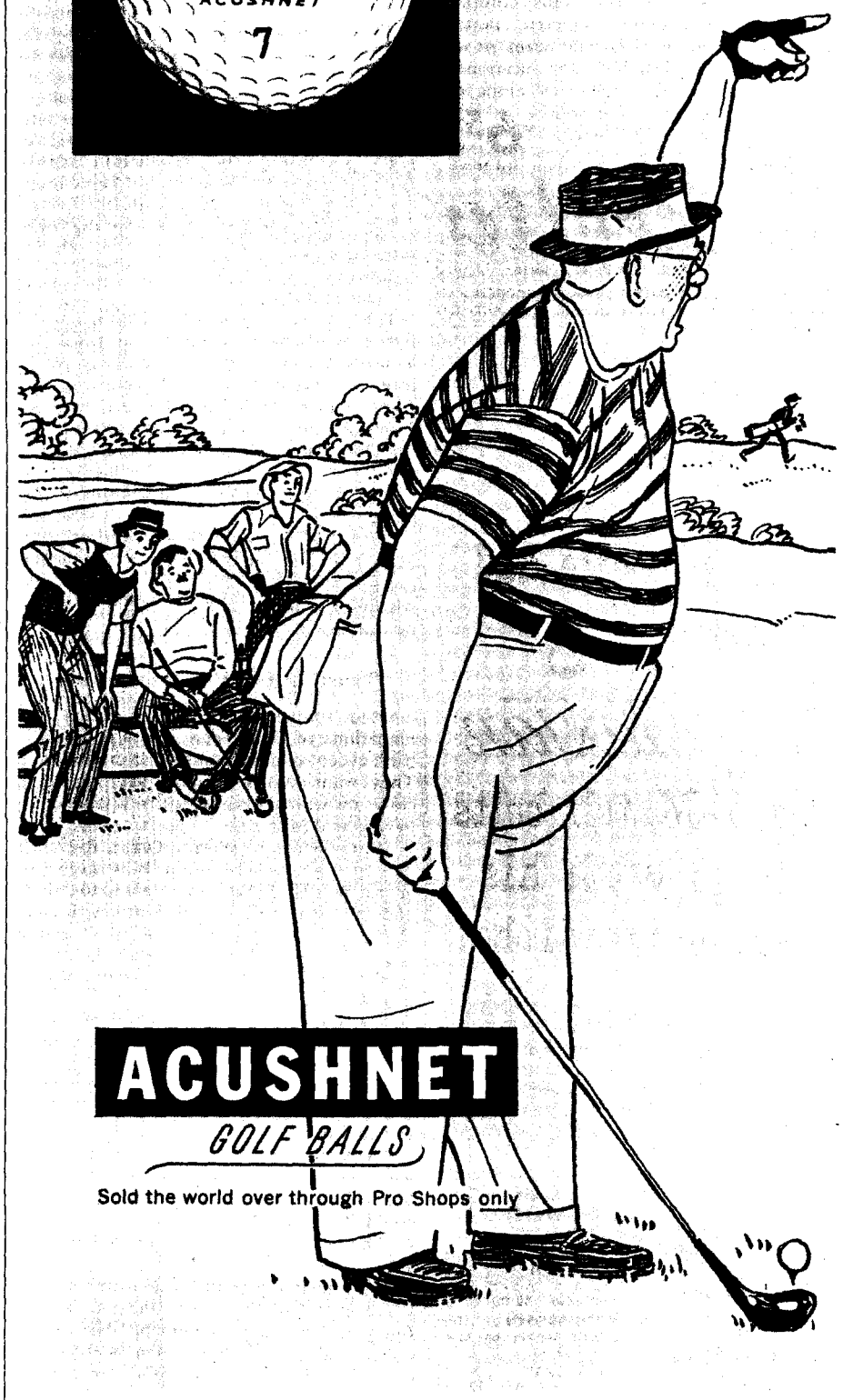
The matter of corporate giving to educational institutions was recently given impetus by the New York State legislature when it amended its general corporation law. This permits corporations not only to co-operate with others, but, on their own responsibility, to support educational, scientific and charitable organizations engaged in activities conducive to the betterment of social and economic conditions. Under this authority, corporation directors may appropriate for such purposes such reasonable sums as they may see fit according to their business judgment.

It seems to me some such provision might well serve as a model for other states, and in fact some other states have taken parallel action. Laws of this type, properly framed, would go a long way toward removing the present reluctance of corporation directors to help finance our educational institutions because of fear of the responsibility they carry in acting as trustees for others. However, no matter how liberal the statutory provisions may be, corporations organized prior to such enactment may be limited in their authority to take full advantage of same.

Our corporations spend many millions to provide medical and welfare benefits for their employees. They have just as much responsibility, I believe, to contribute to the common cause of higher education. In the long view, these donations would contribute to the advance of our living standards, and to the strengthening of our national security, and that affects the lives of all Americans. THE END

X-ray? . . . yes, not one, not two, but six different x-ray tests are given every Titleist before it leaves our plant. That's why each is perfect in balance.

No Wonder Titleist is called "the Professional's Ball." No wonder more Pros have used it in the Big Money Tournaments, year in and year out, than any other ball.



ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS
Sold the world over through Pro Shops only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DELTA
POWER-KING
12-VOLT ELECTRIC LANTERN

Yes, it's true. This compact, lightweight electric lantern throws a 1/4-mile beam! At last, the ideal light for vacationers! Be sure to take one along this year. See it at your dealer's. It's only.. $6.50 less batteries

POWERlite
Two lenses. Six volts . . . $4.95

REDDYlite
360° swivel. Six volts . . . $3.50

Delta
ELECTRIC COMPANY, Marion, Indiana
ORIGINATORS AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS & ELECTRICAL BICYCLE EQUIPMENT

give dad
3
TexTan
Color-Match belts
to go with his
3-color wardrobe!

a. WITH BLUE . . . Embossed alligator. Deep red-brown. $2.00
b. WITH BROWN . . . Tan brindle-pigskin on cowhide. $3.50.
c. WITH GRAY . . . Nylon mesh, navy blue. $2.50

TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

What Soldiers Believe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

headquarters at Fort Sam—is a four-leaf clover. That stands not for fate, not for inexorable Kismet, but for a volatile, capricious thing called luck. A good many soldiers prefer to believe in just that. They prefer the wheel of luck to the scythe of destiny. Take Bill Vail, for example—

First Lieutenant William H. Vail, Fifth Cavalry Division, was caught in one of those early infiltrations in Korea last July 31st. He went to the top of a hill and, strangely (he still can't understand it), he heard no shots but saw his buddies falling all around him. His company commander got hit. Bill found himself in command, but only for 10 minutes. He knelt to give a soldier morphine and a moment later (he still heard no shots) he was spinning around with a bullet in his right arm.

People say to Bill, "God was good to you. You got by with a wounded arm."

But Bill says, "Baloney. What about my buddies who were better than me, and yet were killed? It wasn't God at all. Sure, I believe in God, but I don't think He's wasting His time looking out for me personally. If God was good to me to get me out—well, He got me in in the first place! No, sir. Don't put it on God. It was just luck."

Fliers traditionally are superstitious. They wear lucky boots. They carry charms up with them. They make magic signs at take-off.

"The hell you say. I'm not superstitious," a pilot at Randolph insisted. He held out his hand. "See this ring? Three times I've gone up without it, and each time I crashed. But that was just coincidence—I know that. The ring had nothing to do with it."

"Do you ever go up without the ring now?" I asked.

"Not if I can help it," he replied.

Your witness.

I met a flight surgeon at Randolph who, during World War II, was himself regarded as a lucky charm. He flew 46 missions in Italy, not because he had to, but just because bomber crews got the idea he was good luck and begged him to come along. "If Doc comes along, we're safe," they'd say.

"Anything to it?" I asked the flight surgeon.

"Just this," he said. "I don't believe that anyone, or any supreme power, is looking out for my destiny. It's just pure blind luck whether a plane gets hit. I just happened to be running in a lucky streak."

Trusting the Power of Faith

Other soldiers reach out for deeper explanations of the cosmic mysteries. They can't accept either blind fate or dumb luck. They want to get into the act. So they come up with the *power of believing*. Believing makes it so.

Master Sergeant Warren Orr, a B-29 radio operator, served on a B-24 crew in World War II. Eight crews trained together and flew over to Europe in eight new B-24s. Only Orr's plane, the "Penelope," came back. All the others were shot down or crashed. Some of their crews wound up as casualties or P.W.s.

"But our crew—we got only scratches," Orr told me. "And I mean scratches. Our bombardier got hit by a burst from a .20-mm. and it just nicked his face, no worse than you'd get from shaving. Every one of us came back.

"Why did we come back? I'll tell you why—because we *believed* we'd come back. We believed it had to be that way. It couldn't be any other way."

"Did you believe in anything else?" I asked.

"You mean the good Lord?" Orr replied. "Sure, everybody believes in the good Lord. But you don't suppose God put His finger down and said, 'These men will come through.' Naw, He had more important things to do. We came back because we ourselves—in our hearts—*believed* we would."

Private First Class Clovis Bevill also had that strong, unshakable belief. When his outfit moved into Korea he knew he'd come back. Even on August 15th, when his platoon was pinned down trying to take a hill along the Naktong River, Bevill knew he'd come back.

"I just made one mistake," the twenty-four-year-old farm lad told me. "I believed I'd come home, yes. But I wish I'd believed I'd come home *good*." "Good" was his way of putting it. For he spoke to me from a wheel chair in the paraplegic ward at Brooke. A Red machine-gun bullet had hit him in the back, torn up some of the spinal nerve tracks.

"It's all in what you *believe* will happen," Bevill went on. "We had a sergeant who believed the wrong way. He told the fellows in the squad what they could have of his possessions if he got killed. He gave me his watch and said, 'You can have yours right now.' He was killed a day and a half later."

Bevill held out his arm, with the sergeant's watch on it, and silently watched it tick for a few seconds.

All of these soldiers, whether they believe in fate, luck or the power of believing, also believed in God. But here were the question marks: Does God look after each one of us individually? Does He author our fate from moment to moment instead of having it all written out in advance? Does He control our luck? Does He respond to our believing?

"Yes, God's in the thick of it right with us," argued Lieutenant Colonel William F. Kernan, Headquarters Commandant at Fort Sam. Kernan went all through World War II with nothing more than a nicked finger. "It *must* be God," he insisted. "Men were killed beside me, in front of me, all around me—and me with just this." He held up the finger.

"Once I heard a shell coming," he continued. "They say you don't hear the close ones, but you sure do. I dropped on the ground. I was still fully exposed. It hit so close you'd think there wasn't a chance, but I wasn't touched. I got up and saw that another man—in a foxhole, well protected—was killed by it. Now what do you make of that?"

Colonel Kernan looked up with cool, serious eyes and answered his own question: "God must decide these things."

God must decide . . .

Body Riddled with Shrapnel

That's how Private First Class James Seybold felt when he was hit October 5th above Inchon. A piece of shrapnel went clean through him. Another piece lodged in his spine. His thoughts as he passed into the shimmery gloom of unconsciousness were, "If the good Lord wants me, He'll take me."

The next he knew, he was on a hospital ship and somebody said, "You'll live."

Seybold answered, "That's fine," and lapsed back into coma.

He underwent five operations in Japan but never once had the slightest doubt that he'd come through. In his heart was the feeling, "God had His chance if He wanted

"Mr. Carruthers has a terrific sense of humor. I asked him as a joke to buy me a diamond clip, and he did"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give gifts of good sense

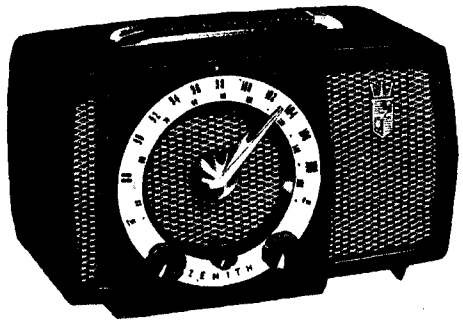
IN TIMES LIKE THESE

Zenith Quality

Radios

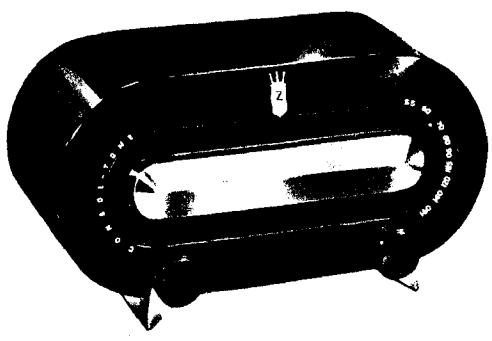
New Zenith Clock-Radio

A superb-toned radio that says "good night" and "good morning" with music, automatically. Also operates coffee maker, bed lamp, heating pad, electric fan! Tells time even in dark. Ebony, Ivory or Walnut plastic cabinet.



New Zenith "Super-Triumph" Table Radio

A beautiful, powerful performer with Super-Sensitive FM and Long-Distance® AM reception. Exceptional tone quality. "Flexo-Grip" handle for easy carrying. Walnut plastic cabinet.



New Zenith "Tournament" AC-DC Table Radio

Outside—the most beautiful modern table radio in Zenith history. Inside—scientifically engineered to turn all its power into glorious big tone quality and volume. Black, White or Swirl Walnut plastic.

Never have gifts bearing the Zenith® name been more exciting—more welcome than they are today. Never has Zenith Quality been more in demand. For the wise giver knows that quality such as this may not be replaceable for years!

Examine these brilliant gifts! Compare the quality—quality you know has been proved for more than 30 years. Superb, advanced engineering—to serve well with less service. Costlier parts and materials for enduring excellence. Exclusive features found in no other make regardless of price—yet—every one priced to pleasantly surprise you.

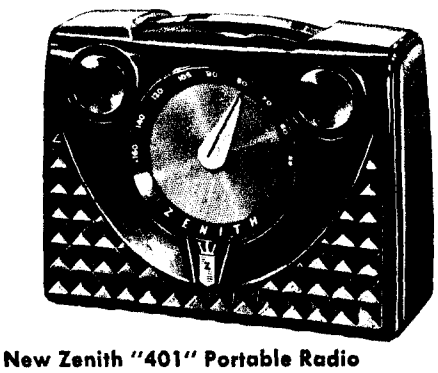
For weddings, birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, Mother's and Father's Day, gifts for loved ones in the armed forces—there is no better way to show good taste *and* good sense, than by giving a Zenith.

Radio-Phonographs

New Zenith Table Radio-Phonograph

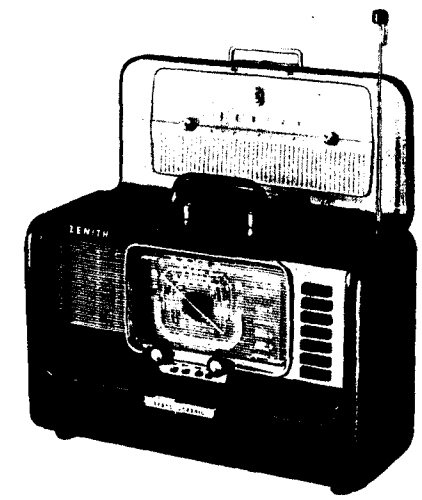
Features famous Cobra-Matic Record-Player with Pitch and Tempo Control. Plays *all* record speeds from 10 to 85, including the coming 16 R.P.M. Simplest automatic record-player *ever* invented! Plus powerful radio chassis for famous Long-Distance reception. Giant 7½-inch speaker gives dramatic new tone quality. Smart new Swirl Walnut plastic cabinet. Model H664.

Portables



New Zenith "401" Portable Radio

Brand new DialSpeaker design and tone circuits bring a revelation in tone richness from bass to treble, outdoors or in any room! You've never heard such tone fidelity in a portable so small. Works on AC-DC-Battery. Maroon or Grey plastic.



New Zenith Super Trans-Oceanic

The super-powered portable radio that gets marine and weather broadcasts, world-wide short wave, plus standard broadcast coast-to-coast. Humidity-proofed for top performance in damp climates. Plays in boats, trains, planes, remote areas. AC-DC-Battery. Model H500.

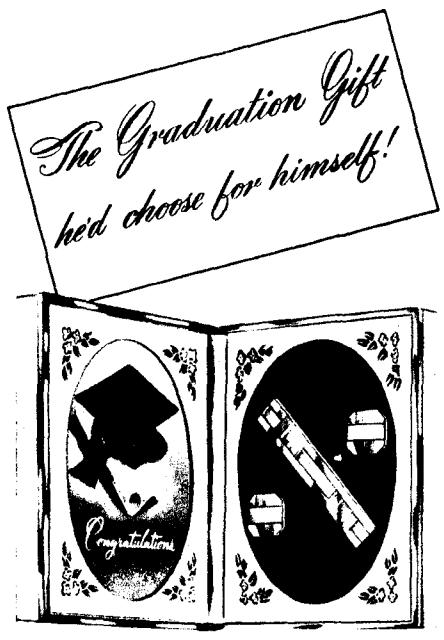
© 1951

ZENITH *HOME DISTANCE* RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STERLING SILVER
STYLE PAGEANT*



THE FUTURA
For the man of tomorrow
Slide — $6.00 Links — $7.50

BE SURE IT'S FROM THE STERLING HOUSE OF

Anson

A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S JEWELRY
AND LEATHER ACCESSORIES WITH IDEAS

*Style Pageant box becomes a beautiful folding picture case

© Anson Incorporated, Providence, R. I. — Anson Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

me. He didn't take it. I'll get through now."

Jim Seybold, a twenty-year-old from Waukesha, Wisconsin, still had that feeling when I saw him at Brooke, his legs paralyzed, his face and eyes yellow with jaundice, his name on the serious list. "God has His idea of what He wants to do with each one of us—that's all," he said to me.

I talked to an Army nurse, a very experienced and high-ranking one, Lieutenant Colonel Augusta Short, who had seen a good deal of the life and death of soldiers. For 15 years she had given anesthetics and had seen patients flutter at the ends of those gossamer threads which separate now from eternity. She had seen the doctors dispensing their skills behind masks, the gleaming equipment of the operating room, the vessels full of science's newest medicaments.

"Yes, we do all we can," she said with a toss of the head. "But there is always a point where we say, 'Now it's up to you, God!' And when it is all over and the lad has pulled through, we never know whether we did it or God did it."

Could it possibly be teamwork?

Captain Dexter Green, who teaches cadets to fly at Randolph, believes there's plenty of teamwork in the wild blue yonder. He's convinced God is the copilot. He became convinced while flying a B-25 into Mobile, Alabama, and hearing that awful cough that means one engine is gone. His ship was losing altitude—floundering through an overcast that blotted out the ground. He had to pick one of two emergency fields that showed up on his map. If he picked wrong it would be curtains for one B-25 and one Dexter Green.

"I didn't pray, and I didn't guess. I just picked. It came to me out of nowhere. It was just plain inspiration," Captain Green recounted. "Once I made the decision I didn't hesitate a moment. Other times there'd be a question on a decision. This time there was no question, no review. I just did it. I let down through the overcast and there was the field just ahead. If I had shot for the other field I could never have made it."

That, said Captain Green, is the "God factor" in flying. "Where all the sciences—weather science, mechanics, aerodynamics—leave off, that's where God begins."

A "Roughneck's" Theology

No. 54011333 also thought the secret was teamwork. No. 54011333 is Ernest (Buddy) Barefield, who said he was "just a number" because he was newly drafted, had just reported to the Fort Sam reception center, and was still in faded blue dungarees when I met him. Twenty-one-year-old Buddy learned about God in the oil fields of New Mexico, where he worked as a "roughneck," a derrick hand.

One winter day he was 90 feet up on the derrick, on the "board," as they say, unlatching stands of pipe as they were pulled up from the well. There was ice all over the board. Buddy fell. He sailed through space and was caught by his safety rope. As he caught his breath and dangled there, at this peculiar way station between life and death, Buddy thanked God with all his heart. He kept thanking God as he scrambled up the rope to safety.

"You think God saved you?" I asked.

"Sure He did."

"Did you ever fall again?"

"No. I brought a hatchet up after that," said Buddy. "I chopped the ice off and covered the board with soda ash and a toe sack."

"Why those precautions—if God was looking after you?" I persisted.

"Listen," said Buddy. "I trust God all right. But I've got to do my part. *He's got to trust me, too!*"

That was No. 54011333's idea of teamwork. He felt God was going to watch over him in the Army, all right. But he was going to bring his hatchet!

Buddy, without even a uniform yet, was thinking along much the same lines as a four-star general I talked to later on, General Courtney H. Hodges, commander of the First Army in World War II, now living in retirement in a house he and his wife designed a few miles from Fort Sam. "There may be *several* bullets with your name on them. But with intelligence and care—in a soldier's case, with good training—you can avoid a good many of them," said General Hodges. "That's just giving God a little cooperation."

Some of the military men and women I talked to were strong on formal religion. Lieutenant Colonel Kernan, the headquarters commandant, is a regular churchgoer, never misses if he can help it. WAC Private First Class Evalyn Gurganus says church people "know more about God" than she does and she'll take it from them. Aviation Cadet Gordon Walls says the Rosary with a group of other cadets in the barracks every night at eight thirty.

But some had their own religion. Strictly personal.

"When I want to pray I go out to a hill on Castorville Road, 20 miles out from San Antonio," said Private William Dickens, Jr. "There's a cross on the hill. I go up there with a Bible. I want to be alone with God—I don't want other people watching me. I talk out loud when I talk to God.

"First I explain my troubles. Then I ask for a little help in ironing out things. I figure if God's got a few extra things in His bag up there, well, He sure could afford to throw a few my way.

"I pray for people to love each other and to see smiles on people's faces. I never forget to thank Him either . . . I don't open the Bible. I just take it up there like a badge to show I'm on God's side. I may not live up to it all the time, but I try.

"When I go up on the hill it's 5:30 or 6:00 A.M. It's just breaking dawn. The dew is still out. It's a little cold up there, but that doesn't make any difference. The sun is just coming up. It paints its own picture."

Private Dickens made that hill his own personal sanctuary.

WAC Sergeant First Class Ethel Kulhanek had a personal sanctuary, too, a very big one—the sky. She got a private pilot's license after the last war. "Only when flying do I get the feeling of being cleansed," she told me. "Everything is so clean, so free. I look at the clouds and see the faces of people I know and faces of fairy-tale characters. I feel so cleansed when I come down. Everything seems right. It's like being in another world . . . The chaplains say that's my form of church. The sky is my cathedral."

The cathedral of WAC Lieutenant Marjorie Wightman is the New Mexican mesa. "In Albuquerque," she said, "I'd get up in the morning and go riding out on the mesa. The mountains would be purple in the distance. In winter there'd be snow on top of the red and purple mountains. I'd be loping along and suddenly stop the horse and just sit back and look. I'd lose myself. I'd lose all concept of time. How did I feel? I felt a feeling of gratitude just for being there, for being part of it."

Glad to be alive. Who hasn't had that feeling sometime or other? Just glad to be a vibrant part of God's great, teeming universe. At Fort Sam I found that some of the most-glad-to-be-alive were the most grievously wounded.

Let's see how they figure it—

The Luck of Private Stepan

There was Private First Class Reinhart Stepan, a lad with green-blue eyes, flaxen hair, who had enlisted with his parents' permission at seventeen. Stepan was still seventeen when I saw him, but he had aged a lot. It happened during three days in Korea, November 30th to December 2d, near the Chosen Reservoir. Left leg blown off by a mortar shell. Right leg frozen (and later amputated) in two days and nights of crawling through snow to a village. Both hands frostbitten.

Stepan sat in his wheel chair, held up his bandaged hands and said calmly, "They're going to take me down Monday and whack four fingers off this hand (right) and one *off this one (left). One already fell off.*"

Then he drew up the stumps of his legs, wrapped his bandaged hands around them and said, "I feel damn' lucky myself."

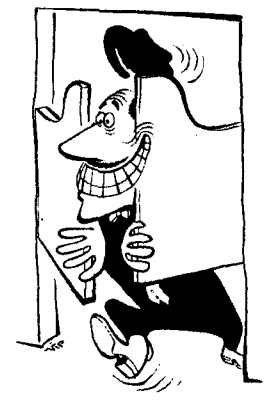
Lucky! I winced to hear him say it. But he wasn't putting it on. Stepan had absorbed a lot about life in that two-day-and-night crawl through the snow. He summed it up with the crisp line, "People ask for too damn' much!"

In a nearby bed lay Private First Class Roland Robins, who was hit September 21st near Taegu. His left femur was shattered and he was trussed up in a weird traction device. "After two or three weeks at the front I didn't care what happened," he said. "But after I got home I realized that I should have cared all along. I have more faith in God now than I ever did before." The traction was pulling his leg upward at a 45-degree angle and he was sweating from the grueling position.

But glad to be alive . . .

Private First Class Billy Williams had some shrapnel in his back and a shattered

VIRGIL PARTCH



LITERAL LATIN

Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

X

Amari aliquid:	I'd love a drink
Cito naturum, cito putridum:	This town just naturally stinks
Animo et fide:	Dog eat dog
Dicamus bona verba:	Dick has to study his verbs
Actum agere:	The act is getting old
Argumentum ad judicium:	Tell it to the judge
Gens togata:	Birds of a feather flock together

—DICK SHAW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOME OF THE FAMOUS
Hawaiian Room
THE PERENNIALLY POPULAR
NEW YORK ADDRESS
Hotel Lexington
CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, *President*
George W. Miller, *Resident Manager*
LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 48th ST., N.Y. C. 17

LISTO MARKING PENCIL

Writes on EVERYTHING!

Glass • Metal • Cellophane
Cardboard • Waxed Paper
Plastics • Porcelain

✔ for HOMES
On Mason Jars and Jelly Glasses, boxes to be stored, packages to ship, bags and cans used for seeds, bulbs, etc., etc.

✔ for BUSINESS
On cans, bottles, jars, boxes, china, and pans, crates, barrels, drums, hardware, etc., shipping tags, newspapers, delivery slips, etc.

LEADS THAT DON'T BREAK
IN 6 COLORS
BLACK RED
BLUE GREEN
BROWN YELLOW
Solid colors to the box

Prices Higher in Canada

AT ALL STATIONERY, DRUG AND VARIETY STORES

LISTO PENCIL CORP., ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA
In Canada: Listo Products, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

right hand, souvenirs of a hand grenade thrown at him February 4th near Wonju. He had a little different perspective. The war had made him very curious—about war. Here's what he said:

"I'd been living a clean life as a civilian, but left church out completely. Last Sunday I was well enough to visit home in Houston. I went to church for the first time and I intend to keep it up. I've never read the Bible, don't know what's on the first page. But I intend to find out. The whole thing over there seemed so senseless, full of things I don't understand. Maybe the Bible will throw some light on it. Why do there have to be wars? What about the guys who get killed? Does God want wars to go on?"

Williams hurled those questions like spiritual grenades.

Where is God in war?

Just a stone's throw from Fort Sam, in the office of the insurance company he now heads, I found "Skinny" Wainwright—General Jonathan M. Wainwright, the hero of Luzon and Corregidor, who spent three years, three months and 18 days in Japanese captivity. He had plenty of time, if nothing else, during that long "rot," as he calls it. He played 8,632 games of solitaire. He also did plenty of thinking.

I decided to put the question to him. "General," I asked. "Do you think God has a hand in war?"

Wainwright shot back an answer: "You know what Napoleon said—'God is on the side of the strongest battalions.' I believe that."

"But isn't there a time when a soldier turns to God in weakness, not just in strength?" I persisted. I had to shout each word, because the General is all but deaf, the work of a 240-mm. shell that burst near him on Corregidor.

"Yes," he replied with a deepening expression in his eyes. "In the North Luzon campaign when I was ordered to withdraw, it broke me up—to think that I had to withdraw in the face of the enemy. It went against my innermost soul.

"I turned to my chaplain. With tears in my eyes I said to Chaplain John Duffy—he happened to be a Catholic chaplain and I'm an Episcopalian, but it made no difference whether he was a Catholic or a rabbi, I didn't care—I said, 'Come out here in the jungle. I want to talk to you.'

"Sure, I turned to God in weakness. I cried. But with Duffy's comforting words I stopped crying and I ordered the withdrawal, commencing next morning. He made me see I was merely doing my duty."

Ordeal of a Captured General

In captivity General Wainwright knew what it was to be cuffed and punched by sadistic guards, to be utterly and miserably humiliated, to be starved.

"Did you have faith as a prisoner?" I asked him.

"I couldn't have lived otherwise," he replied. "Some gave up the ghost and died. They felt there was nothing to live for, that they would never get out. My faith kept me alive."

"What was that faith?" I inquired.

"Faith in the power of the American armed forces to defeat the Japanese," Wainwright shot back with the pride of an old soldier.

"Was it faith in arms alone?" I pressed.

"Faith in God, sir, with heavy ground, air and sea support," he replied with a classic line. He went on, "The most religious man in the world can't take a weak force and defeat a strong one. But where God comes in is—He helps us to raise the force to turn defeat into victory. I prayed in captivity. I prayed that God would give Washington the brains to raise a big force and MacArthur the ability to use it effectively. Both prayers were granted."

So there sat Skinny Wainwright, snatched back from defeat, from captivity, from the turning screw of starvation, and as I left him my eye caught a bronze plaque fixed to his desk—"Never Say Die."

But some do die in war, and some are maimed, and innocents are slaughtered, even women and children. Does God approve this carnage? Here is how some of the soldiers at Fort Sam felt about it:

"There will always be wars," said a master sergeant. "We're not civilized enough. It's not that God wants wars. But if everything was all set, what would we have to do? God lets these things happen to keep us on our toes."

Inscrutable Divine Purpose

Another master sergeant said, "God plans these wars. He has a purpose—maybe to cut down the population. Even famine and the bombing of women and children have a purpose. We don't know what it is. But that doesn't mean we should sit back and do nothing. That's not part of the plan. The plan is for everyone to do his job."

"No," countered a newly drafted private. "Don't hang it all on God. The only place God comes in is: He forgives us. God forgives us. God forgives us for killing on the battlefield simply because He makes allowances for the stupidity of man."

General Walter Krueger, wartime commander of the Sixth Army in the Pacific, wasn't sure about the "allowances." In his home near Fort Sam he said to me, "If

Next Week

Something Is Rotten in the STATE of TEXAS

God saw the mess we had made, He'd spew us all out."

I found, as you see, no agreement at all on God's immediate purposes or where, if at all, war fits into them. No one epitomized the quandary better than a B-29 crewman who said, "War may be necessary to prove a point—but why we should have to prove it is more than I can see."

How about the long view? How about ultimate purposes, which may be beyond the sweep of our finite binoculars? Lieutenant Colonel Short, the nurse already mentioned, had a hunch on those horizons. Maybe it was womanly intuition. Anyway here's what she said:

"The other night I got thinking—if God is all-powerful why does He let the Commies get away with what they do? After all, they *deny* God. Then I remembered back to a time I visited Versailles, in France, and the guide described the luxuries and excesses of Marie Antoinette when France was in suffering and poverty. The philosophic guide said, 'Maybe it was a good thing. When it got bad enough, the people had to do something about it.' So—perhaps God isn't letting the Commies get away with it at all. He's got the whole free world mobilizing!"

Colonel Short's hunch was that God, in His mysterious way, was working out His ultimate purposes with man as His agent. He was doing things *through* us, not *to* us. Therein, she believed, was the answer to tragedies. People die of disease so that man may develop new drugs. Children perish in school fires so that we may have fireproof schools. Soldiers die in war . . .

And right there I remembered the Alamo. "Where was God at the Alamo?" I had asked, on arriving at San Antonio.

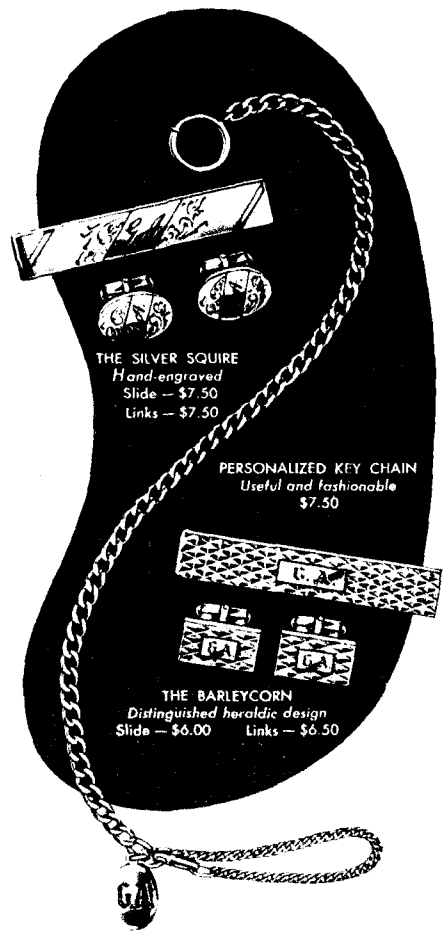
I had looked at that line in Travis' own handwriting on the aged mission walls, *"The Lord is on our side."* And I had wondered if it were a joke or a delusion, because Travis and his band were defeated, killed and burned.

Now I knew the answer—God's ultimate purpose.

Texas won its freedom. THE END

STERLING SILVER
STYLE PAGEANT*

THE STERLING GENTLEMAN
Beautifully hand-engraved
Slide — $7.50 Links — $8.50



BE SURE IT'S FROM THE STERLING HOUSE OF

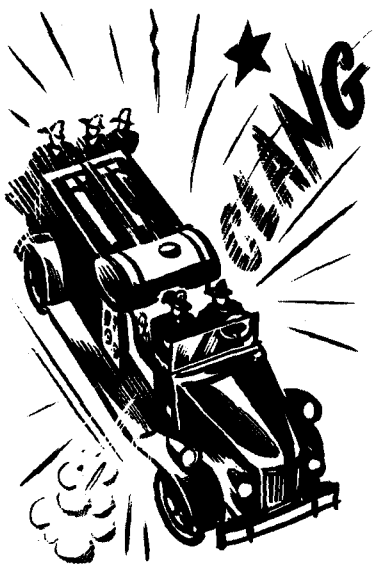
Anson

A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S JEWELRY
AND LEATHER ACCESSORIES WITH IDEAS

*Style Pageant box becomes a beautiful folding picture case

© Anson Incorporated, Providence, R. I. — Anson Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

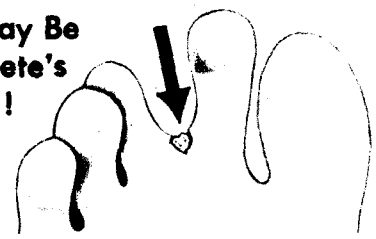


Nothing disturbs the man who sleeps in PLEETWAY PAJAMAS

FREE: "How To Sleep Blissfully." Get this doctor-approved booklet and name of nearest dealer. Write PLEETWAY, 350 5th Ave., N. Y. 1, Dept. C6

Beware Of Itch On Feet and Toes

It May Be Athlete's Foot!



If your feet itch, or the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or peeling (symptoms of Athlete's Foot), lose no time. Use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. This formula of Dr. Scholl's is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves the itching; kills fungi of the infection on contact; promotes rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. Get this fast relief today! At your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

LOW-PRESSURE SALES Co. Box 1309, G.C. Sta. New York 17, N.Y.

Fishing for Compliments?

serve fish with

A·1

Sauce – the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

That Man Mantle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

hit a modest .313 against the Class D pitchers of the K-O-M League—four points below the league's leading hitter. Managed by Harry Craft, Independence won the pennant and the play-offs. Last year both Craft and Mantle were promoted to Joplin in the Western Association and again their team won the pennant and the play-offs. By now, Mickey was really cutting loose at the plate. He led the league with an average of .383 and hit 26 home runs, 14 left-handed and a dozen right-handed.

A Baseball-School Sensation

Although Mantle burst like a bombshell on the writers this spring, it can't be said he came as a surprise to the Yankee brass, which realized all along it had something special in the switch hitter from Oklahoma. A year ago, Stengel and the coaching staff conducted a baseball seminar at Phoenix in advance of spring training and young Mr. Mantle was one of the prize pupils. Baseball Commissioner Happy Chandler ordered the school disbanded, since it jumped the gun on the March 1st training inaugural; but while classes lasted, Mickey was a sensation.

"I was pitching batting practice when the kid came to the plate," recalled Bill Dickey, Yankee coach. "The boy hit the first six balls nearly 500 feet, over the lights and out of sight. He hit them over the fences right-handed and left-handed and he hit 'em over the right-field fence right-handed and the left-field fence left-handed.

"When Mantle was playing short he didn't impress me as being particularly fast, but when we divided the boys up for a series of 75-yard sprints, Mickey finished first in his group, looking over his shoulder at the others. Then we had a sprint for the winners and he won that, too. Then he got sick and explained that he wasn't in shape!

"I honestly believe Mantle is the fastest man I've ever seen in a baseball uniform. I always picked Ben Chapman (the old Yankee outfielder) as the fastest, but I think Mickey could have outrun Ben."

Brief as was Mantle's stay in the school in Phoenix in February, 1950, it convinced Greenwade that he had come up with a true gem amid the lead and zinc mines of Oklahoma. Later that spring, in the Florida camp of the Yanks at St. Petersburg, Tom told some of his friends among the newspapermen that he thought he had a star in the making.

"Greenwade felt that way all last year," related Hank DeBerry, onetime battery mate of Dazzy Vance who now scouts for the Giants. "Last November he and I were at the same hotel in Caracas, Venezuela, for the Pan-American games and Tom kept telling me he felt he finally had come up with a kid who couldn't miss."

What Stengel saw in Phoenix was enough to give him ideas about Mantle, too. After Joplin had won the Western Association pennant and play-offs last September, Mickey was called East to work out with the Yankees. By that time, the Yanks were up to their ears in a pennant battle and nobody had too much time for the kid. He got in a lick or two in batting practice, worked at shortstop in infield practice, and took the last Western trip with the club.

"In actual playing experience, it probably meant nothing to the kid," explained Casey, "but it got him used to being around big-league ball parks. It let him get the feel of being with the Yankees."

That experience, brief as it was, may have stood Mantle in good stead. When he opened the 1951 season as a Yankee, he wasn't fresh—but he wasn't shy either. He talked politely, if not volubly, to reporters, posed for photographers willingly, even when they insisted on posing him with DiMaggio. The Clipper is the kid's idol and in the early days of spring training Mickey acted as though it were something of a sacrilege to have Joe dragged into a picture with him.

One newsman approached Mantle in late April and referred to a conversation Mickey had had a couple of days before with another writer. The youngster looked puzzled.

"Maybe I talked to him," he said. "But I've talked to so many writers since the team returned to New York that I really can't tell one from the other."

Mantle's confusion is understandable. When he was in Oklahoma for his draft examination, Greenwade, his discoverer, gave him the names of several newspapermen friends and suggested that he look them up.

"I forgot entirely the names he'd told me," confessed Mantle later. "I'm not used to talking to writers. I try to be obliging, although I'd much sooner be in the outfield practicing, which is what I really need."

Mantle is blond-haired, with a close trim which isn't far removed from a crew cut. He has blue eyes, a fair complexion and a skin that hasn't had too many hassels with a razor.

In batting, Mickey uses a modified spread stance of perhaps 24 inches and a stride of about six inches. He grips the bat at the end, holding his arms away from his body and indulges in a minimum of nervous bat-waggling. When the pitcher is ready to pitch, Mickey is ready to hit.

Making Mantle over into an outfielder early this spring was a major task and the kid acquitted himself amazingly well. Old Reliable Tommy Henrich, now a Yankee coach, had the job of schooling Mickey in the pregame drills. When play started, DiMaggio took over. By shouted directions, Joe moved Mantle into position for the various batters, and when the kid started after a ball, DiMag kept "talking" him into the catch. As Joe shifted to his left or right, the rookie shifted with him, and when a ball was hit into Mantle's territory, DiMag stayed within shouting distance.

On high flies hit to right center, Joe occasionally allowed Mickey to make the catch, even though he could have taken the ball himself. This, Joe felt, would build up Mantle's confidence.

"I can appreciate what he's going through," said the Clipper. "I had played before large crowds in the Coast League before I came to the Yankees, but I was still shy and afraid to talk, for fear I'd say the wrong thing and make a clown of myself. I even remember a writer asking me for a 'quote' and I was so green I didn't know what a quote was. I thought it was a soft drink."

DiMaggio has come a long way since those days, and his quotes on Mantle are to the point. "The boy has power on either side, and great speed. The longer he plays, the better he'll be able to stand off the pressure."

After the opening game against the Red Sox, Stengel asked Mickey how he had felt in the outfield. "All right, I guess," Mantle replied, "but Joe had to yell at me a lot."

DiMaggio explained that it was only because of the crowd of 45,000 that he had had to do so much yelling. "The kid was all right," said Joe, which statement, coming from one of the game's greatest, was practically a rave notice.

Casey Stengel's Enthusiasm

On the subject of raves, Stengel leads the field for the kid. When Mantle rejoined the Yankees after his re-examination by his draft board, Casey wasted no time getting him into uniform for that afternoon's game against the Dodgers in Ebbets Field, even though Mickey had planed in from Kansas City that morning with a minimum of sleep.

"Boy never saw concrete before," tersely explained Stengel, who has a positive aversion to the use of proper names. By this pregame statement, the initiate understood that Ebbets Field would give Mantle his first experience in playing caroms off a concrete fence.

"I asked him if he wanted to play and he said, 'Yes,' so he's gonna play. Said to him,

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Aw gee, Slug, everybody else is goin'" LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIGHTEN WOBBLY CHAIRS with PLASTIC WOOD

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty... and hardens into wood.

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

IN CANS OR TUBES

WON'T CHIP OR CRACK

P.S. Pulleys, hinges, locks and latches work better with 3-IN-ONE Oil

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 9723, Detroit 27, Mich.

©1935 LAKE LAB.

If. . .

the rising cost of living pinches

THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER!

Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a substantial spare-time income for new clothes, entertainment, "extras" or just to meet the rising cost of living.

Use the telephone, mail and personal calls to take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and ALL publications.

For money-making supplies, *mail the coupon now.*

PASTE ON PENNY POSTAL—*mail now!*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-59
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUB. CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, please send me details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME.....
(Please Print)

STREET.....

CITY.....Zone No.....

STATE.....

COLLIER'S **"Oh, stop torturing yourself"** CHARLES PEARSON

'You cuddna got much sleep last night,' and he said, 'What difference does that make?' Guess mebbe at nineteen it doesn't.

"Told him not to worry about playing the ball off the wall out there. Told 'im I played the wall for six years and never had no trouble. He looked at me and said, 'Ya did?' Guess he thinks I was born at the age of sixty and started managin' immediately."

Writers who hadn't seen Mantle during spring training besieged Stengel for an opinion as to the young man's worth. "Tell ya how it is," said Casey. "Some say he hits with more power right-handed, others say he hits with more power left-handed. Can't make up their minds. I hope they never find out which way he's the strongest.

"Course, he's a green pea in the outfield yet. He'll miss some fly balls. But on the other hand, he'll hit some nobody's gonna catch."

The Yankees opened the season with Mantle in right, DiMaggio in center and Jackie Jensen, the Rose Bowl footballer in left. It was an outfield, a press-box observer noted, "with 17 years of major-league experience, 16 of which belong to DiMaggio." Even that was an oversimplification for, while it was Joe's 1,621st major-league game, it was Jensen's 46th and Mantle's first.

Charley Berry, veteran American League umpire, who covered the long exhibition trail of the Yankees this spring, gave it as his considered opinion that the performance of Mantle could be summed up in one word: "Amazing!"

Rare Poise for a Rookie

"Unless you saw the things the boy did, you just wouldn't believe it," said Berry. "He hit balls, both in batting practice and in games, as far as I have ever seen a baseball hit. As much as I was impressed with his power and his speed, I was even more impressed with his poise. He certainly didn't act like a rookie up from Class C. He wasn't overanxious at the plate and frequently, when the pitcher had two strikes on him, Mantle would stay with him, lay off the bad pitches and wind up with a base on balls."

Mantle's first hint of the hazards of the spotlight came when the Yankees played an exhibition game against the University of Southern California on the USC campus. DiMaggio was excused early and, when the game ended, Mickey was mobbed for autographs by the students as he attempted to get into the bus carrying the Yanks from the ball field.

"Had DiMag been in the game until the end, he would have been the victim," related Ben Epstein of the New York Daily Mirror, "but with Joe gone, Mickey had no competition. The students, boys and girls, swarmed all over him. At one stage I thought the press of the crowd might tip over the bus. And the funny part of it was that Mickey was younger than most of the students."

One of Mantle's mightiest spring clouts was hit at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, batting left-handed. The ball landed against a red-brick building in the right-center-field bleachers, a spot reached only eight or nine times in the history of the park, once by Babe Ruth in an exhibition game.

Practice Drives Amaze Fans

At Hollywood's Gilmore Stadium, Mickey took the fans by storm before the game ever started with his batting practice drives out of the park both right- and left-handed. Batting left-handed, Mantle hit eight into the boulevard behind the right-field fence, a territory safe from all but the lustiest of clouters.

At one of the Los Angeles games, Branch Rickey, Pittsburgh's resident genius, sat next to Dan Topping, Yankee president. Confessing himself fascinated by the levelness of Mantle's swing, the Mahatma passed a blank check to Dan and told him to fill in his own figures for the youngster. The gesture was undoubtedly theatrical, there being plenty of the old Belasco in Branch, but his praise of the rookie was sincere.

Mantle is one of five children. He has twin brothers, Ray and Roy, aged fifteen, who are athletes in their own right at Commerce High; a sister, Barbara, thirteen, and a brother Larry, ten.

As soon as the current baseball season ends, Mickey plans to be married to Miss Meryln Johnson, of Picher, Oklahoma, whom he has known by his own word, "since I was a kid in high school." That was all of two years ago.

The Yankee brass is certain that Greenwade picked up one of baseball's future greats when he bagged Mickey.

Red Patterson, the club's promotion manager and publicist, professes to see indisputable signs of stardom for Mantle. "It's the law of mathematical progression," declaims Red. "Babe Ruth wore No. 3 and was succeeded by Lou Gehrig, who wore No. 4. Gehrig was succeeded by Joe DiMaggio, who wears No. 5. Have you noticed that Mantle wears No. 6?" THE END

THE ONLY WATCH IN THE WORLD THAT GIVES YOU THIS GUARANTEE OF ACCURACY

CROTON
ACURATOR

Exclusive outside regulator allows *you* to adjust this fine watch to your personal tempo. Waterproof*, dustproof, shock-resistant, anti-magnetic 17 jewel movement. Shatterproof crystal, chrome top, steel back. **$42.50** tax incl.

*CROTON WATERPROOF WATCHES STAY WATERPROOF AS LONG AS THE CRYSTAL IS INTACT, THE CASE UNOPENED. ONLY A JEWELER SHOULD REPLACE CRYSTAL OR CLOSE CASE TO RESTORE WATERPROOF QUALITIES. CROTON WATCH CO., INC., 48 WEST 48 ST., NEW YORK 19

Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Don't suffer longer with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While often otherwise caused, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

An Elliott Card Index Addressing Machine for only $9.50

Elliott address cards are stencilled by any standard typewriter and are filed like index cards. Guaranteed to print 10,000 addresses.

ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
149-F Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Is Our Foreign Policy?

THIS COZY LITTLE TÊTE-À-TÊTE between Secretary-General Trygve Lie and Marshal Tito is a reminder of how times and policies have changed in the last few months, both in the United Nations and the United States. The picture also reminds us of an unexcited little newspaper story we saw the other day which disclosed that President Truman had authorized a grant of $29,000,000 to Tito, who is to spend it on materials for his armed forces.

Now it wasn't long ago that we were hearing warnings of the dire consequences we might expect if this country sent any aid to Yugoslavia. So great was the Kremlin's anger at Tito's defiance, we were told, that any American gesture on his behalf would almost certainly provoke a Russian attack on Yugoslavia and touch off the big war.

We can't, of course, know the intensity of official Soviet feeling toward the Yugoslav dictator. The Kremlin hates so many people and things that it's hard to guess who tops the list—American capitalists, British Socialists, renegade Communists or Nationalist Chinese. But we gather that with men who know Joe Stalin best, it's Tito two to one. From our reading of Soviet propaganda blasts, we're inclined to agree.

Yet America is now helping Tito. The threat of world war that went with that help seems mysteriously to have disappeared. But a few days before the grant to Tito was announced, Mr. Truman fired General MacArthur, largely because the general wanted to give Chiang Kai-shek more assistance and use his Nationalist troops in the war against Red China. This, the President felt, would anger the Kremlin, provoke Soviet Russia to active intervention and touch off the big war. It would, in short, do what aid to Tito was held likely to do a short time before.

Well, perhaps Mr. Truman is right. The differences between him and General MacArthur are the differences between two fateful, calculated risks, and those differences have split the country. Yet the change in the administration's attitude toward Tito seems as abrupt as if the President were now to reverse himself and adopt the deposed general's view of China's role in the Korean war.

A while back, the risk of helping Tito was said to be as fateful as the risk of strengthening the Chinese Nationalists is now held to be. Then all of a sudden Tito gets 29,000,000 American dollars, earmarked for military use. There is no explanation to the public. The announcement comes in a brief, rather routine dispatch of three paragraphs. It contains no evidence of soul searching. The President had simply sent a letter up to Capitol Hill telling Congress that he had authorized the grant.

What is the reason behind these different attitudes toward Tito and Chiang? It may be that Tito is regarded as no more than a former potential enemy who, through his quite courageous stubbornness, has become a thorn in Stalin's side and thus a potential ally. Chiang, on the other hand, is a former ally whose defeat has been accompanied by a certain disillusionment among his former companions-at-arms.

There are reasons behind the failure to aid Chiang Kai-shek that are older than the fear of launching another world war. Chiang's government, it is charged, is neither democratic nor efficient. It has wasted much of the previous help it got from America. And it does not have the support of the Chinese people.

The first three charges are undoubtedly true. The fourth can scarcely be answered by a yes or no. But what about Tito? His form of government certainly isn't any more popular over here than Chiang's. He has not been much more successful than Chiang in transforming a backward country into a modern, industrialized nation. And there is some question about his popular support. For one thing, he has had to give up his ambitious program of collectivizing farms, at least for the present, largely because of the lack of co-operation among the farmers of his preponderantly agricultural country.

Yet Mr. Truman does not ask Tito to cease being a Communist. He does not ask Tito, as he once asked Chiang, to include members of the opposition in his government as the price of further aid. He just gives him the money, and no questions asked.

We do not say that Washington's policy toward Tito is right and its policy toward Chiang is wrong. We do not say that it's the other way around. We just wonder.

We also wonder about the United Nations' policy, so far as it is represented by Mr. Lie. The secretary-general praised Marshal Tito highly during his sojourn in Belgrade. And, to the extent of his power and position, he practically committed the UN to come to Tito's aid in case of trouble. Yet Mr. Lie, the man who initiated the UN's brave and promising action at the start of the Korean war, has rather set the pattern for the paralysis of indecision which has incapacitated the organization in its dealings with the Far Eastern crisis during the months that followed.

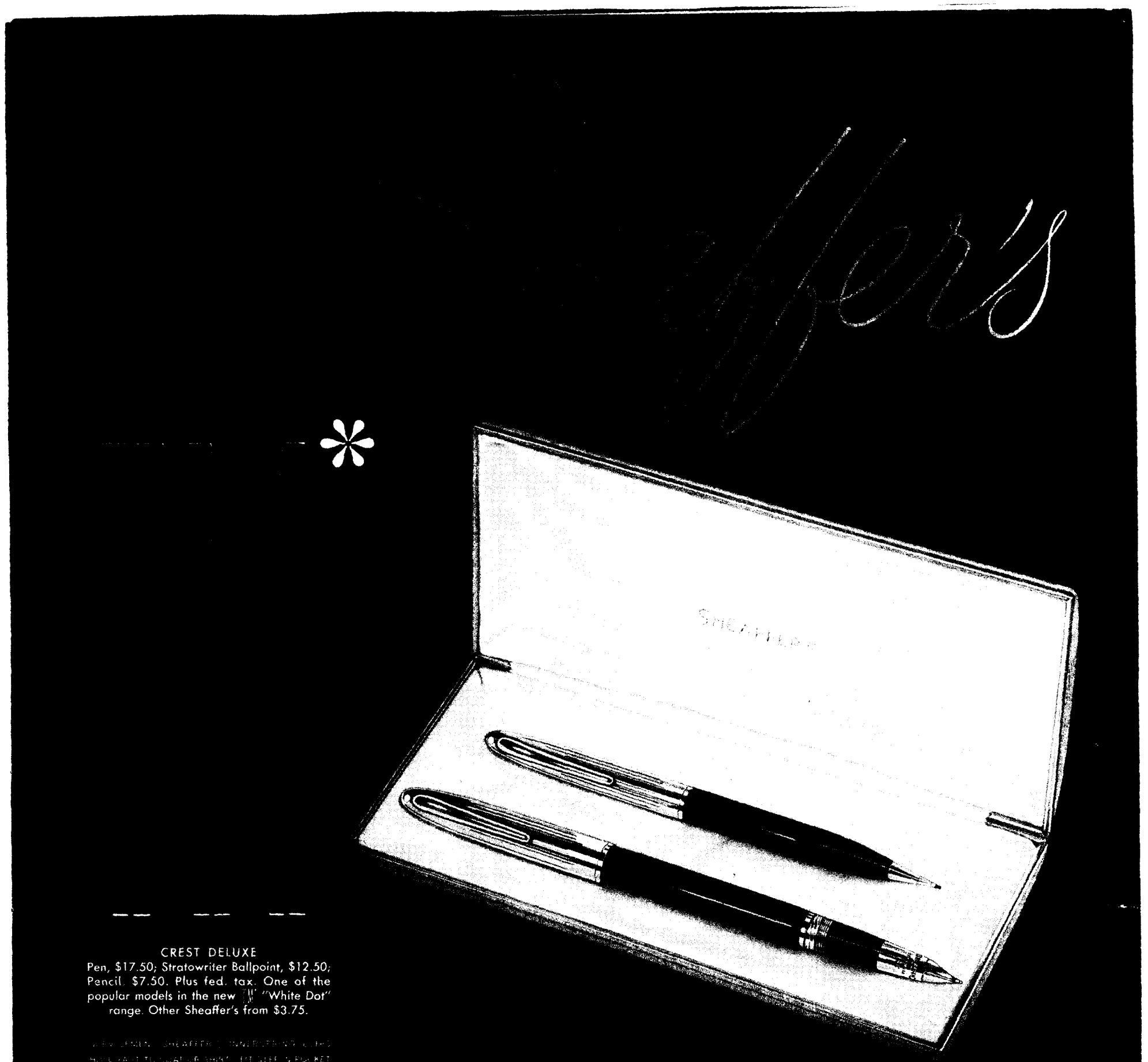
We look again at the picture on this page, at the jovial secretary-general and the coy dictator, and ask ourself, "What *is* the policy of the United Nations, anyway? And, more important, what is the foreign policy of the United States?"

The picture gives no answer. Mr. Truman doesn't give any answer. So we can only wonder. And the wondering only seems to strengthen the unhappy assurance that Russia at least has a policy, and that Russia continues to call the turn, and that Russia in addition has a timetable for aggression which is not likely to be upset by all the maneuverings and hesitancies and rash actions of the free world's statesmen.

On Juvenile Reactions

Kids always avoid
As a risk occupational
The tome that is touted
As "so educational."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CREST DELUXE
Pen, $17.50; Stratowriter Ballpoint, $12.50; Pencil, $7.50. Plus fed. tax. One of the popular models in the new TM "White Dot" range. Other Sheaffer's from $3.75.

TOUCH DOWN
Sheaffer's exclusive one-stroke filler. Empties, cleans, refills completely at a single downstroke. In all Sheaffer's pens.

Newest—for years to come!

Just one glance tells you Sheaffer's new TM* is the most beautiful writing instrument ever created. But even more! Free of all bulk, TM* gives you a new writing ease and comfort—a lightness of touch and "feel" you've never known in any other. For only Sheaffer's provides the slenderizing one-stroke Touchdown filler that gives substantial fluid capacity without demanding a thick barrel. For every gift occasion, choose Sheaffer's new TM*—the gift that says you *know* what's new—what's most desirable.

NEW

SHEAFFER'S
WHITE DOT OF DISTINCTION

COPYR

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
IN CANADA: MALTON, ONTARIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Be Happy—Go Lucky!

Our wagon really has been fixed,
But we're not mad a bit.
The sign is cute, and true, to boot;
Like Luckies—it's a hit!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you a better-tasting cigarette. And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. So, for the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked, Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton today.

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Now here's a sign I like real fine;
It really does make sense.
For U.S. Bonds, like Lucky Strike,
Deserve your confidence!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED